CARADOSSO RETURNS! BY F. R. BUCKLEY

15¢

Adventure

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

MAY

W. C. TUTTLE • H. BEDFORD-JONES • FRANK GRUBER • S. OMAR BARKER

Is BALDNESS Necessary ? ? ? ?

"NO" in many cases, is the opinion of many leading scalp specialists and dermatologists. More surprising still is the ease with which aid can be obtained and baldness often can be prevented. All you have to do is practice elementary health rules which include cleanliness and exercise. Just as improper exercise will do more harm than good for other parts of your body, so will improper massage fail to sufficiently benefit hair growing on the scalp.

The Vitex Hair Institute, Inc. has now made it possible for anyone, regardless of where they live, to massage their hair and scalp in a professional manner . . . a registered physician and dermatologist has supervised the charts and written explanations; all specially created for you who want to escape baldness. These easy-to-understand charts are now ready for public distribution. These charts show you how three simple steps, that require just five minutes a day, morning and night, stimulates hair growth by inducing a freshening rush of blood to the scalp . . . this nourishes the tissues that have to do with the growth of the hair, helps to reawaken dormant but live hair roots. This is virtually a picture method which guides you to hair success and is yours to have and use permanently . . . is given to you without extra cost when you order VIDEX'S TRIPLE ACTION HAIR TREATMENT.

VIDEX TRIPLE ACTION HAIR TREATMENT includes the same products used with much success here at the Institute. The cleansing, stimulating and healthful effect of these preparations when used along with the scalp manipulations effect the greatest benefits.

STOP BALDNESS
At Danger Areas . . . .

Remove foreign substances that clog the pores and choke the hair roots. When there is no crusty, scaly coating to interfere with circulation, hair has a chance to grow. Check up your own hair condition. Is your scalp itchy? Are you troubled with excessive dandruff? Is your hair dull, lifeless and brittle? Is your hair getting thin? Is your hair coming out excessively? These are generally healthy hair trouble makers. Use VIDEX'S Hair Treatment to help create and maintain a healthy scalp condition that will encourage healthy hair growth.

THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU

Don't despair because of excessive loss of hair . . . don't resign yourself to baldness, because there is hope for you. If your condition is caused by excessive dandruff or some other local disorder, VIDEX Treatment will pave the way to keep your hair growing. Hundreds of unsolicited and enthusiastic letters received from users proves that VIDEX is good . . . order today and start to correct your hair troubles right away.

VIDEX'S Treatment Helps Three Important Benefits

1. Stimulates growth areas: After applying VIDEX you will note a pleasant tingling or "drawing" sensation. Evidence of how effectively your scalp is being stimulated in the areas where blood must nourish the hair roots.

2. Helps dispel excessive dandruff, stops itching. Effective in dissolving accumulated waste matter that strangles the hair and causes irritation by clogging up the follicle "funnels."

3. Purifies as it cleanses. After you have allowed VIDEX to "work" it saponifies easily with water and rinses completely clear, leaving the scalp healthfully clean and the hair naturally brilliant.

JUST 10 MINUTES A DAY
TO HELP KEEP BALDNESS AWAY

Order today and we will include without extra cost the VITEX HAIR INSTITUTE, Inc. "Three Easy Steps." This method, instructions and advice alone is invaluable. Shows you our expert, correct way to manipulate areas that affect hair growing centers. Written and pictured in easy-to-understand, simplified form so that you can practice the system in privacy, in spare time.

RUSH COUPON FOR SPECIAL OFFER

Order now and get without extra cost our valuable, profusely illustrated booklet explaining THE VITEX SYSTEM . . . our simplified method for scientific hair improvement at home. It explains . . . Your Head and Its Hair . . . What Can Be Done? . . . How Does Hair Grow? . . . The Sebaceous Glands . . . Why Hair Falls . . . and contains other valuable advice. Send today for an eight treatment bottle of VIDEX's Triple Action Treatment for only $1.00 and all will be included without extra cost. If you want to save money, order this special $3 combination. A 16 oz. size of VIDEX's Triple Action Treatment (4 times the quantity) is regularly $3. Order this and we include a one dollar 1 oz. size of VIDEX'S CORRECTIVE POMADE, saving you $2. You really should have the Pomade because it is used daily and helps speed up results. RUSH COUPON TODAY! SEND NO MONEY.

● MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ●

You do not risk a cent using VIDEX. You must be satisfied or your money will be refunded in full after ten days trial. Order TODAY . . . it does so much and costs so little.

● IMPORTANT NOTICE ●

If you live in New York, or expect to visit here, you are invited to visit our Fifth Avenue Salon. See convincing proof of the results achieved, giving personal scalp and hair treatments.

VITEX HAIR INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 1905, 521—5th Ave., N. Y.

☐ I accept your special offer. Send me the VITEX SYSTEM, charts and other information showing me how to lift my scalp. Also send $1.00 8-treatment size of **Videx Hair and Scalp Triple Action Treatment** postpaid in plain wrapper.

☐ I enclose $3. Send large economy size of VIDEX postpaid and include **FREE** 1 oz. jar of daily **Corrective Pomade.** Also include the VITEX SYSTEM and scalp lifting charts.

☐ Ship order checked above C.O.D. I will pay postage.

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE: Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by cash.

Read How These Men Got Better Jobs

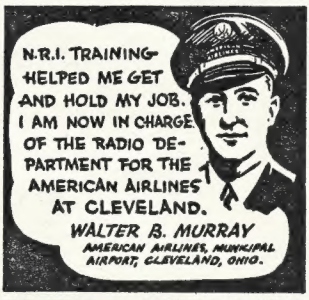
THEN FIND OUT WHAT RADIO OFFERS YOU Mail Coupon

AFTER COMPLETING 20 LESSONS I OBTAINED MY RADIO BROADCAST OPERATOR'S LICENSE AND IMMEDIATELY JOINED STATION WMPC WHERE I AM NOW CHIEF OPERATOR.

HOLLIS F. HAYES
327 MADISON ST., LAPEER, MICH.

I WAS WORKING IN A GARAGE WHEN I ENROLLED WITH N. R. I. I AM NOW RADIO SERVICE MANAGER FOR M_____ FURNITURE CO. FOR THEIR 4 STORES.

JAMES E. RYAN
1543 SLADE ST.
FALL RIVER, MASS.



N.R.I. TRAINING HELPED ME GET AND HOLD MY JOB. I AM NOW IN CHARGE OF THE RADIO DEPARTMENT FOR THE AMERICAN AIRLINES AT CLEVELAND.

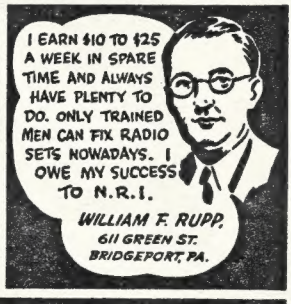
WALTER B. MURRAY
AMERICAN AIRLINES, MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THANKS TO N.R.I. TRAINING I AM FOREMAN IN A RADIO FACTORY. I AM MAKING MORE MONEY AND HAVE TWO N.R.I. STUDENTS HELPING ME.

OTTO CLIFFORD
312 W. SEMINARY ST.
CHARLOTTE, MICH.

MY LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM PAYS ME ABOUT $35 A WEEK BESIDES MY RADIO WORK. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOUR COURSE I WOULD STILL BE MAKING COMMON WAGES.

MILTON I. LEIBY, JR.,
TOPTON, PA.



I EARN $10 TO $25 A WEEK IN SPARE TIME AND ALWAYS HAVE PLENTY TO DO. ONLY TRAINED MEN CAN FIX RADIO SETS NOWADAYS. I OWE MY SUCCESS TO N.R.I.

WILLIAM F. RUPP,
611 GREEN ST.
BRIDGEPORT, PA.

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

in your spare time for a

GOOD JOB IN RADIO

Radio is a young, growing field with a future, offering many good pay spare time and full time job opportunities. And you don't have to give up your present job to become a Radio Technician. I train you right at home in your spare time.

Why Many Radio Technicians Make $30, $40, $50 a Week

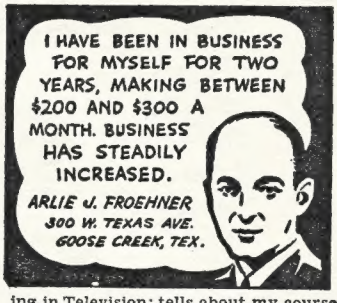
Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, technicians. Radio manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, servicemen in good-pay jobs. Radio jobbers, dealers, employ installation and service men. Many Radio Technicians open their own Radio sales and repair businesses and make $30, $40, $50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make $5 to $10 a week fixing Radios in spare time. Automobile, police, aviation, Commercial Radio; loudspeaker systems, electronic devices are other fields offering opportunities for which N.R.I. gives the required knowledge of Radio. Television promises to open good jobs soon.

Many Make $5, $10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll, I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which start showing you how to do Radio repair jobs. Throughout your course I send plans and directions which have helped many make $200 to $500 a year in spare time while learning. I send special Radio equipment to conduct experiments and build circuits. This 50-50 training method makes learning at home interesting, fascinating, practical. I ALSO GIVE YOU A MODERN, PROFESSIONAL ALL-WAVE, ALL-PURPOSE SET SERVICING INSTRUMENT to help you make money fixing Radios while learning and equip you for full time work after you graduate.

Find Out What Radio Offers You

Act Today! Mail the coupon for my 64-page Book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my course in Radio and Television; shows many letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Read my money back agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a penny postcard—NOW!



I HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS FOR MYSELF FOR TWO YEARS, MAKING BETWEEN $200 AND $300 A MONTH. BUSINESS HAS STEADILY INCREASED.

ARLIE J. FROEHNER
300 W. TEXAS AVE.
GOOSE CREEK, TEX.

J. E. Smith, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. OES9,
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW • Get 64 page book FREE

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OES9,
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio" which points out Radio's opportunities and tells how you train men at home to be Radio Technicians. No salesman will call. (Please write or print plainly.)

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

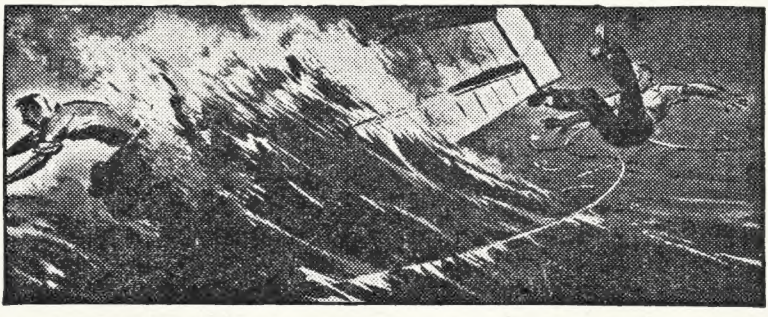
City ..... State .....

"THE HEAVY LINE DRAGGED ME TOWARD ETERNITY!"

A true experience of C. J. LATIMER, *Warren, Ohio*

"ANOTHER FISHERMAN and myself had just finished setting a heavy trot-line in Lake Erie," writes Mr. Latimer, "when a sudden treacherous squall lashed out of nowhere and churned the water into towering waves.

"A WAVE SMACKED us broadside, and over we went! Then I felt a heavy drag on my leg. I was caught in the trot-line and was being pulled to my doom. In the darkness, my companion couldn't untangle me!



"BUT ONE OF OUR PARTY ON shore brought his flashlight into action. Its powerful beam cut the distance and darkness—and in a minute I was free. I shudder to think of what might have happened except for those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries!

(Signed) P. J. Latimer"

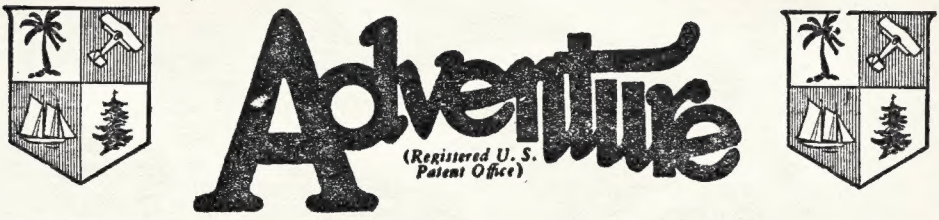
The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

JUNE ISSUE ON SALE MAY 10TH



Vol. 103, No. 1 for Best of New Stories

May, 1940

Captain of the Guard (novelette) . . . . . F. R. BUCKLEY 6
The drums were rolling, the scaffold ready with the red-hot pincers and the boiling oil—and Luigi Caradosso learns that the voice of a tyrant is a deadly command, but the people find a way to talk back.

Draw or Die (fact story) . . . . . WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE 25
The Apaches and the Sioux, the Clantons and the Howards rode white and red war trails and died—and they left as their legacy a legend and a state—Arizona.

Swan Song of Lefty Simpson . . . . . W. C. TUTTLE 36
"Call 'em as you see 'em—and duck," was the working creed of Lefty and Chesty, "miner leeg" umpires, and here's how their decisions broke up the league.

They're Not All Like That . . . . . H. BEDFORD-JONES 46
Over Chengtu the war birds of Japan came for their kill, and a slant-eyed girl crouched in a bombed temple, remembering the legend on the drums—"Death to the enemies of China."

Frosty . . . . . S. OMAR BARKER 55
They rode the lobo trails and forded the swollen Arkansas—the hard-eyed trail boss with notches on his guns, and Frosty, the roan steer, who had a debt to pay.

The Rurales (fact story) . . . . . C. L. DOUGLAS 64
Condemned men dug their own graves, while a handful of gray riders patrolled the trails and gave to Mexico a code of swift justice and a name to make bandits tremble—The Rurales!

Quantrell's Flag (conclusion) . . . . . FRANK GRUBER 69
The Blue riders from Kansas take their vengeance for Lawrence's dead, and Donny Fletcher finds that there is no road back—for the men who rode with Quantrell.

Narrow Escapes . . . . . MODY C. BOATRIGHT 96
Tales from Texas Cow Camps.

The Camp-Fire . . . . . Where readers, writers and adventurers meet 98

Ask Adventure . . . . . Information you can't get elsewhere 101

Trail Ahead . . . . . News of next month's issue 128

Lost Trails . . . . . Where old paths cross 4

Cover by Walter Baumhofer
Headings by John Clymer, Hamilton Greene, I. B. Hazelton, Peter Kuhlhoff and George Wert
Howard V. L. Bloomfield, Editor

Published once a month by Popular Publications, Inc., 2256 Grove Street, Chicago, Illinois. Editorial and executive offices, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Harry Steeger, President and Secretary; Harold S. Goldsmith, Vice President and Treasurer. Entered as Second Class Matter, October 2, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription $1.50 in advance. Single copy, 15 cents. Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. Subscription Dept., 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Trade Mark registered. Copyright, 1940, by Popular Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention.
Printed in U.S.A.

LOST TRAILS

NOTE—We offer this department to those of our readers who wish to get in touch again with friends or acquaintances separated by years or the fates. For the benefit of the friend you seek, give your own name and full address if possible. All inquiries along this line, unless otherwise designated, will be considered as intended for publication in full with inquirer's name. Please notify *Adventure* immediately should you establish contact with the person you are seeking. Space permitting, every inquiry addressed to "Lost Trails" will be run in three consecutive issues.

Fourth annual convention and reunion of former sailors and marines of the U.S.S. Connecticut. Open to all who served at any time either as officers or enlisted men aboard the Connie.—Oct. 19, Philadelphia. Further information by writing Fayette N. Knight, Nat. Capt., Nat'l Assn. of U.S.S. Connecticut Vets., Box 487, Closter, New Jersey.

Wanted information of whereabouts of Alex Heida, last seen in Scottsbluff, Neb., in 1933 or 1934. L. F. Campbell, 107 West 7th Street, Muscatine, Iowa.

Desire contact General R. L. Hearn (LO SZE HAN) formerly Commander-in-Chief CHANG TSO LIN Manchurian Irregulars. "CAN DO! Everything 'DING HOW'." Address K. Hyde, Box 1731, San Francisco, California.

Marvin Arlington Harris, known to friends as Blackie or Sam Marvin, worked for Magnolia Petroleum Co., Dallas, Tex, from Oct. 1934, to Aug. 1935, as truck driver, worked for Joe D. Hughes, Inc., Houston, Texas, in December, 1938. He also has served in the army. Please notify his father, J. H. Harris, 316 East Gordon Drive, Decatur, Ala.

Wanted: Information concerning Charles Somcyock, veteran World War in the 4th Company located at Fort Slocum. From 1920 to 1926 was a bus driver, having his own bus. My Dad sold for him his bus on our farm near Newburgh, N. Y. Please communicate with Samuel J. Matychak, 42 North Cedar Street, Beacon, N. Y.

My uncle, Benjamin Hutchinson, who sailed from Vancouver, B. C., on S. S. Zealandia, Christmas, 1912, for Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, last known address, 462 High Street, West Maitland, Australia. May have moved to Newcastle nearby. Height, 6 ft. 2 in.; eyes, gray; hair, sandy; age, about 68. Write his nephew, Valentine Barber, P. O. Box 183, White Plains, N. Y.

Will James E. Turner, formerly Sergeant 16th Co. C.A.D., Fort Mills, P.I., later (1918-19) at Vladivostok, Siberia, communicate with his old friends: 1: Johnnie Dawson, 1600 California, San Francisco, Cal.; 2: Deemus, 1915 Fox Hills Drive, Los Angeles, Cal.; 3: Minnie X.Y.Z., 10634 Wellworth Ave., W. Los Angeles, Cal.? Turner was honorably discharged from Letterman Hospital, June 10th, 1920.

Anxious to hear from old shipmates that have served aboard the U.S.S. ROCHESTER, U.S.S. SCORPION, U.S.S. DENEBOLA, U.S.S. DOBBIN, ships of the Destroyer Divisions, and those who have seen service with the old U.S. Naval Detachment in European and Turkish waters. C. S. Williams, ex-Yeoman 2c, U.S.N., 240 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Would like to hear from any descendants of John and Margaret Moore who left Tennessee about time of Civil War. Margaret was a Campbell before her marriage. She had three brothers, Philip, Alexander (called Sandy) and Daniel (called Short). J. T. Campbell, R. 2, Box 708, El Cajon, Calif.

De Witt L. Greene, born January 25th, 1888, in Illinois, son of W. J. Greene. Trying for 20 years to locate you. Write your sister, Georgia. Mrs. H. A. Wilson, R. 1, Box 68, Corcoran, California.

Richard Dinger, was 2nd mate of S.S. Tisue in the Pacific Fleet about 1892, at one time employed by the Masters Mates Pilots Union in San Francisco, employed by the Panama Canal in 1908. When last heard of he was employed by the United Fruit Co., in Tela, Honduras. Very important to know in what court he was naturalized American. Information will be appreciated by his son Richard Dinger, Box 809, Ancon, Canal Zone.

Bob Wales (Robert) worked with me at Carytham Farm in 1937 in the Dairy at Bridgehampton, L. I. (Red) K. J. Craft, 26 Broadway, Socony Vacuum Oil Co., N.Y.C., % S. S. Java Arrow. Where is he now?

All wartime members of the 33rd U.S. Division are asked to write Wm. Engel, Sec. 33rd Div. War Veterans Assoc., 127 North Dearborn St.,

LOST TRAILS

Chicago, Ill. Reunion at Peoria, Ill., June 28-29-30, 1940. Col. Fred Barnett, P. O. Box 17, Covington, Kentucky.

Information wanted of Willis G. Cory (or Wins Golden) whose home was at Greenup, Kentucky, formerly 14th U.S. Infantry, stationed at Calbayog, Sama, P.I., in 1903-4; also any members of D Company 9th U.S. Infantry, stationed at Oras, Samar, P.I., in 1902-3. Write Major (Texas) C. C. Booth, C.A.L., 2021 Bennett Avenue, Dallas, Texas. Also information or address of any member of Leroy's Legion who went to China with Col. Dessalines Leroy and served in the LingHiFat rebellion in Honan Prov. Chinese Empire in 1904, and afterward went to Manchuria and served under General Stoessel at the siege of Port Arthur, Manchuria, especially the 1st Gatling Battery who served here.

Garwood Legacy. Address of Lulu Garwood. Wanted (maiden name) living in Cincinnati in 1895. John Emory, 457 Sixth St., San Bernardino, Calif.

My father, George Little, born in or near Lands End, England, about 1823; later came to America and was known as pioneer inventor in the electrical field; at one time electrical expert with Western Union. My mother's name was Weston; she hailed from London, England. My object is to find record of my father's birth in or around Lands End; or descendants of my mother's people. Her full name was Mary Ann Weston, residing once in vicinity of Hempstead Heath. George J. Little, 15 Lee Place, Paterson, N. J.

Would like address of Sgt. Dowd who came from Philippine Islands with Paul D. Brown in Oct. 1917. Both in the U.S.A. They were assigned to Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, Medical Supply Depot and were there a few months in 1918. Anyone knowing address, notify Rush Bowman, Gen. Del., Redding, California.

Otto Pfender, now 31, blonde, heard from in Cheyenne, Wyoming in 1924. His father has died. Word wanted by his mother, Mrs. Marie Pfender, 921 SW. 5th Ave., Miami, Fla.

Jack Eugene Barry, 65, heard from at Blackstone Hotel, San Francisco, February, 1936. Write his son Donald Leon Barry, 312-47th Street, Fairfield, Alabama.

Any information wanted as to the whereabouts of Frank Muzyka, last heard of in Victoria, B. C., in 1928; age now 36. Edward Muzyka, Krasne, Sask., Canada.

(*Continued on page* 128)

▪ Training is important..you need it to become "tops" in skating or in the Diesel engine field. It takes a lot of "know how" to repair, service, adjust and maintain modern Diesel engines..and they are being produced in greater numbers and varieties each year. That's why training is necessary. Have you ever thought of *yourself* in connection with this great industry? No matter where you live, you can start your Diesel training now. Investigate. Send coupon.

HEMPHILL DIESEL SCHOOLS

All communications concerning enrollment in any of the Hemphill Diesel Courses should be sent to one of the following addresses:

NEW YORK	31-36 Queens Blvd., L. I. City
CHICAGO	2034 Larrabee Street
MEMPHIS	455 Monroe Avenue
LOS ANGELES	2125 San Fernando Rd.
VANCOUVER, B. C.	1371 Granville Street

HEMPHILL DIESEL SCHOOLS (use nearest address)
Please send data on your Diesel courses, also free copy of illustrated booklet "March of Diesel."

Name_____ Age____

Street_____

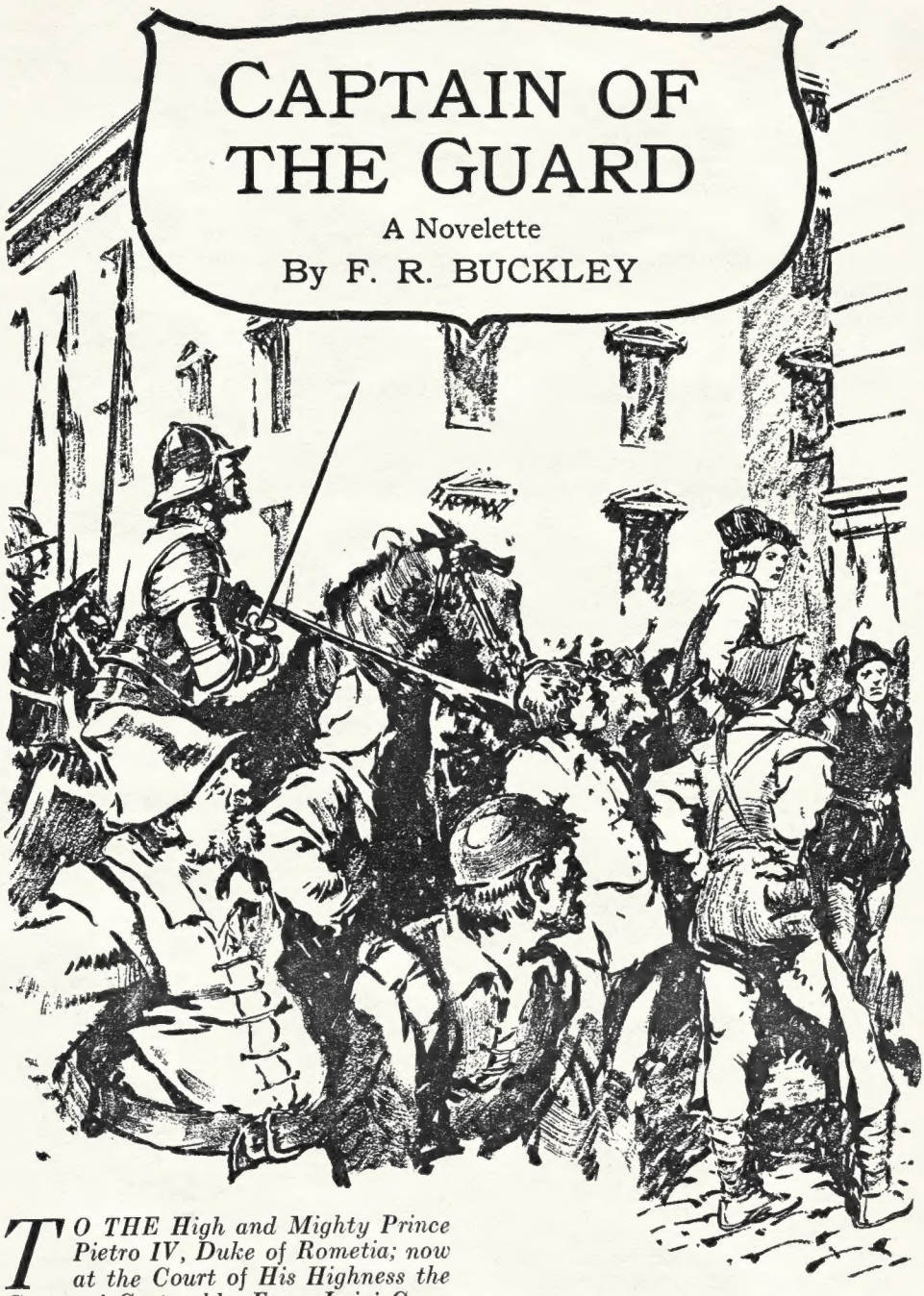
City_____ State_____ m-44-po

Diesel courses in both English and Spanish for students in U.S. and Latin America. Write for information and terms.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

A Novelette

By F. R. BUCKLEY



TO THE High and Mighty Prince Pietro IV, Duke of Rometia; now at the Court of His Highness the Count of Costecaldo. From Luigi Caradosso, sometime Captain of the Guard, these:

Sola, the xx day of June, 1580.

Sire:

It was most kindly in Your Grace to visit this cottage of my retirement; with such a retinue, too, and on the way to the signing of a treaty so important. So Your Lordship and the Count of Costecaldo are to take over the liberties of Pontevecchio, and the town is to pay taxes to you both. I knew something of the old place in times past; it was indeed there that the good monks taught

"Fire—fire, you fools!" he screamed—but he did not go away from the window.

me to write—little foreseeing that I should be a soldier.

Well, well.

I can comprehend Your Grace's need for more revenue—never have I seen so many gentlemen in cloth of gold trampling on my garden stuff. Never have I known, either, a young prince able to bargain levelly with my lord of Costecaldo; but one lives and learns.

I have lived fourscore years, but—sire, hath not your courier made some

mistake in your demand for "a merry tale I promised, of Montemurlo, slow death, and Arcangelo Scarlatti?"

Sure if I so promised, Your Lordship's condescension and the wine so kindly brought must have gone to mine aged head. And what is this about "my wise counsel?"

I wrote, 'tis true, some trifling tales of old times for Your Grace's father, whom God receive; but would a mere old guardsman dare to counsel a prince?

And having served princes for fifty years—is it likely that I should find anything merry about slow death, anything laughable in the tale of Montemurlo, that rich town so direly lost to Your Highness' family?

As for Arcangelo Scarlatti—not that his story is so very gay, either—I met him first when I was guarding the elections in the Great Square at Montemurlo; that would be in April of the year 1540.

I was not (if I may explain) precisely alone at this duty, because Your Lordship's grandfather, whom then I served as Captain of the Guard, had an interest in the result of this vote, and had bidden me take all the troops to see that the party he favored had fair play.

He had (if it please Your Grace) been seizing altogether too many cities of late, had Pietro II; from small nobles that could not defend 'em, but who could complain bitterly, and did. Moreover, from the citizens themselves had risen plaints that they were being taxed and governed a deal more strictly than they had been under their former masters—and there were tales about the duke's taste in womenfolk.

So, now that my master coveted a free city, the League of Nobles had stepped in and ordained this farce of an election—to see whether the citizens wished Pietro to rule, or whether they'd continue with their Council of Forty.

I say farce, because how, unaided, could the poor handful of Rometians living in the town have been expected to outvote the whole citizenry of Montemurlo? Why, the Council of Forty would have been re-chosen within the hour; whereas if our good Duke were to rescue his suffering people (that was why he wanted the town—not because of its silk industry) most of the votes cast must be for him.

So that was why we were there, sitting or standing—according as we were cavalry or infantry—close to the polling urns, and away from any beetle-browed, overhanging houses whence folk might drop things on us. There were many such houses—and only too many such folk.

But I think we made a very fine soldierly spectacle: two hundred and sixty-eight of us in the very best Milanese armor, well burnished, and myself commanding in my suit with the gold inlay.

We had, beside, four guns, two on each flank, the fireworkers standing smartly to attention with their matches alight. And as I turned and surveyed the pikemen, the lancers and the arquebusiers, stab me if I could find a weapon out of port. Had not an old woman, met on our way to the city, screamed curses at us from the side of the road, I should indeed have been perfectly happy. The spring was come; my wives, who had quarrelled the week before, had made friends again; and here were my troops in such state that the Pope might have owned 'em.

I HAD almost downed the memory of what that old hag had called them, when—out of the crowd of townsfolk at the far end of the Square steps this young Scarlatti, with two friends, and offers to fight me!

Not, to be sure, as forwardly as that; certes the heavens would have fallen.

Nay, decently respectful he was; showed first that he had heard of me—as who had not?—then gave his name and named his friends, Lorenzo Balta and Jacopo Guadagni. And then he went on to speak of law.

Law! Ha! Yet he was a well-built, handsome lad.

"We have not been wont to elect our Council thus," says the young man, ignoring the fact that the votes were to elect my Duke. "The law is that there shall be curtains round the voting urns—"

"But not in such warm weather as this, surely?" says I, winking at Luca, my lieutenant. "You would not suffocate our poor Rometians, as well as beat them?"

It had been one of your grandfather's pleas before the League of Nobles, that subjects of his in Montemurlo had been grievously ill-used. I had had to send guardsmen over, in burghers' clothes, specially to ill-use 'em.

"Scores of our folk have been beaten by your guards today," says the young man, looking from the troops behind me to the file that was stationed at the voting-place. "And old Senator dei Politani—"

"He was about to put the wrong tile in the urn," I interrupted, because how may one argue under orders? "The second lieutenant merely helped him."

"He broke his arm," says Arcangelo.

"Brittle old bones," I muttered into my beard, not liking such work. But what was a man to do, with two wives to support and not a decent war in the whole of Italy?

"Look you, Luigi Caradosso," says the young man; and he looked at me, and so did the smaller of his friends. The big man Lorenzo seemed to have less relish in the spectacle.

"I look," says I, staring comically about me.

"Jest not. A signal from me," says Arcangelo," and yon crowd at the end of the square will rush thy guns. If ye fire not, they will strangle thy men with their bare hands; if ye fire, the name of the Duke Pietro will stink to the day of judgment."

I was not so sure of the spirit of those mercers, and I shrugged to show it was not my affair. But indeed, I had orders to permit no rioting, and not to fire either. And the Duke was not merciful to servants who failed him, especially in the impossible.

"Well?" says I.

"Well," says the young man, suddenly smiling, "I propose that instead of shedding innocent blood, you should descend from that very large horse, Captain, lay aside some of that iron-ware, tell your men not to interfere, and—fight it out man to man."

The whole troop behind me gasped at such presumption, but I suspected a trap.

"With him?" says I, looking at the big man, Lorenzo. He looked like a heavy swordsman, and I was even then forty years of age.

"Nay. With me," says Arcangelo, sober faced.

It was salvation! But I remained stern. To have served Your Grace's grandfather would have taught acting to a wooden image.

"And if you kill me?" says I, mournfully.

"We are to vote as we have been accustomed."

God defend me from all hanging, I thought—but, of course, the question would not arise.

"And if I—defeat thee?"

I did not say "kill" lest he think better of the matter, but I saw he understood.

"Then my people will not vote at all, but there will be no parties of horse scouring the streets to make them vote against their consciences."

Well, if that were the case (I thought, kicking my feet out of the stirrups) the election would go to my Duke by default; that much law I knew at all events. Ha ha! There was no losing. So I turned to my lieutenant, who all this time was sitting with his mouth wide open, and asked him if he had heard well.

"And as the young man says," I told him sternly, "so be it."

"Ha? *S —si, capitano,*" says he, still dazed, and I began to take off my armor.

IT WAS a beautiful spring day; now that this election was settled I had leisure to observe it for the first time. There was a very blue sky, and white clouds drifted lazily across it, so high up that they might have been angels. And the sun glittered on the window-panes and shone on the red caps of the mob at the far end of the Square—the Duke's party wore blue, when they dared, but there was scarce a blue cap to be seen—and the armor of my men

shone its tribute to my discipline—it was a pretty picture.

My adversary stepped forward to help with the clasp of my gorget. Really, it was too small for me; one's forties thicken the neck. And I thanked him.

"If I might ask a favor in return," says this pleasant youth. "Could we, think you, fight nearer the centre of the Square? My folk at the far end—"

Since he blushed, however, I looked elsewhere. There was a window on which the sun shone, and in it a girl with golden hair—I thought that if he would look up at her I might be the more conveniently able to wound without killing him. He was such a nice lad, not more than twenty years old, as I judged; and doubtless he would outgrow this republican nonsense. Pondering the strange wish folk have to govern themselves when the world is full of strong men wanting to save 'em the trouble, I nodded and followed the boy toward that window.

He stopped maybe twenty ells from it, drew his sword and saluted me; and —waving my own old blade in reply— I marvelled that I had no fear of being set on and stabbed to death by his friends. Having served Princes, I was none too trustful; but this Arcangelo was a remarkable young man.

As Your Grace shall see . . .

And as I saw, within a second of our blades' engaging; for as Heaven sees me through the hole in this thatch (which Your Grace graciously promised to have mended, but the man hath not come yet) mine adversary came within an ace of putting an end to me on the spot. Aye, there was some skill in it, but mostly there was enthusiasm; he was through my guard and at my neck, and scarce the breath of a finger was between my families and widowhood.

"Ha!" says I to myself, and settled down.

But he would not have it so. Nay; just as he set up his youth and his ragtag and bob-tail crowd of citizens against the age and might of the Duke, so flung he his tricks of strength and fence against my guard. I had expected a pleasant bout of exercise, to be ended with poke at the boy's shoulder; but behold, he was taxing my skill; and if it was to be a long fight, there were twenty years between us.

I made a sortie at his belly, but he foiled it and shore a lock from my beard and was out of reach before I could thrust. He danced, the young devil; no sooner was he on one foot than he was on the other, and scarce had he lunged at me from the left hand than he was cutting at me from the right. This, as I now know, is fencing as they teach it in France. Like your own Highness, this youth had been to college— the Sorbonne I think they call it—and would God he had minded his books.

As it was, he nipped me in the shoulder, instead of I him; and out of the tail of my eye I saw my second lieutenant —Luca must have sent him, without orders—looking at the blood in amazement. He was a sneaking, treacherous lout, that Roberto, itching to report his superiors to the Duke.

I tried three times to nip Arcangelo in return, and each time he danced out of reach. A moment later, he did a trick in *terza* that almost disarmed me, and his crowd at the far end of the Square roared, and the golden-haired girl in the window stood up with her hands clasped on her bosom; but I gripped my hilt with both hands for an instant and myself leaped away from a thrust that should have ended me.

But I was sweating by this time, and not least, in the palms of the hands, where men do sweat (in case Your Grace knows it not) when Death brushes them with his wing-tips. A cursed bad arrangement for fellows in my trade, but I was not consulted about it . . .

A little more of this, methought, and the best swordsman in Italy— And it is curious: the thought of losing my repute as that best swordsman spurred me more than the peril of losing my life. Such is the folly of man; there be those who would rather be dead than be destitute, and so slay themselves at the dawn of the better day. Before my very eyes, here were these merchants of Montemurlo, facing no more than the confiscation of their silk industry if the Duke took over, yet sending this young

man to put not only his life but mine in danger—and, if he won, doubtless ready to risk their own hides defying His Grace.

For all sakes, I thought, casting mine eye about, I must clip this young cockerel; and methought I saw a way to do it. One learns in twenty years of fighting for a living—for instance, it had been my intent at first to do a trick I learned in Naples, and cut the veins that run inside the bend of the elbow. Thus mine adversary would have bled slowly until he swooned, meantime making his own ground slippery. But God's grace! I might as well have tried to dust the wings of a butterfly.

The sun, by this time, was round to the south; young Arcangelo, of course, had maneuvered to make me face it, without success. Also it was high in the heavens, but—the north side of the Square was all merchants' houses, many-windowed.

Your Grace doth not comprehend? Aha! Nor did Messer Scarlatti—thank God.

For when of a sudden I began to give ground and let him force me round to my left hand, he thought 'twas my weakness growing; when he had me facing south-east, he thought the battle won. One more rally, and dazzlement would do its work.

Which was true; but dazzlement for him, not for me. For as, suddenly, I gave way entirely and he turned to follow me, behold the sun's rays reflected downward by a myriad of windows smote him full in the eyes; his sword wavered for an instant; and in that instant I stepped forward, grasped his hilt, dropped my sword and with clenched hand smote him under the point of the chin.

That is a trick I learned from an English captain of freelances at Naples; it is thus that the English fight among themselves. In foreign wars they are handy enough with their steel and their cursed long arrows, as my old hide can testify.

Howbeit, I was to take no more nicks and cuts in this battle, let alone a foot of steel through the stomach. His young worship that had so extended himself,

. . . a trick I learned from an English captain of freelances . . .

was asprawl on the flagstones. His big friend especially looked abashed; there was silence from the crowd at the end of the Square; and when I glanced at the second-lieutenant Roberto, he grinned for my favor.

"CARRY him into the wine-shop," says I, and Roberto and Arcangelo's two friends picked up the fallen warrior. The golden-haired girl had vanished from her window, I observed; downing a stoup of wine, I was thinking that she was just like the dark-haired generality of wenches, when into that wine-shop she came, raging.

"Madonna—" I began; but:

"Silence, thou bloody man!" says she, with a dire look from her great eyes; and then she was on her knees by the side of Arcangelo.

"A ducat off thy pay for letting her pass," I said to Roberto, who had seemed inclined to laugh. "Come lady, thy lad's all safe. Who hath hurt him?"

She made no answer to this, so I strolled to the door and surveyed the Great Square. My men, of course, were still in position; cavalry with lances couched, infantry standing to arms and the gunners (bless them for the fighting they spare us nowadays!) ready with their fireworks.

There was a little crowd of people in blue caps, and with blue voting tiles in their hands, still at the polling-place; but the red-caps who had thronged the other end of the Square were filtering away.

I was glad to see that; but so was not Arcangelo, who now suddenly appeared at my elbow.

"Friends!" he shouted. "Friends!"

Poor lad! So young! Expected loyalty in defeat! Well, methought, that would be a lesson to him in the ways of republics.

"They but carry out thine agreement," I comforted him. "Belike some of them have remembered they have blue caps at home after all—and what matter? Hey, taverner—wine!"

He had put a blue cap on—in a hurry—that tapster. Arcangelo dashed the mug out of his hand.

"This is a free city, Luigi Caradosso," says the young man. The golden-haired girl came and clung to his arm. I noticed that the larger of his two friends said nothing, this Lorenzo.

I shrugged.

"The voting will decide," says I. "And the Duke hath an uncomfortable way with rebels. Remember what happened at Castellobianco."

"Rebels may have unpleasant ways with tyrants!" says the boy. "Remember Agricola!"

I think it was Agricola he said; anyhow, some heathen.

I put my mug down on the table. Roberto, the lieutenant, was watching me like a hawk. Promotion, he wanted.

"Dost threaten the good Duke?" says I sternly.

"There is no Duke of Montemurlo!" cries the youth—for all I'd wagged my head at him. "Nor shall be, so long as I—"

"Silence!" I roared.

"If the people in their blindness will not resist, I alone—"

I clapped my hand over his mouth. As it was, my bones groaned for the young fool.

"Arcangelo Scarlatti," says I, "in the name of our sovereign lord, I arrest thee. Lieutenant, take the prisoner."

Roberto stepped forward, very eager.

At the same moment, the corporal from the ballot-guard came in at the door and saluted.

"The voting is over, Captain," says he.

"Good," says I, still gagging my prisoner. "And all blue tiles, I'll be bound? Every vote for the good Duke?"

"Certainly, sir."

With warning look I unstopped my prisoner's mouth, picked up my mug and finished the wine in it; took my time, so that Arcangelo could finish his kissing of the golden-haired girl. His two friends stood by as if dazed.

I wondered when Arcangelo would kiss a girl again . . .

"*Avanti!*" says I at last. "Come along, lad."

II

SIRE, I deplore that a stiffness of the hand hath delayed this writing; but as I understand, the treaty with the Count of Costecaldo is not to be signed until after a week of festivities, so that Your Grace may still find time to read this tale of an earlier town desired by the nobility.

I resume:

Your Lordship's grandfather (whom God accept!) was in his little cabinet when I waited upon him, my prisoner under escort at my back. This was the little cabinet in the White Tower, just above the torture chamber, and with a shaft thereto ending in a little cupboard in the wall. In case of need, His Highness could open this cupboard, and let the sounds—and smells—and the glare of flames from this dungeon mould the minds of any who might be in the room. Aye . . .

Of His Grace's person, I need say little, his picture still hanging in the Great Gallery—and making him look strangely kind about the eyes. He was now in his sixtieth year, and if his reign the twenty-ninth—and worst, said some; nobles whose lands he had taken, be like. Montemurlo was his first republic—but such matters were not for me.

I made my report, as kindly toward this Arcangelo as I could, saluted, and stood for orders.

"Bring him up," says the old Duke, and poor Scarlatti was thrust forward.

"So!" says Pietro, looking him from top to toe. I had seen captains of *condottieri* cringe before that look, but Arcangelo flinched not.

"So!" says the Duke again. "Thou'd assassinate thy lord paramount, ha?"

"God forbid!" says the young man; and so earnestly, that Pietro's eyes shuttled between him and me, seeking some trick.

"God forbid," says the young man, "that I should rebel against lawful authority. Or take the life of any living creature. But Your Grace's authority in Montemurlo is unlawful—"

"Wilt argue the rights of princes with me?"

"I speak," says Arcangelo, "of the rights of man."

Pietro opened his mouth and closed it again, and I perceived he was thinking. When he was thus engaged, his eyes seemed to move even closer together, as it were, and his mouth would droop at the corners.

"It is because princes have denied these rights," says my prisoner, "that men in all ages have imperilled their salvation by slaying them. And that is why I warn thee, sire."

"Wouldst not have my blood on thy hands, eh?"

"I would not have—the question—on my soul, if—if I may avoid it."

Pietro drew one knee up and put his arm around it, cocked his head on one side and stared half-smiling at the youth, meantime tapping his teeth with his thumb-nail. It was aye an ill posture, and my skin prickled when of a sudden he said:

"Captain!"

"Yes, sire!"

"Let him go."

Those were the words; I heard them, but I could in no wise believe my ears.

"Go, sire?"

"Yes. Let him go. Art deaf? The prisoner!"

His Grace stood up, wiping his wet thumb on his gown.

"This is not an asylum for the witcracked," says he. "See thy men shove not steel into him, captain—take him thyself to the postern gate and kick him forth tenderly. No—give him to the sen-

A SKEPTIC IS CONVERTED
ANN: I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It leaves me weak as a kitten.
RUTH: You're foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by... Ex-Lax.
ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?
RUTH: Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is effective—yet it doesn't upset you.
LATER
ANN: Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.
RUTH: I knew you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax! It's so dependable.
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.
10¢ and 25¢
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

try at the door. I would speak with thee."

The sentinel gaped and was nigh to dropping his halberd, but I closed the door on his stupefaction and took mine own back to His Grace. He had just rung a little golden bell, and from behind the hangings his servant had appeared.

"Go fetch the Signor della Stufa," says His Lordship; that was his Chancellor, who made up all the taxes. "Well, Captain. Thy wits muddled, as ever?"

I saluted.

"The League of Nobles," said Pietro, sitting on his table and examining his nails with care, "hath of late become somewhat jealous of my winnings, Luigi. They would not let me take Montemurlo—no, I must waste time on an election; and now that I have been chosen to rule the place, I must do so with velvet gloves. That will—would—waste more time still."

"It is the first free city Your Grace hath taken," says I.

My lord made a noise much in vogue at that time.

"Free city!" says he. "Men are men—unless they be noble—and a strong hand rules them. I need more money than may be squeezed out of those burghers with a gentle hand, Messer Captain."

O but he looked wicked!

"Wherefore that young man, all innocence, hath gone to provide me with excuses for wearing a steel gauntlet. He may excite the citizens, may stir up revolt; may even attempt my life—and *then*—"

Old Tommaso della Stufa came in at this, cringing and bearing his usual load of parchments. He looked terrified as Pietro ground his thumb against the table.

"Your Highness—" he whined.

"Hast the figures for the new taxes for Montemurlo?" barks His Grace.

"Aye, sire. They—"

"Well, Captain?"

"Meseems," says I slowly, "that if the lad *should* slay your lordship, these taxes—"

"Have I not the great Luigi Caradosso to protect my poor old bones?" says Pietro, laughing. "Leave be awhile. Meantime, arm a squadron lightly and mount 'em on swift horses. I think our young friend will burn a few tax-barns first."

He sat, motioned old Tommaso to his side, and began examining the tax-rolls.

He was well begun on his plans for imposts on bread, salt, butter and fireplaces before he remembered me again, stared at me with the eyes of a dreamer and told me I could go.

III

IT PROVED that His Highness, while right to some extent, was wrong to an extent much greater; for that this Arcangelo and the band of youths he gathered about him did no outrages such as might have made the League grant the Duke a free hand. They burned no barns, destroyed no property; but—they took the hose off ducal tax-collectors.

Scarce a week had passed before the first of these officials limped into Castelnuovo still wearing his doublet with the Duke's arms thereon, but with the wind whistling round his skinny legs. And since the lord of that place was no friend of Pietro's, within another week—two more officials having lost dignity meantime—the singers of spicy songs had spread the tale all over Italy.

Manifestos, petitions, most like drawn up by the smaller of Scarlatti's friends (he'd looked like a poet) were deluging the courts; one had even gone to Rome.

But it was the mockery that wounded the old Duke. After Cosimo of Castelnuovo had said he was glad to see His Grace so well *and so fully dressed,* Pietro sent for me in a cold fury.

"Is this what I pay thee for, ape?" he roared, saying naught of Cosimo, but showing me a lampoon someone had nailed to the palace gates. "Am I to be flouted thus? A month's time—my captain and lieutenant, a hundred horses—scouring mine own lands and unable to catch schoolboys!"

Aye; after the second tax-gatherer he had sent Luca forth with another flying column, leaving yon oily-eyed Roberto in charge of the garrison at Montemurlo.

"Your Grace—" I began.

"Silence! I'll not be held up to scorn, Ser Caradosso, while thou scratchest thy pig's back in the sun. And worse: hast heard that my lord of Castelnuovo is sending arms—aye, and men at arms disguised—into Montemurlo? Answer, thick-head!"

"That would be rather the province of the Lieutenant Roberto, than mine own," I said.

"And well hath he made it his—seized two cross-bows only yesterday, and hanged their owners out of hand. *He* doth his duty—'tis *thy* laziness, *thy* stupidity that gives these foes leave to flout me!"

That was how nobles bespoke their servants in those days, and if my heart boiled with murder, it was wrong in me.

"Look you, Caradosso," says the Duke, stabbing the air with his finger at every word. "I'll give thee seven more days. Seven more days to bring me news of the hanging of those brigands. Else—"

He drew out that last word very long, meantime staring at me with full knowledge—meseemed—of every ill thing ever I did in my life; and there were dungeon-matters among 'em. Mostly done under his orders, but what was that?

The boiling in my heart died suddenly down into ice.

"Well, dolt!" shouts His Grace like a thunderclap. "Hast so much time to waste, gaping there? Begone!"

I backed toward the door.

"Salute!" shouts His Lordship. "By God's wounds—"

Ah, Heaven, what bliss it was by comparison, to find myself three days thence, bogged in a stinking swamp, with flies inside my armor, cut off with but a dozen of my worst men and surrounded by rebels outnumbering us five to one!

For aye, we had caught up with them—of course when I was making a routine patrol and had no thought of doing so. And, knowing the country, they had lured us into this marsh where our horses went up to their knees; we, when we dismounted, up to our thighs by sheer weight of our armor. But it was now a decent death that lay before us, and his honor with the other nobles would force Pietro to make decent provision for my wives. At least, for one of them; and the other could share—they were ever very friendly.

A CROSS-BOW bolt soared up from the bushes surrounding the swamp, and fell at my feet; it was indeed of the Castelnuovo pattern—a damned nasty thing with four barbs. The Duke had been right about those arms.

But a distant voice addressed me:

"I could have sent that through thy breastplate, Luigi Caradosso."

Of course it was that young Arcangelo; I could not see him, but well I knew the laughing sound of his voice.

"Better ha' done it, then," I shouted back. Meantime, I motioned my men to be ready with their arquebuses; but they signed that their priming was wet. One fellow seemed to be trying to contrive something, but what could one spit-fire do, against cross-bows, a score or more?

"Thou'rt a man of the people, Luigi," says the voice.

"I am an officer of His Grace the Duke," I shouted back. "And I'll see thee—"

It was at this moment that the fellow who had had dry priming, tried his wheel—and let off his piece with a most tremendous noise. I have regretted, since, that I broke his nose; to be sure I had wanted him to shoot Arcangelo Scarlatti if occasion served, but what he did by his carelessness was, it turned out, much better.

Because by heavenly permission, my lieutenant Luca, with half the troop, chanced to be riding by within ear-shot; and at the explosion came to see what was toward. By which accident, for which thanks to all the saints, he fell upon our besiegers from the rear.

That was no battle of mine; getting out of the mud was my business for a quarter of an hour, and by that time the rebels had fled, save for some dozen that had been cut down. Luca's fellows pursued the fugitives, but it was no use—ducal troops in those days must wear plate-armor, lest their worship suffer; and those boys had no armor, and better horses than ours.

"Almost had the ring-leader, though," gasps the old sergeant, saluting, when he returned. "Yon fellow that fought with the captain, 'a stopped to pick up that friend o' his—the big man—when his horse stumbled."

"And riding double, he still escaped thee?" says I, taking out on him some of the Duke's coming wrath toward me. "Thou clumsy, bungling idiot!"

He saluted again.

"Yes, Captain."

There was no need to ask what had become of the friend that looked like a poet. There he lay; not more than eighteen, I should judge him, seeming asleep among the wild-flowers, but dead.

"I got yon lad, at any rate," mutters the sergeant, and I struck him in the face for having missed Arcangelo.

"If I hang tonight for thine idiocy," I said through my teeth, "remember me by that. Corporal, sling—those—across horses. *Avanti!*"

The dead rebels went back to Rometia; we had four more days in the *campagna,* blank save for news brought by Luca, who had gone into Montemurlo for supplies.

He came back with half the food he had gone to fetch and much of that weevilly; the merchants had sold him their worst, under compulsion.

"'Tis that Roberto," says my lieutenant, "Captain, he hath the town on the edge of revolt, and keepeth the folk in terror with patrols, and the guns in the Great Square. He would have taken this food and forage by force; saith he hath the Duke's order for a strong hand."

"And art thou to countermand it?"

"Nay, Luigi, but look you—'tis that His Grace hath dealt heretofore with cities used to lords, that have obeyed 'em father and son for generations. These free citizens are different. I am a Venetian myself—"

"And a republican, ha?"

"God forbid, but—" says Luca, "—but, captain, there is worse news. This Arcangelo's sweetheart that hath the golden hair—Giralda Martinelli, they call her—"

"Well?"

"Well—His Grace hath cast her in prison."

My heart sank at that, because I too had experience of republics. Their freedoms and suchlike they may neglect, but touch their women-folk—

"Bait for our rebel," says I lightly.

Luca shook his head.

"I hope it may not make us bait for crows. There's better news for thee, though."

"Not before it was needed. Well?"

"His Highness is graciously pleased with the bodies we sent back," says Luca, "and doth command us home. Fearing naught."

"Did he say 'fearing naught'?"

"That was how I had the message from Roberto. It came with the order for Giralda's arrest, three days since. He did not know where we were."

So home we went; and I, of course, at once to the Duke's cabinet; but for some time I doubted woundily that there was naught to fear. And then I was reassured—and at last left the presence sweating with terror.

That is what it means to serve princes!

This one received my report, hugging his knee and biting his thumb-nail and smiling at me from time to time in the devilish way he had; and at the end was pleased to say that I had done not badly.

"—considering the extent of thy natural abilities," he wound up. "Meantime *I* have been idle. *I* cannot ride abroad glittering and flashing in armor and paying twice the market price for fodder—"

"The merchants—" I began.

"Silence! But—I have my brains. I wondered whether, since my captain could not catch my coney, that rabbit so loving toward all save myself might not be induced to put his head in some small snare."

HE RANG the little golden bell, and this time from behind the hangings stepped, not his servant, but two fellows he kept to do his bidding of the darker sort.

My scalp bristled at the sight of them and my hand moved toward my dagger; they should not drag me below,

methought, without having some wounds to lick.

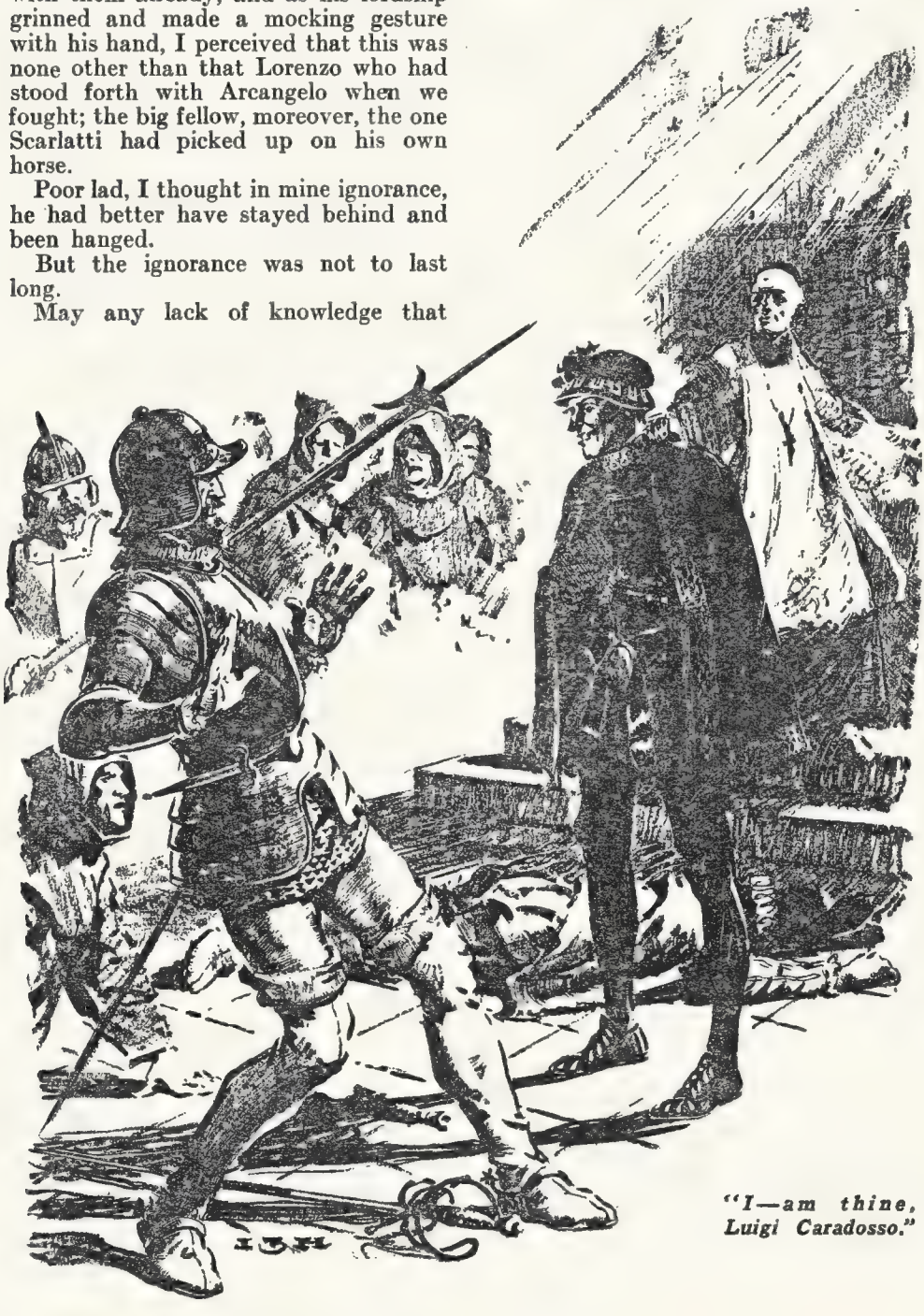
But then I saw they had someone with them already; and as his lordship grinned and made a mocking gesture with his hand, I perceived that this was none other than that Lorenzo who had stood forth with Arcangelo when we fought; the big fellow, moreover, the one Scarlatti had picked up on his own horse.

Poor lad, I thought in mine ignorance, he had better have stayed behind and been hanged.

But the ignorance was not to last long.

May any lack of knowledge that afflict Your Grace when you read this, last no longer, amen!

"Messer Lorenzo Balta I think thou



"I—am thine, Luigi Caradosso."

hast met," says the Duke. "At a time when he was less well affected toward me. Before, as it were, he had seen the light."

Could they have tortured him already, I thought? But nay; there he stood, hale and hearty to all seeming, save that he was licking dry lips again and his eyes darted about.

"Messer Lorenzo," says Pietro, "hath come to us of his own free will and accord, Captain, bringing me news that thou, for all thy roving of the countryside, hast not been able to obtain. No less than that I am to be murdered on my state entry into Montemurlo tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I gasped.

"Ah, thou'd not heard. The day of my patron saint," says his lordship devoutly. "And to be slain in a church, too. Fie, for shame!"

A creaking noise came from the throat of this Lorenzo.

"I had naught to do with the plot, Your Grace," he croaked.

"Of a certainty no," says my lord, playing with a pen-feather. "A bird of the air hath made public the matter. Stands it, however, that having failed to rouse the rabble against my rule, and resenting my sending of a poor wild girl to a—a convent, this Arcangelo Scarlatti is now to stab me to death before the very altar."

"Nay, Your Grace, not—"

"Silence!" roars His Grace, turning on stammering Lorenzo a glare to melt steel. "Well, Captain?"

"I will ride forth tonight—" I began.

"To hunt wild geese?" shouts my lord. "Fool! Lunatic! Am I to teach thee the elements of guard-duty—with a toothache coming on, too?"

He laid one hand to the side of his face. I quaked inwardly; but Lorenzo Balta quaked inwardly and outwardly as well. His face was a greasy glaze; he was vile to look upon.

"Keep to thine armor-polishing, thy swash-buckling fellow!" says Pietro to me, "and let this be a lesson. More pay for thee, indeed!"

Aye, I had asked for more, three months agone, had forgotten it. Not so my good lord, who thus used a threat to his very life, to cheat me out of a few ducats.

"But for this young man, this excellent young man," says he, rolling his eyes at that shrinking traitor, "I might —well, captain, we shall see thy capabilities tomorrow."

"But your Grace will not go to Montemurlo!" I cried in despair.

"Not go? I shall go—and, I hope, return," says the Duke. "Shall I not be guarded by the renowned Luigi Caradosso and his men, most likely six deep and in armor that hath bankrupted me?"

"I thought your Grace's affliction of the tooth—"

"Pish!" says Pietro. "Tush!"

He leaned forward with his elbows on the desk.

"I will go to church," says he slowly, "as I had planned. I will go in state and without armor—as I had planned. And this Messer Arcangelo Scarlatti shall attempt my life—as *he* had planned. Whereafter thou, Captain Caradosso, shalt take him alive. According to another plan I have."

I said naught, just sweated.

"Alive, hearest thou?"

I saluted.

"I have a use for that young man," says Pietro, his eyes glowing in his head, "and who shall harm a finger of him before I do—"

He stripped all the feather from the pen and twisted the quill in his fingers.

"Dismissed!"

As I backed to the door, the tormentors were dragging Lorenzo away, too, but Pietro crooked his finger.

"Nay, stay *thou,*" says he to the Judas, in a voice as sweet as honey. "I would speak with thee."

As I fumbled the door open and escaped into the stairhead—God, how cool and peaceful it seemed!—His Highness was motioning the traitor to be seated.

IV

THERE was no sleep for me that night!

And I did not dare to get drunk, either—a sort of cowardice that hath afflicted me very rarely.

Late though the hour, I routed forth poor Luca and his men and sent them over to Montemurlo—I trusted not Roberto, with promotion in his mind.

And from one of Roberto's men that had come home sick, I inquired most straitly as to the state of affairs in the town.

" 'Tis different from what it was at Castellobianco," says the man, "or at Monterosso either, Captain, sir."

These were former conquests of ours.

"As how?"

"Well," says the man, forcing words out of himself by writhing, "they're as it were more obstinate, Captain."

"Are there many brawls?"

"Nay, that's the trouble. Those other places, some folk would shout for their old lord, and take arms belike, and we could hang 'em, and the rest would shout for our Duke. Here they wait and sulk."

"The lieutenant hath dealt with some few of them, nevertheless?"

"Aye, sir. But 'tis dull work. There seems to be no rousing 'em."

"Rousing 'em, 'a God's name?"

"Well, 'twas said," says the man, "that if they'd riot we could fire on 'em with the guns and break their spirit for good and all. I heard that was his Grace's plan."

With a dry mouth I dismissed the fellow and went walking on the battlements. I will not weary Your Highness with my thoughts, but they were such as to make my heart climb into my windpipe and there stick.

For while it was a matter to be hidden at all costs while I served princes, I, sire, had been brought up in a republic, a free city, just about the size of this Montemurlo. And I had memories of the folk—slow, stupid, divided in their councils, but of spirit, O God, so lamentable hard to break!

Staring at the stars, and hoping the morrow might not find my own spirit wandering among them, I fixed my mind on the orders I could not question and so must obey; felt better, as a man will when he gives up trying to take more than one step at a time; and—in due course paraded His Highness' escort before the great stairway.

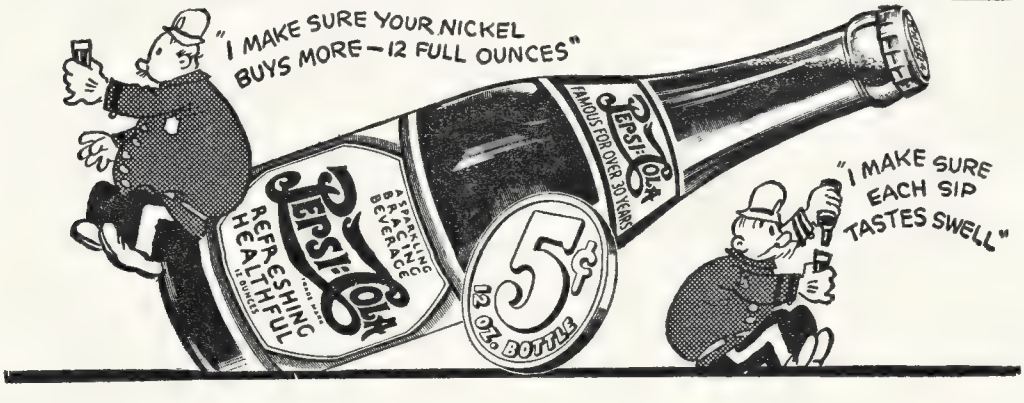
A fair morning 'twas; I had picked a guard of forty men who had served under the Vanozzi, the Caltese and the Alfieri, and so were used to assassinations; I had promised each death at mine own hand if the Duke were so much as alarmed; and so our joyous procession set forth, his Grace in his litter in the midst of the forty, and the forty surrounded by one hundred and twenty more.

I expected Pietro to make some mocking remark on my precautions, but it seemed his tooth was hurting him. There was a bandage on his face, he had his hand to it as he came down the stairway and he passed me without so much as a look. That was his way at times.

But he went to Montemurlo.

Up to the town gates, open and decorated as they were, I still had a vain hope that he might repent; that his tooth-ache might increase or his courage diminish; but nay—he went on.

And then the crowds in the square—



all in blue caps now—began to cheer feebly, and I could see Roberto's men stamping on the citizens' toes to encourage them; and the church bells began to ring in Santa Maria, and I knew beyond peradventure that the day of miracles was past, and that it was to be neck or nothing.

Never did order issue so reluctantly from my lips as that word "Halt!" when we came to the church door; never in any church have I prayed so heartily as I did while the guard dismounted and formed the square for Pietro to enter.

Now was the time of peril, methought! Once we had him in that wall of steel—

He was within it, and I was at his left hand, unbonneting (which he did not, being noble) while the priests received us.

Nothing happened.

We were inside the church now, moving down the nave, and I was cursing the half-darkness, which seemed like pitch after the light outside. My lieutenant had had the church searched from belfry to sacristy, of course, and had left a guard at each entrance—but I wished I could see. There were people standing in hundreds to either hand of us—aha, about halfway to the altar my eyes cleared and I could see them.

His Grace took a step forward, I at his side—

And then there was a great flash, a dreadful noise, and this gaudy figure I was guarding clapped hand to head, staggered and with a muffled shriek fell forward on his face.

Ah, Lord and my lord, the deadly moment!

For the nonce, stunned myself by explosion and calamity, I could not see whence ruin had proceeded; then, as the smoke-clouds thinned, I saw a man in friar's robes standing at the foot of a pillar—there were friars clustered round all the pillars, of course—but this one held in his hand one of those accursed little guns just invented at Pistoja, and the face of the friar was the face of Arcangelo Scarlatti.

I tugged my sword out, made at him as he stood there looking at the man he had shot; then, remembering the Duke's order, dropped my blade and seized the fallen slayer with my hands.

He made no resistance.

"So perish all tyrants!" he cried in a loud voice; and as I flung him to the flagstones gasped: "I—am thine, Luigi Caradosso."

And a more fearsome moment was at hand.

For as I planted one foot on the young man's breast and bent to pick up the pistolet he had dropped—into my very ear came the voice of the newly slain.

"A pretty sentiment, young man," it said. "But rather than Captain Caradosso's, I think thou art—mine."

I leaped an ell backward, crossing myself; but nay—'twas not enchantment.

There, midway between me and the poor corpse; in a plain black suit, grinning and rubbing his hands together—there stood Your Highness' grandfather, unscathed.

V

AH, IT hath since become common, but in those days it was unknown, for princes to hire counterparts of themselves, poor starveling actors and suchlike, to wear the empty ermine for them and take the earnest steel. Your Grace's forebear was the first master ever I had, thus to prefer his hide to his manhood; and if this be too plain speaking, let Your Highness send bravos to correct me. I am making a small collection of pickled ears, and I care not overly for mine own life . . .

For instance, the telling of Arcangelo, in his dungeon that night, that he must die in the Great Square at Montemurio three days thence—but I was Captain of the Guard; I had my orders.

All the way to the castle he had marched at the tail of a horse; sometimes he had fallen, and been dragged; his face was bloody and dusty and he was loaded with chains, but he got to his feet when I entered, and he took his doom upright.

"Will they—let me speak?" says he.

I took the torch from the soldier that was holding it and motioned the man to be gone.

"Not likely they'll let thee preach rebellion from the very scaffold!" says I loudly, for the fellow to hear.

" 'Twas not that; if folk want not their freedom, no words of mine, nor deeds, as I see now—"

"What then, fellow?" says I, in a low voice.

"I—I grieve for yon poor man I slew unwitting. God knows that I desired not his blood—"

"But shed it."

"Aye. I thought if the Duke were gone—they say his son—"

(Your Grace's father had been exiled by Pietro.)

"Aught else?"

"One thing more. They may torture me, Luigi, for the names of accomplices; under torture men say strange things. If—if I should name any, remember that while I was sound of body, in my right mind, I said to thee, as now I do, that I was alone in this affair."

I could say nothing. It was for this Lorenzo he was belying himself, Your Highness—Lorenzo, that I had left upstairs in the Duke's cabinet, as familiar as a cat on a hearthstone! Lorenzo, that had betrayed him to this!

"I am woe for thee, lad," I said, and meant to add something more comfortable, but the words stuck in my throat. Twenty were his years; he had water—a pitcher on't, bread, and three days to live.

As I backed out of the cell, I saw him sit on the floor and sink his head between his ironed hands.

It may be imagined that I relished not the telling of all this—not quite all on't, perhaps—to his lordship in the presence of this Lorenzo. Lorenzo was promoted to the wine-cup now, drinking with the Duke like a blood brother. He smiled at me, and I felt the blood crawling up my face—as I have said, my gorget was tightish.

"Leave us awhile, good Ser Luigi," says his Grace, and then to me: "No, not thee, Captain. It is this gentleman I would have retire. Since he is to do certain secret business for me, I have thought to change his name. He is rechristened Luigi—in thine honor."

Lorenzo sneaked his great bulk past the hangings. His lordship put elbows on the table and laughed at me. So did mine evident rage amuse him, that after a little he rose, circled the table and put his arm about my shoulders.

"Thy better nature, ha?" he chuckled. "That yonder youth should forswear himself for his traitor friend—that pricks thee, eh? Those folk at Montemurlo have better natures, too; that is why I shall rule them. They are the earthen pots in life's stream; I am the iron kettle."

"And Ser Lorenzo, sire?"

He laughed.

"Newly christened Luigi—after thee. Ah, to what shall we liken him?"

"A filthy rag, belike," says I, as well as I could for fury. "A dead dog floating, a—"

"Bravo, bravo!" says his Grace. "But rags have their uses; I have certain filthy business toward—high politics, my Captain, and he's the man for't."

"He'll betray Your Grace."

"Nay, nay, I am ware of him. Only his friends need fear—but who the devil art thou to question my choice of ministers? He will be the master of a thousand of thy stripe. Begone!"

At the door he halted me.

"Give orders betimes," says his Grace, "for the building of that scaffold."

VI

IS'T NOT grievous, sire, to see an ancestor thus rushing on destruction? Or hath memory of Pietro the Crafty already become so dim?

Ah, 'tis well known *now* that one may not push the common folk too far; but thenadays the belief was that the harder they were handled, the more of 'em were killed, the sterner terror was let loose upon them, the closer would they stay to heel. Lately, so many bakers, tailors, butchers, merchants, clerks have taught such bitter lessons to so many noble gentlemen, that tyrants have passed forever from our world.

There be those who cry "Tyranny!" about Your Lordship's coming treaty with the Count of Costecaldo; call it a double despotism over little Ponte-

vecchio—but as I tell them, such a cry is forty years out of date . . .

'Twas Your Lordship's grandfather that had the lesson to learn.

I can see him now, leaning on an embroidered cushion in the window of a house in the Great Square, looking down with scorn on the crowd there gathered, and with pleasure at Roberto's guns and my cavalry as we formed a hedge of steel about the scaffold.

To all seeming—and God wot my eyes were on the alert!—it was a docile and reasonable crowd. I hoped it had been soothed by the release of Giralda Martinelli the day before; at all events, there were no signs of those bowmen from Castelnuovo. It may seem strange that we should have feared such, the Count of that place being the Duke's ally by treaty; but between tyrants 'tis always the fear that one may rob the other. Then, as the proverb hath it, honest men may come by their own; with the aid of a good club or the like of that—but by no means scythe blades.

I am coming to those scythe-blades in a minute. Who would have believed that so mute an assemblage of citizens, such a warren of fat rabbits, such a fold of sheep—would have each so horrid a weapon down his back? Aye, down their backs they had them, with the end to be reached over their shoulders. Was this decent? Was it soldierly?

But they were not soldiers.

Nay, sitting my horse there I thought them—God help me!—hardly men at all; and disregarded the women. It was a bright day, like that on which I had fought with Arcangelo, but hotter; and the tormentors' fires on the corners of the scaffold behind me made the heat greater yet. Scarlatti was to have both the red-hot pincers and the boiling oil—the fires attested so much to the mob. But meantime they were making the sweat run down inside my armor, and I wished the Duke would give the signal.

Which presently he did, and behind me the drums set up a long roll. That would be while Arcangelo was mounting the steps—I could not look behind me, for discipline's sake, which was just as well. But I could see him in my mind's eye—in doublet with the collar cut away, hands and feet chained, and that proud head of his, alas!, still thrown proudly back.

The drums ceased, and some functionary with a fat voice read the condemnation. Aha, the cunning of it! Not for his attempt on the life of his Grace was young Scarlatti to suffer; of his excessive clemency, Pietro had pardoned that. 'Twas for the murder of a common man—one of the people—a strolling player named Enrico Vitali, that he was to die.

I was awaiting, with ears drawn back, the dread sounds from the dais behind me, and wondering whether I could contrive to cross myself unobserved of his Grace, when mine eye caught a movement in the middle of the crowd.

A golden head appeared above the throng, and a moment later this girl Arcangelo had loved—how I cursed her then!—was borne up on men's shoulders.

"Hold ye!" she cried to the executioners, and then to the crowd. "Is your leader to be slain for the trick of that old fox in the window? What cares he for Enrico Vitali or any common man? But there is one here—"

"Shall we charge, Luigi?" demands Luca in my ear.

But, dumfounded, I was looking to my Lord Duke for orders, and he seemed as amazed as I. He had risen and was now staring down at a clearance that was making in the crowd.

It was from the pavement between his window and the golden girl that folk were falling back—he could see into the space long ere I could; but after a little I perceived that there stood there an old woman, very bent; leaning on the arm of a great man with an arbalest. Crossbows were forbidden, Your Highness, but oons!—it all happened so quickly; and if his Grace was fascinated by so strange a companionship, why not his poor captain?

"Here is the mother of Enrico Vitali!" cries the girl in her ringing voice, and there arose in the crowd such a murmur as the sea makes when it drags the pebbles down the shore. It is a sound to wake any officer.

"Stand by the guns!" I shouted to Roberto. "Luca—couch lances! Infantry—aim—aim!"

"Who slew thy son?" cried the golden girl. "Point to him, old woman! Where stands the murderer? Show him to his judge!"

Now the Duke awoke. Never shall I forget the dread face he turned toward me, pale as ashes, and the mouth working horribly.

"Fire—fire, you fools!" he screamed—but he did not go away from the window.

And that, sire, is how he died.

Because as the old woman raised her shaking arm, so did that crossbowman raise his arbalest; and as Madonna Vitali pointed her gnarled finger at his Highness, so aimed he; and as she cried "Murderer! Tyrant!", so loosed he his bolt.

And it flew across my vision like a line of light; and Pietro II of Rometia, Count of Montemurlo, clapped hands to his head just as Vitali had done in the church, gave a shriek mighty similar—considering the difference in birth—and fell sprawling over the window sill.

TOO late, the volley from the arquebuses!

Roberto had loosed one of his guns, and the ball had gone scuttering down one side of the square, to smash a fruit-stall. The infantry had not loaded again, my cavalry had their lances but half down, when the murmur of the crowd changed into a roar, and in an instant they were on us.

Sheep, did I call them? Aye—for smothering weight; but with damned sharp claws—those scythe-blades they whipped out and swept at the knees of our horses. And the poor animals reared, and in one dreadful side glance I saw a forehoof catch Roberto on his helmet and dash out his brains. And then there was a crash as one of the guns was overturned in its carriage, and then another, and I drove spurs into my charger and tried to make headway, shouting to my men—but God, Your Highness, had they not just seen their tyrant killed, and were they not men of the commonalty themselves?

What more was I? An officer, held to duty by oath as well as by pay; and it was as such that I still tried to fight on the side I was sworn to. As Heaven witnesseth me, I would have had my arquebusiers fire on those poor free men and women, I would have done my best to make my horsemen stamp them into the ground; but by Heaven's mercy, at that moment some terrible heavy weight descended on my backplate and hurled me incontinently off my horse.

It was Arcangelo Scarlatti, who had leaped off the scaffold, and now held me pinned to the flagstones, yelling something about my being too good to be torn to pieces, and cursing me and telling me to lie still.

This I could by no means do, Your Grace, in virtue of my oath; but my helmet had fallen off and I was in armor and could not writhe; so that with ease he seized me by the ears and hammered my head upon the pavement till I swooned. All around me, as I sank into blackness, there were red legs and horse legs, and blood and fallen men and flashing scythe blades and fury . . .

When I awoke, there was none of all this; a peace had descended on Montemurlo which hath endured to this day.

Someone was holding my head while Arcangelo Scarlatti bathed my brow with cold water. Sitting up, I found that the said head had been in the lap of the girl with the golden hair.

There was blood on her skirt, too; so I stood up, feeling sickish, and made her my bow and said I was sorry. And looked about me, round the Great Square where my men stood in groups. Their helmets were off, most of them, and they were drinking wine which the citizens had brought to them. Some had bloody wounds, which women were bandaging.

"We have closed our gates," says Arcangelo. "The men are on the walls."

I nodded.

They had borrowed my cannon, too, I saw; and—his late Grace was gone from the window-sill. They had him lying on a bier in the midst of the Square, with some black and gold stuff over

him from one of the shops, and candles at his four corners, very decent.

I crossed myself.

So did Arcangelo, then put his arm about this girl.

"We have all been close to death this day," says he.

I looked at the bier and crossed myself again.

"Aye!"—it surprised me that I was hoarse—"and to damnation!"

POSTSCRIPTUM; THE COURIER WAITING

I need scarce tell how Your Grace's father came back from exile and defied noble opinion, and forgave, and confirmed Montemurlo in its liberties. He was a wise prince.

But that word "damnation" hath put me in mind of what I meant, promising this tale should be of slow death.

Your grandfather left this world speedily enough, whatever delays he may be encountering in the hereafter, God shorten them!

Arcangelo still lives—at Pavia, they tell me—with his golden girl, now silver, much beloved.

I am still here—waiting—

Nay, each of us must needs die a little every day.

But most of us, by God's grace, feel not the terror.

Whom I had in mind was of course that Lorenzo who betrayed his people and his friend; who was absent on some vile mission when the Duke died; who hath dealt in stealth and treachery ever since—and who, still living under the named filched from me, must have suffered torture every day these forty years.

Knowing himself each dawn for what he is.

What he is in the sight of God, I mean.

To the eyes of men, he is now the Count of Costecaldo, with whom Your Grace is—was—to make a treaty of mutual aid . . .

Which would have imposed double taxes

On the birth-town
of Your Lordship's
Poor humble and obliged good
servant

L. CARADOSSO,
Captain.

"You always look slick as a whistle,
What can I do for my tough bristle?"
"The Thin Gillette will end your trouble
With thrift and ease it whisks off stubble"
Precision made to fit your Gillette Razor exactly!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Travelers were cut off within a mile of Tucson's walls.

DRAW OR DIE!

A Fact Story

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE

IN PIONEER days one had to view Arizona with the eyes of faith to escape discouragement. The Apache chiefs Mangas Colorados and Cochise and Geronimo plundered wagon trains, ran off stock, captured stages, and murdered settlers. Their smoke signals on far hills sent terror to the hearts of travelers

and ranchmen. The toll of life taken by the Indians mounted into the thousands.

Moreover, the desert was grim, stark, and inhospitable. Everything within reach of its dry winds fought for existence. Vegetation was barbed and stinging, animal life savage and poisonous. Those who ventured there saw drought, starvation, fierce struggle, bleaching bones, intolerable heat. To survive they had to take on the attributes of the country—the toughness of the sahuaro and the lean vitality of the coyote. That some of the pioneers, the small minority of scalawags, picked up, too, the poison of the sidewinder and the pouncing lust to kill of the wolf, is not surprising. They had been driven from their homes on account of their worthlessness. In their new environment the evil in them might be expected to develop.

But if Arizona in those days had its Duffield, its Tewksburys, and its Clantons, it was also the home of Charles D. Poston, Judge Titus, John Slaughter, Don Estevan Ochoa, and Henry Garfias, strong and good men who helped to bring law and order to the desert settlements.

J. Ross Browne gives a description of Tucson in the early years that shows a snapshot of the place. "Scraggy bushes of mesquite, bunches of sage and greasewood . . . a city of mud-boxes, dingy and dilapidated, cracked and baked into a composite of dust and filth . . . littered about with broken corrals, sheds, bake-ovens, carcasses of dead animals, and broken pottery, sore-backed burros, coyote dogs and terra-cotta children . . . barren of verdure, parched, and naked." He adds that if the world were searched he does not think there could be found another set of villains so degraded as those forming the principal society of the town.

His judgment is less than fair, for there were good citizens in Tucson even then, as Captain John G. Bourke testifies in his book, "On The Border with Crook". He found the little Mexican settlement the home of an unusual number of interesting men, individual and picturesque. Nor does the physical aspect of the town depress him, though he sees all that Browne did—the pigs staked out to wallow in mire, the unchained dogs running amuck, the burros browsing on tin cans.

He notices the fringe of emerald green in the "bottom" of the cultivated land, the gently waving cottonwoods, the dark waxy-green foliage of the pomegranates, and the crimson "rastras" of chile hanging like mediaeval banners along the house walls. And no doubt he saw also the porphyry mountain peaks reaching up on every side of the town to the unmatched blue sky, the enchanted mesas blooming with color, the cañons of the Rincons and the Catalinas deepening at sunset into blue and purple lakes and the ridges edged with glittering flame. No man of imagination ever saw the Arizona desert in its thousand changing aspects and forgot it.

TIME in Tucson then was marked by notable events rather than by the calendar. "The night afore Duffield drawed on Judge Titus" was a more easily remembered date post than June 15th would be.

There was no need of hurry or of specific accuracy. One sunny day followed another lazily. Editor Wasson of the *Citizen* tried to bring American efficiency into the sleepy Spanish village. Week after week his editorials hammered away about the dead burro on Main Street. Why did the authorities not remove it? The brown-faced Mexican *alcalde* shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the matter with the man?" he asked, perplexed at such impatience. "Why is he in such a hurry? Only last week Ramon and I talked it over and decided it had better be taken away. But his team has been busy. One of these days he will get around to it. Of a certainty, yes."

Though Tucson did not have street lights or sewers or sidewalks, life generally moved on very pleasantly in the little sun-baked Spanish town. It had its unwashed and its ruffians, but it also had its good citizens, both Mexican and American, some of them well educated and trained to courteous ways of life. The best of the thick-walled adobe houses held inclosed patios, with raised flower beds and ollas of spring water hanging

from the roofs of shaded porches, the walks flagged and kept cool by fountains sprinkling on them.

At Levine's garden, at the foot of Congress Street, the people met for evening entertainment, as they did at *bailes* held at the Orndorff Hotel and elsewhere. A Mexican band played Sundays at the hotel.

There were Japanese lanterns in the patio. Families promenaded up and down, coming in for dinner at the restaurant, where a gala specialty was made of wild game.

The orchestra at the *baile,* consisting very likely of a flute, Pan's pipes, a bull fiddle, and a bass drum, worked tirelessly all through the night. Officers and their wives came in from Fort Lowell to join the town people. They rode back to the fort under a desert sky that flushed with the pink and mauve and violet lights of dawn.

After the *baile* young men serenaded the pretty senoritas, singing "La Paloma" and other love songs to the windows above.

All the men met in the gambling houses, where Mexicans, Chinese, miners, merchants, mule-skinners and "bummers" brushed shoulders round the wheel and at faro tables. They also met in the early days at the Shoo Fly Restaurant, run by Mrs. Wallen. It was domiciled in a long low-ceiled adobe building, the floor of rammed earth, the walls washed in a yellow tint. The tables had lead castors with yellow glass bottles. The chairs were home made, with rawhide bottoms. The waiters, in white suits with red sashes, carried fly flappers which they wielded vigorously.

But Mrs. Wallen gave her customers good food, including such luxuries as were obtainable. She served chicken, mutton, kid meat, jerked beef in stews, black frijoles, tomatoes, lettuce, and fine oranges from Mexico. Also, there was always the famous Pete Kitchen bacon, made from pigs that very likely had known the sting of Apache arrows. (Pete had a standing order at the ranch for his employees to pull out all the arrows—if any—left during the night in his stock. Wags called his pigs Apache pincushions.)

SENTINEL MOUNTAIN stands back of the town, and there a man was posted to keep watch for the Apaches. Usually the Indians were not bold enough to raid a town, but they might swoop down on the horses and the cattle in the outskirts. Travelers were sometimes cut off within a mile or two of Tucson's walls. Pete Kitchen's ranch near Nogales was raided and his son killed while at work in a field. A mail carrier, trapped near the San Xavier mission, was filled with arrows. In 1871 the Prescott *Miner* published a list of over three hundred whites and Mexicans who had been murdered by Apaches in the preceding six years.

Pete Kitchen's ranch was a standing temptation to the Apaches. He had built his house on the top of a hill commanding a view of the valley below. A guard walked the flat roof of the adobe building constantly, and if there was any sign of a raid he fired his gun and brought the hands in the fields back to the forted house on the run. Many times the place was attacked, but Pete gave the painted braves as good as they sent. He killed so many of them that at last they gave his ranch a wide berth. Travelers all spent the night at his place, both because it was safe and because of its almost feudal hospitality. He had a thousand acres of good land on Potrero Creek, and on it he raised grains, vegetables, fruits and melons. His special pride was his herd of fine hogs. For hundreds of miles his hams and bacon were famous.

Pete was a character. Like most men of the frontier he was an inveterate gambler. All the sporting houses of Tucson knew him as one who played for high stakes. He was a tough nut, and the man who got ahead of him had to be good. On one occasion he followed three horse thieves across the border, shot two of them, and captured the third. On the way back to the ranch Kitchen got sleepy—so he afterward told the story—and took a nap at the foot of a tree. Before doing so he tied a rope around the neck of his prisoner, whose hands were bound behind him, mounted him on a horse, and flung the rope over the limb of the cottonwood under which the horse

stood. The other end of the rope he fastened to the trunk of the tree. "And do you know," Pete always finished the story, "that when I woke up I found that damned horse had walked away and left the rustler hanging there." To emphasize the point, Pete would always, at this stage of the yarn, nudge the listener in the ribs and burst into raucous laughter.

Toward the end of his life Pete sold his ranch for $60,000, went to Tucson, and gambled away the money within three weeks.

WHEN Arizona was organized as a territory, Milton B. Duffield of California arrived as United States marshal. Mr. Duffield stood three inches over six feet, was broad of shoulder, powerful, and quick on his feet. He was dark of complexion, had black hair, and very keen eyes. Every day Marshal Duffield drove a tenpenny nail into an adobe wall with a bullet from a distance of twenty paces. Since he was disputatious, in fact quarrelsome when he had a few under his belt, it may be guessed that citizens walked warily when in his neighborhood. Only one man in Arizona at that time wore a high silk hat. This was not generally considered safe. But on top of the marshal's head the "stove pipe" hat was no signal for merriment, for it was currently reported that he had eleven notches on his guns.

"Waco Bill" came to town and started on a tear. He announced that he would like to see Duffield, since it was his night to howl and the marshal was his meat. Milton B. arrived, all six feet three of him, lashed out with his fist, and sent the mule skinner spinning. Bill reached for a gun, but he was too late. A bullet ripped through the officer's coat pocket and struck "Waco Bill" in the groin. Duffield had not wasted time in drawing the weapon.

"I'm the gentleman you were seeking, sir, and I have just sent you my card," the marshal mentioned, with a bow.

Captain Bourke tells that on one occasion, when friends were gathered around the wassail bowl, Duffield was induced to exhibit all the weapons he carried. He drew from his person eleven lethal instruments of war. From belt, holsters, pockets, boot legs, and other convenient places came bowie knives, derringers, daggers, and revolvers.

Even this multiplicity of weapons failed in the end to save their owner. Mr. Duffield migrated to Tombstone and had a dispute with a young man named Holmes about an interest in a mine. Holmes was working the property when the ex-marshal went out there to run him off. Though covered by a double-barreled shotgun Duffield would not stop at the order of the other. He continued steadily to advance and was filled with buckshot.

It is impossible to read the history of our Indian troubles without realizing that the Apaches, the Sioux, and the Cheyennes, as well as other tribes, were driven to warfare by unfair treatment on the part of whites and were kept in the field much longer than was necessary by the unwise negotiations of government representatives, both military and civil. Mangas Colorados and Cochise were originally friendly to Americans. Mangas is described by Lieutenant Coutts as a stalwart man, six foot two in height, with a fine intelligent face.

For years his name spelled terror over New Mexico and Arizona. A great leader to his people, he fought ferociously and without mercy. No Indians were more cruel than the Apaches under his direction. The record of the thousands slain by him is a horrible one in the story of the winning of the Southwest. Jack Swilling persuaded him to surrender, and he was treacherously murdered by soldiers that night.

LIKE Mangas Colorados, Cochise was driven to put on the war paint by the amazing folly of the whites. A band of Apaches had plundered the home of a settler on the Sonoita River and taken away the son of a Mexican woman, the lad Mickey Free who later became a great trailer, though otherwise worthless. Cochise and his men were camped near Apache Station. Lieutenant George N. Bascom was sent to find out from him where the boy could be found.

There was a conference, during which Cochise denied any complicity in the raid. Bascom arrested him and his companions. Cochise escaped, though wounded. He tried to exchange some of his prisoners for the Apaches detained by Bascom, but the lieutenant refused.

Bascom continued to reject peace overtures, even when the prisoners of Cochise, brought near enough to be seen and heard, desperately begged the officer to save their lives.

The men captured by the Apaches were put to the torture and executed. The American officer retaliated by hanging the Indians he had seized. For twelve years from this time Cochise harried the country, killing many hundred settlers and travelers. The blame for this stiff stupidity was later taken by another officer, who had been sent from Fort Buchanan to take charge.

A brave but cruel man, Cochise could recognize courage in others. Frank C. Lockwood tells in "Pioneer Days in Arizona" the story of T. J. Jefford, known as "Red Whiskers" by the Indians. He was superintendent of the mail service between Fort Bowie and Tucson. Within sixteen months he buried twenty-two of the men employed by him, all victims of Indian raids.

Jefford decided to appeal directly to Cochise. He rode into the Graham Mountains and sent up a smoke signal to ask for a talk. Cochise was amazed at his courage. The two men became friends, and at last went through the rite of becoming blood brothers. Years later Jefford took General O. O. Howard alone to Cochise to arrange a peace. This was done, and a reservation was set aside for the Indians near the range where they had fought so long.

Like many Indian chiefs, Cochise was a man of great force of character. There was greatness in him, even though he was savage, cruel, passionate and unforgiving. On his death bed he asked Jeffords if he thought they would meet again in another life. Jeffords said he did not know and asked his opinion. Cochise replied that he was not sure, but he thought they would somewhere.

The fear of the Apaches among those living on the Southwest frontier, built up by years of exposure to acute danger when at any time the dreadful whoop of savage warriors might ring in their ears, engendered a bitter and uncompromising hatred of the warlike tribes. I have never known an old-timer who lived in a region subject to raids from Apaches, Kiowas, or Comanches to hold any view other than the one that the only good Indian was a dead one. They had seen the bodies of tortured and scalped neighbors, with no regard to age or sex, and they could find no mitigating pity for the braves or their families.

Emanuel Dubbs, a preacher of the Gospel and a gentle soul, told me that it was unsafe to spare the Comanche children, lest in a few years they scalp yours. As Hualpai Clark told me once, "Nits make lice". Clark was an old scout, jailor at Tucson when I knew him forty years ago. He is generally credited with having killed that worst of renegade Indians, the Apache Kid.

The Indian troubles died down toward the end of the seventies and the territory began to fill up. Irrigation projects developed and farmers settled the valleys. Up to this time Arizona had been a country where they chopped wood with a sledge hammer and cut hay with a hoe, but more normal methods came in as land was cleared for the plow.

Yet even today the state has more of the pioneer atmosphere than any other. If you visit Dodge or Abilene or Julesburg you find modern towns apparently untouched by their inheritance, but Tucson and Prescott are still distinctively of the West, in spite of skyscrapers and fine tourist hotels. When one motors through Tombstone along the overland trail he sees the old Bird Cage theater where Lotta Crabtree played. A little farther down the street are the Crystal Palace and the Oriental gambling houses, once bustling with a lusty, turbid life. The Crystal Palace is closed, but the building where the Oriental operated is now occupied by a drugstore. In front of it Luke Short killed Charley Storms. From a side door stepped Frank Leslie, informed that Billy Claybourn was waiting for him outside, and shot the cowboy before the latter could get into action.

Just west of town, at the summit of a

hill, is the famous Boothill cemetery. A large sign catches the eye of the motorist.

WELCOME TO TOMBSTONE
AND BOOTHILL GRAVEYARD

Buried here are the Remains of
Tom McLowry, Frank McLowry
and Billie Clanton
Killed in Earp-Clanton Battle Sept. 26th, 1881.

Dan Dowd, Red Sample, Tex Howard,
Bill DeLaney and Dan Kelly
Hanged legally by J. Ward, Sheriff,
for the Bisbee Massacre, Mar. 8, 1884.

John Heath
Lynched by Bisbee Mob, Feb. 22, 1884.

M. R. Peel
Murdered at Charleston, March 8, 1882.

Billy Grounds, Dutch Annie, Indian Bill, Pat
Lynch, Billy Kinsman, Black Jack, Brady
Brothers, Mike Noonan, China Mary,
John Hicks.

One tombstone in the cemetery mentions that the McLowrys and young Clanton were "murdered on the streets of Tombstone".

THESE men, most of them cowboys, rode into Bisbee one evening and held up the store of Goldwater & Gastenada. Two men walked into the building and stood up those inside, while the others swept the street with bullets. John Tapinier was shot dead while standing in the doorway of a saloon. Another bullet struck J. A. Nolly and crumpled him, a dying man, on the sidewalk. A restaurant keeper, Mrs. Roberts, looked out of her window and was killed. Indian Joe went down, wounded. Meanwhile Jim Kriegbaum came out of a store shooting. One of the outlaws was wounded by him. Deputy Sheriff D. T. Smith ran from the Roberts restaurant and ordered the bandits to stop firing. He was hit twice, one of the wounds being fatal.

Five of the road agents galloped out of town, carrying about $2500 with them. The sixth member of the gang, John Heath, had taken no active part in the robbery. He was the leader of the outlaws and had come in advance of them to spy out the land. At once he became very active in the pursuit and led the posse on false trails into the mountains.

He was so urgent about the direction the posse should take that Deputy Sheriff Bill Daniels suspected him. A day later he was arrested. The other members of the gang separated but were picked up at various points.

The bandits were tried and convicted. Five were sentenced to the gallows. Since Heath was not in the actual stick-up the jury gave him a life sentence. This did not please Bisbee. A mob drove over to Tombstone, stormed the jail, and hanged Heath on a telegraph pole. The other five were left to be executed legally.

John L. Sullivan came to Tombstone with his show and visited the jail. One of the outlaws jested with him.

"They say you can knock out a man with one blow," the road agent said. "But there's a fellow here in town is going to knock out five of us at once."

This was literally true. All five went through the trap at the same instant. They were hardly scoundrels. One of them told the priest who had come to give them spiritual consolation to be careful not to let the sheriff hang him too by mistake. The hanging was an invitation function. Cards were sent out to leading citizens by Sheriff Ward. One of them I once saw. It said:

EXECUTION OF

Daniel Kelly, Omer W. Sample, Jas. Howard,
Daniel Dowd and William Delaney
At the Court House, Tombstone, Arizona,
March 28, 1884, at 1 o'clock, p.m.
Admit Mr. William M. Breakenridge
J. L. Ward, Sheriff*

Not transferable

At Prescott, February 5, 1886, a cold-blooded murderer named Dilda was

*The dates given for the hanging on the billboard and in the invitation to the execution are not the same. No doubt the one on the invitation, March 28, 1884, is the correct one. Early Arizona was very casual about dates and names. For instance, I have found the name McLowry, as shown on the billboard, spelled three ways. His relatives in the middle West now spell it McLaury. Since most men in the cattle country were called by a nickname, any approximation of the last name would do.—W. M. R.

executed legally. The man had shot down Deputy Sheriff Murphy, who had been sent to arrest him for rustling. For some reason the sporting element of the town took a great interest in the man. Whiskey Row was on the west side of the court house square, and "Take-it-easy" Johnson held open house at his saloon for faro dealers, gamblers, and bummers.

There was talk of rescuing the condemned man at the gallows. The Prescott Grays, under command of Lieutenant "Bucky" O'Neill, lined up in military formation around the place of execution. Dilda walked firmly up the steps. He appeared entirely cool and unmoved, but as the trap was sprung Bucky keeled over in a faint. To see a man killed without being given a fighting chance for his life was more than the lieutenant could stand.

Geronimo

Today, more than fifty years later, there stands on the square an equestrian statue of Bucky O'Neill, Captain in the Rough Rider regiment which fought in Cuba. The statue, done by Solon Borglum, is dedicated to all the Arizona men who fought in that regiment, but the figure and face are those of Bucky. He died in the trenches in front of Santiago. Just before the bullet struck him in the throat he had been quoting a verse from Whitman's "Captain, My Captain".

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS could have found no more glamorous figure for the hero of a soldier of fortune novel than Bucky O'Neill. Born and brought up in the East, he was a graduate of Gonzales College and the National University law school. Like many another young man, he went West to make his fortune.

From the day of his arrival he loved Arizona and belonged to it. The freedom of the frontier, its excitements and dangers, its utter democracy and lack of conventions, suited him perfectly. Of the thousands who poured into the territory during that decade, no other so impressed himself on the country as did this happy-go-lucky son of Erin. He was not Arizona's most useful citizen nor its most important, but he was the most picturesque. His reckless gallantry, his wildness and essential integrity, the zest for adventure that burned in him, combined to make him the beau-idol of what a Westerner should be.

Nobody ever called him William. He was "Bucky" to everybody. His plunging play at the wheel and the faro table won the cognomen for him. Though a lawyer by training, O'Neill was in turn editor, judge, sheriff, politician, and soldier. Always he was a knight-errant, ready to give his services to the weak and humble.

In the early years, when Whiskey Row was running full blast in Prescott, when chips rattled night and day at the Palace, the Legal Tender, and the Oriental—in Phoenix, Tucson, and Tombstone respectively—one heard scores of anecdotes about Bucky. Some were quixotic and some humorous, but all of them were characteristic of the qualities that endeared him to us all.

Neal, the stage driver who ran for years the half way house for the Tucson-Globe route at Oracle, told me that on one occasion Bucky was his sole passenger. O'Neill was scheduled to make a

political speech at Mammoth. The Rillito was bank full, the water plunging down with dangerous force.

The stage driver was a strong, heavy set man with Negro blood in his veins, a cool fellow who had proved his nerve by standing off bandits when they tried to rob the coach.

"Do we go on?" he asked Bucky, pulling up on the edge of the churning stream.

"I can't speak at Mammoth if I'm not there," Bucky answered.

Neal's whip lash snaked out close to the ears of the leaders. They splashed down into the river. It was a near thing, but they made it.

Will Barnes used to tell of another swollen river story in which O'Neill took a part. There were four passengers, Barnes, Bucky, and two sisters of charity. The men consulted about attempting the ford, but there were urgent reasons for getting to town. Bucky filled a bucket with small rocks and sat beside the driver. When they got into the deep water he pelted the horses with the stones to keep them moving. More than once the broncos faltered before the pressure of the pouring water, but at last they found a footing near the opposite bank. Bucky had emptied his bucket by that time.

There is the story of how Bucky drove a gang of hard-boiled railroad graders from a spring they had taken from the peaceful Navajos, and another of how he jounced a bristling bully up and down by the ears because he had called Bucky a liar. On one occasion he followed a bandit named Smith into New Mexico, shot him from his horse, gave him temporary medical attention, and carried him to the nearest town, where a mob of Smith's friends attempted to rescue him and were dissuaded only because Bucky made it clear that it could not be done without littering the street with several corpses, one of which would certainly be that of their friend Smith.

The train robbery at Diablo Canon gave Bucky another chance to show what he had in him. With Tom Horn as trailer he followed the bandits for weeks, harrying them from place to place. The posse killed one of the robbers, but the others escaped. Bucky got another with a long shot. The horses of the pursuers gave out, except the one on which Bucky was riding. He pushed on alone, surprised the band, and held the men prisoners until Tom Horn and the others arrived.

In spite of his jaunty air Bucky was notoriously shy. When his duties as judge forced him to marry young couples he was always afraid he would have to kiss the bride, according to the custom of the time and place. His blushes matched those of the young lady.

A few minutes before he was killed Bucky was standing on the trench looking through field glasses at the Spanish intrenchments on the hill. Somebody told him he was exposing himself unnecessarily. Captain O'Neill stepped down, because he detested grandstanding, but he said with a laugh, "The Spanish bullet that will kill me hasn't been molded yet." Within five minutes he was dead. Perhaps he was fortunate in the manner of his exit. I think if he had been given a choice, he would have asked to go out in an hour of high excitement to the sound of drumming guns.

THE first white woman who settled in the Salt River Valley was Adaline Gray. She was on her way with her husband to California, and when they mule-wagoned into the valley he suggested they stop and rest a few days while their animals put on flesh for the last stretch. They rested there sixty years. Adaline lived to drive an automobile, to listen to a radio, to go up in a plane.

"All in all, I figure the good and the bad of every generation just about balances," she said after she was eighty.

"Punkin eaters", they called the first farmers in the valley, because in the early years they did not have much else in the way of vegetables to eat. Presently other settlers arrived and a town was started. Darrell Duppa named the village Phoenix, for the reason that there had once been an Indian settlement on the spot. He also chose the name of Tempe for another town, deriving it from the Vale of Tempe, immortalized by Horace and Virgil. Duppa was an educated remittance man from England. He came

of a good family, one listed in Burke's "Landed Gentry," which could go back in an unbroken line to the time of Henry V. Bryan Philip Darrell Duppa had no claim to a title, but in Arizona to the end of his life he was Lord Duppa.

Though Phoenix was settled late and became the heart of a very rich agricultural section, it was still a small cow town when first I knew it. Cowboys six abreast used to gallop up Washington Street in a cloud of yellow dust and tie at the hitch racks in front of stores and saloons. They would go jingling into the Palace to buck the tiger, wearing big hats, bandannas, and shiny leather chaps, a gay and rollicking band of slim suntanned youths.

Phoenix was never considered a bad town, but Colonel McClintock, a captain of the Rough Riders, mentions in one of his histories that six men were once killed there in a week. A Mexican armed with a saber went wild at a chicken pulling, wounded several, and escaped. Henry Garfias dragged him back, and he was later shot down trying to escape. The Hardy gang came to town and started to shoot it up. They went down Washington Street, firing right and left. Garfias was sheriff, one of the best Arizona has had. Citizens enlisted rapidly as deputies, among others Bucky O'Neill. The posse drove the cowboys out of town, but not until Bucky had shot one in the leg and dropped him from the saddle. Shortly after this two murderers were taken from the jail by a mob and hanged. After that Phoenix was as quiet as a Sunday School for years.

At Jack Keating's Tunnel Saloon in Florence, Arizona, occurred the duel between Peter Gabriel and Joe Phy, a typical frontier encounter of men who felt called upon to settle their own grievances in the manner of the border. The two men had been friends. When Gabriel had been sheriff of Pinal County he had appointed Phy one of his deputies. Both of them were brave men. Twice the sheriff had fought off mobs trying to take prisoners from him. In battles with bad men he had come out victor many times, and nearly always he had been in the right. Phy had a reputation as a gunman. He too was notably fearless, but was not always on the side of law and order.

While acting as deputy, Phy beat up a man he was arresting, injuring him so badly that the victim nearly died. The sheriff arrested Phy, disarming him and later discharging him from his position as assistant. This stirred in Phy a bitter animosity against his former chief. He had expected to succeed him as sheriff, but he had his own folly thwarted his ambition.

Phy sent word to Gabriel that he intended to "get" him some day. He missed no opportunity to abuse his former friend, both behind his back and in his presence. Gabriel paid no attention, beyond explaining to Phy that what he had done was in the line of duty and not personal.

More than once Phy buckled on a six-shooter with the intention of ending the matters, but was persuaded by bystanders not to carry through his purpose. Yet everybody in Florence knew that the crisis was only postponed.

Pete Gabriel came to the end of his term as sheriff and moved from town to operate a quartz gold mine in the hills. He went to Florence one day to buy supplies and settle some bills. Meeting old friends, he dropped into the Tunnel to have a drink. One led to another, and the hours slipped away. Strangely enough, Joe Phy did not either drink or smoke.

Phy decided to call for a showdown. He walked into the Tunnel, a six-shooter in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. Gabriel was at the bar and looked up to see his enemy standing just inside the swing doors.

The first shot of Phy struck his foe in the breast. Though badly wounded, Gabriel sent a bullet crashing into the other's stomach. By chance the main light in the saloon was shot out, and the duel was continued in the dark. Another bullet struck Pete in the right side and splintered a rib. Twice more he was hit, in the wrist and in the body, but he moved toward Phy, lurching from the shock of his wounds but still firing.

Joe crashed through the swing doors to the sidewalk outside and pitched forward into the road. Gabriel stood looking at him, swaying on his feet. There were two bullets left in his revolver, but

he had not the strength left to raise the weapon.

During the night Phy died. His last words were an inquiry as to whether his enemy would live. He was told that Gabriel had no chance.

Yet Gabriel survived. He recovered his health measurably and lived for years, though the wound in his side always troubled him.

A battle of this sort was a savage, cruel business, but it is difficult to see how a man like Pete Gabriel, a redoubtable frontiersman and an expert shot, could have avoided the duel. The law of the West was that when a man had been backed to the wall he had to fight or lose prestige among all his associates.

FROM the first Cochise County had been inclined to lawlessness. The proximity to Mexico made cattle rustling easy. Even after John Slaughter had served notice to stock thieves "to get out or get killed" the southeast corner of Arizona was infested with bands of outlaws preying on settlers. There were many mountain ranges into the gulches and pockets of which the banditti could withdraw to hide after a raid. The Huachucas, the Dragoons, the Santa Catalinas, the Gilas, and the Superstition range were all easy of access, with a hundred convenient gorges that offered shelter for men on the dodge. Farther north were the Apache and the White Mountains, and not far from them the Tonto Basin where law officers were not welcome.

No territory ever had a better average of competent sheriffs than Arizona. Garcias, Slaughter, Breakenridge, Gabriel, Bucky O'Neill, Perry Owens, Jeff Milton*—the list of these officers reads like a roll of honor. But the county officer was always at the disadvantage that his authority stopped at the limits of his county and even when he ventured beyond it into the high lands where the outlaws holed up he did not know the terrain one-tenth as well as the thieves. What Arizona needed was a body like the Texas Rangers, which could operate wherever needed and follow the thieves week after week until a capture was made.

Under Colonel Alexander O. Brodie, appointed governor of Arizona by President Roosevelt after the Spanish-American war, a force of twelve rangers took the field with Burton C. Mossman as captain. Each member was hand-picked. He had to be expert with a gun, a first class horseman, used to "cutting" trail, and of tested nerve. The work done by the rangers was remarkable. They were a hard-bitten lot, and they went after outlaws in a businesslike way. Mossman was a cattleman, and after about a year retired in favor of Thomas H. Rynning, but just before quitting he crossed the line into Mexico and dragged back to justice Augustine Chacon, one of the most desperate murderers the border has known. He had killed many times, often without any need to do so as a safety measure. At the risk of his life Mossman captured Chacon, who was shortly hanged at Solomonville.

*Only Jeff Milton of this group is still among the living. He has been in his time a Texas Ranger, a deputy United States marshal, chief of police at El Paso, a customs inspector, and a Wells-Fargo Express Company messenger.

Jeff is a living example of Captain Bill McDonald's apothegm that no man in the wrong can stand up against a fellow that is in the right and "keeps a-comin'." Jeff is not a killer. He is the kind of peace officer who stands up to bad men, quietly and unafraid, and makes them back down without drawing a gun. At El Paso, before witnesses, he made John Wesley Hardin, the most notorious gunman Texas ever had, admit that he had lied when he said Milton had shot down for pay a desperado who had been rubbed out from ambush by parties unknown. Probably Jeff expected Hardin to kill him, but he felt he could not let a slander like that pass unnoticed. In Tucson he backed down Burt Alvord, a bravo and train robber then rolling high in Arizona, though Jeff at the time had a shattered arm due to an encounter with five bandits who tried to hold up a train on which he was the express messenger.

This hold-up occurred at Fairbank, Arizona, in February, 1900. The leader of the outlaws was Jack Dunlap, usually called Three-Fingered-Jack. With him were Bravo Juan, the two Owens brothers, and Robert Brown.

Milton was busy unloading packages when a voice ordered him to throw up his hands and come out of the car. Jeff had a different idea. A bullet struck the bone of his arm. With a shotgun he put out of action one of the robbers, then slammed shut the door. A few moments later he became unconscious, but not until he had found time to throw the safe keys back of a trunk. Three-Fingered-Jack was mortally wounded but his men looked for the keys without result. The bandits suddenly grew panicky and rode away into the Chiricahuas.

Sheriff Scott White cut the trail of the robbers and found Three-Fingered-Jack abandoned in the mountains. Unable to travel farther, he had been left to die by his companions. The other four were run down shortly after this. Jeff was taken to California and operated upon, but he never recovered the easy use of his arm.

No bad man ever complained that Milton did not shoot as straight with his left hand as his right. He was as cool and efficient an officer as he had been before the hold-up.

Tom Rynning followed Mossman as captain of the rangers, and Tom had lived adventure all his life. The rangers were increased in number to twenty-five. Under Rynning and later under Harry Wheeler, another peace officer to whose memory Arizona takes off its hat, the rangers worked hard at the business of mopping up the outlaws. As Governor Campbell of Arizona has written, the rangers of that territory comprised one of the best bodies of peace officers that ever sat a saddle or pulled a trigger. All three of the captains in those early years were first class men, wise, self-reliant, game, and energetic. None of them ever asked the men to do anything he was not willing to do himself.

Rynning says that Harry Wheeler was probably the best shot in the world, and that he did not know what fear was. Several times he tossed five empty cartridge shells into the air, and before they came down Wheeler had hit them all with his Krag. Harry came from a family of soldiers. His father was a colonel in the United States army. Unfortunately Harry was a little too short for the West Point minimum. But he served as a scout, as a private in the Spanish-American war, as a Western peace officer, and as a captain both of Arizona Rangers and in the World War.

Though he was a bad man to meet in a fight, Wheeler was never hard and callous. He was always generous and warm-hearted, even toward those whom he had to oppose. A wounded or beaten outlaw was to him just a poor fellow down on his luck. Dane Coolidge tells of the time the ranger heard shots in a Tucson saloon, barged in, and saw a dozen men with their hands in the air. The robber whirled on him, and in the exchange of shots was hit three times. Harry knelt down beside the dying man.

"Sorry I had to do this," he said gently.

"'S all right," the hold-up answered. "You just beat me to it."

The most famous of Wheeler's battles was the one with a desperado named Tracy, who had killed a man in Nevada. This took place in Benson, Arizona, on the street between the Virginia Hotel and the station. Harry was eating lunch at a restaurant when a frightened man and woman rushed in to tell him that Tracy, the husband of the woman, was getting off the train and was going to kill them. Wheeler jumped up and went to meet the furious man. He told him he was under arrest.

Instantly Tracy whipped out a revolver and shot the ranger twice, in the thigh and in the foot. Wheeler fired four times, and in spite of his wounds scored four hits. The bad man went down, crying out that he was done for. Harry dropped his gun and ran to help him. The man fired at him twice. Snatching up a tin can from the ground, the ranger flung it at him. He too was down, unable to get to his feet or to crawl to the revolver he had tossed away.

He did not need it. Tracy was mortally wounded. Any one of the ranger's bullets would have been sufficient. Only the man's furious rage had kept him strong enough to keep shooting.

There was a reward for Tracy, dead or alive, of five hundred dollars. Harry sent it to the widow of the man the outlaw had killed in Nevada.

Wheeler died many years ago, but Rynning and Mossman are still going strong. When last I heard of him Rynning was retired and living in California. Mossman is a cattle man in New Mexico. Both of them have lived to see the result of their work in the mesquite flats and brushy gulches of Arizona. If there are any cow thieves left there they operate with trucks instead of with running irons. Probably that state has fewer than Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa.

For long ago Arizona turned over a new leaf and is now rampant with righteousness.

The next thing I know I am flat on my face and the catcher is running up and down me with his spikes.

SWAN SONG OF LEFTY SIMPSON

By W. C. TUTTLE

Horse Heaven
June 20.

Mr. Bill McColl
Majer Leeg Umpire
New York City.

Dear Bill;

Well, Bill, how goes it with you versus the pitchers? I have not wrote you since we left Rodeo City to where we brought the pres of the leeg, following what he called the debackle at Buena Vista. I and Chesty Jones was as devoid of blame as a new born baby, but circumstances was against us, I lost some more bridge works, which are false teeth to you, Chesty had his seventeenth concussion, and Mr. Blinkenhorn, the pres of the leeg, was also beet up terrible. Like I told you, Bill, the teams in this Sundown Leeg take their baseball seerious and to hell with consequences.

I was a little worried about Chesty. A couple more cracks on the head and

he will all fall apart from his neck upwards. I rubbed his head one night and when I got through he was all out of shape. He ought to wear a mold at night, so he will look the same next day.

Well, Bill, Mr. Blinkenhorn called a meeting of the bord of directors to decide what is to be done as protection for umpires in this leeg. He sure layed down the law to them. He put me on the witness stand and asked me a lot of questions a bout the managers and the players and I answered as truthful as I could. I told them all a bout how we have to go for weeks without a bath, and one of them said to Mr. Blinkenhorn that he suspected that there was something dirty about the whole thing. They said that every manager in the leeg complaned about I and Chesty, and I says, well, that is nothing, because we complain about them. One of them says, my manager says that if you two could see as well as you can hear, we wouldn't need any Lick Observatory. He said his manager just *thought* that I and Chesty are a couple of dirty bumbs, and we threw him out of the game. He says it was getting so a manager can not even think without being put out of a game.

I says, Well, if that was true, no manager in this leeg would ever get throwed out of a game. Chesty says, what do you mean about a manager thinking? They only eat three times a day, because their family always done it, and the only reason they leave a town is because they learned to count to seven, which is a seeries in this leeg.

Well, Bill, you can see that we held our own. Chesty is awful smart and quick on the trigger, except on certain things. He has a dedly feer of being drafted by Brooklyn. I said, well, in our position in life, we do not belong to any certain club, and if you was drafted to the National Leeg you would only have to work once in a while in Brooklyn. He says, well, Lefty, I will hang up the old spikes before I will go there, even for an exhibishion. May be it is his determination that makes him a grate umpire, Bill.

Like I told you, Bill, we had that bord of directors meeting, and they decided to give I and Chesty a week off, while they tried out a couple new umpires, which are peagreen. They probably wanted us to watch them from the stands and see how they done.

Bill, I forgot to tell you that Chesty fell in love. Tie that one if you can. Her name is Mrs. Wingate and she is a grass widder, whose husband was a prominent man, they tell me. Chesty says he was Grand Larcenist of the Knights of Suspicion, or something like that. Chesty was not exactly sure. but it was some prominent position. Chesty says he moved to Leavenworth. She is a broonet, sort of egg shaped, has big feet and sings. Bill, I heard her sing and she is a wonder. She can sing Melloncoly Baby to the tune of Avalon and make it sound just like Sweet Marie. Chesty says I have not got a musical ear. Mrs. Wingate had I and Chesty out for supper and the stoo was very good, but in this leeg you do not have to be invited out to get stoo.

Bill, you asked me how I and Ida Blinkenhorn are getting along. Well, just fine. You know she was going to marry Hank Duvall, which is the mgr of the Smoke Tree club, but Chesty said she ought to ask him if he had a wife and three kids in Peoria, before she married him. Well, I guess she asked him, and Mr. Blinkenhorn asked him and Mrs. Blinkenhorn asked him. In other words, the whole family asked him. Hank says, who circulated that story, and because I was the one who took the word from Chesty to Ida, the finger of gilt pointed to me, as you might say, although I was as innocent as a unborn lam.

Hank came up from Smoke Tree and says, I am here to cleer my name and it is up to you to prove I have a wife and three kids in Peoria, or I will hit you so hard and so quick that when you land in San Francisco your back suspenders will still be rite here. I says, well, that is only a figger of speech, because I wear a belt, and if you have no wife and three kids in Peoria it is all right with me. If you can forget them all these years, I do not see why I should not forget them from now on. I says, it only goes to show that you are an un-

natural father and do not deserve three nice kids.

Well, Ida said she did not want to marry a man who had already a wife and three kids in Peoria; so everything is all right again, except that Hank denied it and swore he would soo me for malishus slander. I says, it is no slander to be a father three times or more, and I hope one of them turns out to be a umpire.

Well, Bill, the two umpires they tryed out here were no good; so Mr. Blinkenhorn told I and Chesty that we are to go over to Smoke Tree to work the seeries between Smoke Tree and Scorpion Bend. Chesty says, migod, Lefty, we will have Hank Duvall and Bull Milligan again. I says, this seeries will prove our mettil to Mr. Blinkenhorn, who told me to be firm in all things, but to uphold the tray ditions of baseball, which is the national pastime. Chesty says, I ain't going to hold up anything, except my pants and my arches, because I know my rites as a umpire.

Bill, I am afraid that Chesty is getting stiff necked, which is what they all had against you in the Coast Leeg. You sure bowed the old neck every time I pitched and you worked behind the dish. You had your mouth all set to yell ba-a-awl, even if I split the platter. You sure was a funnie umpire, Bill. Remember how you used to show your teeth and snarl at a runner, like a villan in a play, and yell, "He-e-e's out!" And when you had to call him safe, you'd look at him like he had done you a personal injury. And did you love that third strike—unless I was pitching.

Well, I believe in letting by gones by by gones, Bill. You had your likes and dislikes, which was me. I am fair to everybody—even Hank Duvall and Bull Milligan, which shows that I am a he man, kind and forgiving. I tryed to explain to Chesty about turning the other cheek, when he has a run in with anybody, but he says nobody but a sucker takes two punches. I guess it is pretty late to learn Chesty anything. In some ways he reminds me of you, Bill, a grate hustler, square as a dye, but lacking in real intelligence. Pretty hard to learn a old dog new tricks, eh, Bill, old boy?

Well, Bill, I can hear Chesty hawnking the model T down on the street, so I guess he got it started. We have not got any brakes, so we have to put the front end against a post to crank it. How ever it gets us there and that is the mane thing, because we do not wish to disappoint our public and the pres of the leeg. Bill, did you ever see a tripple play in which a man scored and the batter was not charged with a time at bat? I did.

Chesty is still hawnking, so I better go. Will write you from Smoke Tree. Chesty sends his best regards, all though he says he can not see why I write you, because you never gave me a brake when I was pitching. But that, as I say, is all by gones, and I am too broad of mind to dig up old grudges. I hope you are the same.

Respy yrs
Mortimer Simpson
Lefty to you.

Smoke Tree
July 1

Mr. Bill McColl
Majer Leeg Umpire
New York City.

Dear Bill;

Well, Bill, I hope you can read this because I am writing with my right hand and do much better with my left when possible. I and Chesty were leaving for Smoke Tree when I wrote you the last time. That old model T is sure a good old car, except that it had a leek in the gas tank and inside of twenty miles we are dry. Their is not a gas station in miles out there and they say that even the jackrabbits carry a canteen. You would not understand that joke because you do not even know what is a jackrabbit.

Anyway, we are rite at a crossroads, which is where two roads cross each other and their is a sign post. We are just a bout resined to our fate in a hundred and ten in the shade which there is not, when we seen a dust cloud coming. Of all the lucky things that ever happened to two good umpires, Bill. It is the Scorpion Bend baseball club in there big old bus, with Bull Milligan

driving. They are also heading for Smoke Tree. I esplained to Bull about is being out of gas, and he says, far be it from me to let the branes of the leeg shrivel and die in this heet. We will tow you to Smoke Tree—I think.

Well, Bill, I do not mind telling you that I have mis judged Bull Milligan. I take back every thing I have even thought about Old Bull. He proved his wirth to me and also Chesty. But Chesty is hard to convince. He says, I will praise him when we reach Smoke Tree. I says, well, I won't argue with you, Chesty, but if I can ever do Bull a faver, I will do it if the Hevens fall.

Bull has a bout forty feet of rope, which he ties to our front axel and ties to the back of the bus. Bull is a good driver, but fast, and that road is not any too good. We climbed up into the hills, where the grades are not so awful wide, but we made it fine. But when we went down the hill it was not so good because we have no brakes, and when the bus slowed down—we did not do likewise. That model T just went diving for the back of the bus, and one of the players would yell at Bull to give her the gun, which he would do and take up the slack so quick that the model T would buck clear off the ground. I lost my bridge work, which is false teeth to you.

Chesty kept getting ready to jump, but every time Bull would give her the gun and knock him back in the seet. I says, you might as well stay, Chesty because I feel that Bull knows what he is doing. And Chesty says, yes, and that is the hell of it, Lefty.

Well, I still feel that everything would have been all right, but we came to a sharp right hand tern, and the bus is around the tern before we got there and the rope is pulling rite across the little canyon. Bill, if you know anything about mechanics you will understand our perdicament. If you have not studied it you can just say that Lefty and Chesty jumped over the bank in their model T, and I hope they were not instantly killed, which is a miracle.

Well, Bill, we left the hind wheels on that side of the tern, we left the body in the canon, and Bull Milligan and his riff raff took the front wheels clear to Rodeo City before they realized that something had happened. A frate truk came along and hauled I and Chesty to town.

I hurt my left wrist and I do not have to squint to see my nose. Chesty was bungged up quite a lot, too, but no broken bones to any grate extent. What I do not understand is this, Bill. Bull Milligan can be in the runway, far back of there dugout smoking a cigaret and tell if a runner is safe or out down at second base. But he swares that he did not see us get recked, nor didn't see that all he was towing was two front wheels and an axel. It sure has got me puzziled.

Anyway, Bill, it was a brake for us because the doctor let I and Chesty use his bath room to cleen up in, which meens that we will be cleen for this seeries. Bull Milligan said the papers were all printing reports that we were either killed or fatally injured, so I telegraphed Ida Blinkenhorn, ALIVE AND WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED. REPORTS OF OUR PHYSICAL CONDITION EXAGGERATED. She wired back to me, HOW ARE YOU FIXED MENTALLY.

Bill, I guess she was afraid I had hit on my head. I told Chesty he ought to send a telegram to the widow Wingate and let her know he is alive, but he said it would be cheaper to let her read his name in the summery of the game, because they would not be using crippils or ghosts to umpire games. Chesty figures out things like that real quick.

If he could only keep his head away from fowl balls he would be fine.

Well, Bill, the baseball interest is running high here. They say their is bad blood between Bull Milligan and Hank Duvall and that the hole country is a roused. I got a telegram from Mr. Blinkenhorn, the pres of the leeg, and he says, REPORT GAMBLERS OFFERING BIG ODDS ON SMOKE TREE FOR THE SERIES. ADVISE YOU BE VERY CAUTIOUS.

I read the telegram to Chesty and he says, well, we will thank him for the tip after the seeries is over, because I lost severil fortunes on bad tips. I says, well, I do not see that Hank has a bet-

ter team than Bull and if the gamblers are betting odds on Hank's team their must be skulduggery, so we will watch close, Chesty. He says, well, the only trouble is that we have not got enough money to make a decent bet and we have not even got the model T to take to a hawkshop.

Bill, you can see that we are behind the ate ball when it comes to having any money to bet; so I thought the best thing would be to telegraph Mr. Blinkenhorn, the leeg pres, I AND CHESTY ARE BROKE. IF YOU WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE SEND US YOUR MONEY AND WE WILL GET YOU THE BEST ODDS. Well, Bill, I met Hank Duvall on the street and he says, I have sent a wire to the pres of the leeg, protesting you working this seeries because of pred-u-dice against me. I hope I spelled that rite, Bill, because it is a new one on me. I says, well, I understand that the gamblers are betting odds on your club for the seeries, and now you want to get rid of the only two honest men on the field, eh?

Hank says, I have charged you and your dim-wit pardner with being incompetent, crooked, blind and pred-u-diced. I says, well, you do not know it, Hank, but I and Chesty parked our car in front of a fire hidrant for over a hour, and spit on the sidewalk once. You better send Mr. Blinkenhorn another wire and esplain that, too. Then, Bill, maybe I was rong, but I lowered the old boom on Hank Duvall and knocked him into a case of eggs in front of a grocery store. The last I seen of him he was dripping at the seet, and getting billie hell from the grocery man. You can see that it never payed to insult an umpire, even on the mane street of the town.

Well, Bill, I went back to the hotel, where I find Chesty and a strange man, who is writing on some paper. He looks like a real pleasant fellow and is asking Chesty a lot of questions. I says, what goes on here? And Chesty says, I haven't got it quite strait, Lefty, but Mr. Keller is a newspaper reporter, who wishes to write the story of our life.

Mr. Keller says, well, I do not want it all, of course, but enough to make the article interesting. He says, your pardner was just telling me that I ought to bet a little money on this seeries on the Scorpion Bend team, because you two boys do not like Hank Duvall. I says, well, he tried to beet me out of my girl, and just a while ago he insulted me on mane street and I knocked him into a case of eggs.

Mr. Keller says, oh, lovely! Now, he says, what is this report that the president of the leeg is going to bet on Smoke Tree and that you boys are going to place his bets for him? I says, well, we wired him that we would do same, but he has not answered yet. I says, how did you know so much about it, and he just winks, Bill, and says, I know a young lady in the telegraph office. Well, I told him more about my life, and he went away all smiles on his face. I will bet he could put me in a book and make a lot of money out of it.

Well, Bill, tomorrow the seeries starts and may the best team win. Chesty is working the bases in the first game, but rite now he is trying to wire one of the slats on our mask in place. If a fast one ever hits that spot I am afraid that somebody will be a marked man for a long time. Ha, ha, ha. I will write soon as possible. If any of your umpires get sick, just send me a wire and I will come at once, as I am in the pink rite now and rearing to get ahead in my profession.

Yrs. respy
Mortimer Simpson.

P. S. I will send you a copy of that story about me and that will show you how I stand in this leeg. I hope he writes it just like I told him.

Fresno, Calif.
July 20.

Mr. Bill McColl
Majer Leeg Umpire
New York City.

Dear Bill;

This letter is a formil application for jobs for two experienced umpires in your leeg. I am Mortimer Lefty Simpson, thirty-nine years old, throw and bat left-handed, hite six feet four, wait about a hundred and sixty, of pleasing appearance and education. Have had a lot of experience in the Sundown Leeg

and can hily recommend myself as a first class umpire and I still have speed and a fare curve. All I need is control, which will come with practise. I am sound of wind and sure of foot. Bill, if you can think of anything I left out, you can put it in.

Ferdinand Chesty Jones is forty-five years of age, five feet four inches high and will weigh a hundred and ninety. He caught all over the country and has the distintshun of having been beened by more pitchers than any other catcher of his decade.

Chesty is a lovable person, inclined to headaches, but of sound judgment and is widely red on rules, et so forth. He will sure go far in his chozen profession. Teemed with Mortimer Simpson you will have a pare of umpires second to anything you can imagine, Bill.

Bill, I believe that Mr. Blinkenhorn, president of the Sundown Leeg, will give us both a recommend, as the last time we seen him he said, Lefty, if there is any chance to getting you two as far east as the Atlantic Ocean, I would perjure my soul to place you. So, Bill, you can see how he feels about is being advanced. Mr. Blinkenhorn is a fine man, Bill, but he has flity spells.

In your last letter you asked how the romance between I and Ida Blinkenhorn was getting along. Bill, without feer of contradicshun I can say that I am not setting up with Miss Blinkenhorn any more. Like a King I abdicated my thrown. Maybe I was wrong, Bill. Chesty says, well the coarse of true love never did run smooth. That may be true, but next time I am going to pick me a clinging vine.

The last time I wrote you, Bill, was from Smoke Tree, which is where Mr. Blinkenhorn, the pres of the leeg, sent I and Chesty to handle the seeries between Smoke Tree Savidges, managed by Hank Duvall, and the Scorpion Bend Stingarees, managed by Bull Milligan. This seeries is so important that nothing but the best was desired in umpires. Well, as I wrote you, I gave my life story to a newspaper man. Bill, you know that I have always been a modest

person, hiding my light under a busshel, as you might say, and not being a bit forward.

Well, Bill, you will be in the Majer Leegs a long time before you will find such a crowd at a ball game. When I and Chesty walked out on that field, they all began yelling and cheering. They had the field roped off on the base lines, and I says to Chesty, we will have to have ground rules today. Chesty says, I would rather have the National Guard.

Well, Bull Milligan and Hank Duvall came out to the plate and gave us their lineups, and Hank says, After the things I have heard Mister Simpson, one bad decision against our team will be your death knell.

Bill, I says, Duvall, is that a threat? and he says, take it any way you like, and I says, Mr. Duvall, I hope you enjoy the afternoon off, because you are all tide up for shipment to the showers. He says, Hey, you half wit, do you meen that I am out of the game, and I says, well, you can not very well be outside and inside at the same time, so you can draw your own conclusions, and I am not a half wit.

You know me, Bill, and you know I am firm. Bull Milligan says, pour it on him, Lefty, because he has been trying to get you fired out of the leeg for a week. I says, Mister Milligan, I will thank you to keep out of this discord, or I will do likewise to you, too. Bull says, Well, if you want to get personal I will say that my opinion of you and Chesty Jones as umpires could not be sent by male. Chesty says, well, just what for instance, Mr. Milligan? Bull says, well, I still have the right to think things, and I think you both are a shame and a disgrace to the game. He says, if both of your branes was powder and was put in a .22 cartridge, it would not blow the bullet through a three inch barrel. Hank Duvall says, are you boys going to take that from him? I says, Mister Milligan, as much as it panes me, you are also out of the game. Bill, I could not stand there supinely and let a man say things like that about Chesty. I says, and when you are going out you might stop for a moment and tell your players that Rule 58 will be enforced to the letter.

Well, Bill, them two managers went over to the grandstand and reported to the announcer, who announced that the umpires had fired both managers from the game for nothing and that both managers had protested the game before it started and that no matter which team won the game, it would have to be decided by the pres of the leeg.

Bill, you can not imagine how mad that crowd got at them two managers. One man throwed a bottle at Hank Duvall and missed him fifteen feet and hit me on the ankle. When the bottles started flying, some of the Scorpion Bend team, running for deer life, cracked into Chesty at the pitcher's box and knocked him half way into the Smoke Tree dugout. In the words of the poet, Pandy Moneum rained, Bill.

As usual, the police came late, and one of them mistook me for a rioter. He hit me a couple practice swipes, and I yelled, I am the umpire, but it was too late for him to pull his punch, Bill. I retained my presents of mind, but everything was like one of them pictures you take and forgot to set the distance on your kodak. Their was triplets everywhere I looked. But the police finely got everybody knocked back into the grandstand, and the cheef says, let's play ball and quit monkeying around.

Chesty had his feet tangled in the screen in front of the Smoke Tree dugout, so I pride him loose and went back to take over the ball game. Chesty says to me, Lefty, I hate to say this, but your decision at the plate was louzzy. No wonder they started a riot, because the runner was safe by a country mile. Bill, I give you my word, I did not remember a man scoring. It just goes to show, eh?

Well, Bill, we finely got the game going again. Chesty did not seem interested much in the game and laid down with his head on second base, which I thought was not exactly the thing to do, even if he was trying to be funnie. I went down there and I said to him, Chesty, there is a time for everything, and he says, what time is it?

Well, me and the second baseman got

him back on his feet, but he did not seem so very firm. I realized that he had been hit very hard, but he still had his smile, even if it did look a little sillie. I said, Chesty, you better look out or you might get hit, and he says, I will stay on my own side of the road, if the other fellow will stay on his. I says, well, I hope and pray that everything will be all right, and he says, I will send you a postcard from Niagra Falls.

Bill, I have never known Chesty to be so full of humor. Well, I went back behind the plate. Smoke Tree has got a tall, left-hander which has no control, but a quick ball. The funnie part of it was that I can see three balls. They sort of separate about twenty feet from the plate and come in a foot apart. Bill, you an I know that a foot makes a lot of difference in a pitch. Why, I have known you to split hares when I was pitching. A quarter of an inch looked like a foot to you. But that is all bygones, Bill. With three balls, a foot apart, coming toward you, how can you guess which is the rite ball. One ball is a foot inside, another a foot outside and the third one strait in the old aley. Well, Bill, I used my branes and knowledge of pitching. I know that no left hander can split that plate, so I call the inside or the outside pitch.

Well, Bill, the first three batters walked, and it took ten minutes to clean the bottles off the field. The Smoke Tree catcher, which is acting as manager, says to me, you are the blindest, dumbest hoarse thief I have ever met. Every one of them pitches were strikes. What has a pitcher got to do to please you? I says, you do the catching and I will do the umpiring, and if you say another word, out you go.

He knew I would do it, too, Bill. Well, the next batter popped to the pitcher, and the next one hit a dinky fly to short, which makes two out and the bags still filled. The catcher says to me, that is a brake for you, because you have done us dirt in walking three men, and if anybody scored on your crooked work, you would be flayed alive.

Well, Bill, the next hitter is a grate, big apple knocker, and you can see he is afraid of a fast ball. Their was two fast balls, which might have got a inside corner, but he fell down in a heep each time and I gave him the benefit of the dout. Like I have said before, Bill, Chesty is flitey. He came in a beefed his head off about me calling them two pitches as balls. He said I was louzzy and offered to beet my head off. I says, Chesty, one of us is crazy. Do you not realize who I am? He says, you are a menace in your own rite, and if you can not give us a square deel, I will protest the game here and now. I says to the catcher, what can I do? He says, if he had a broken leg we could shoot him, but I can not judge mental cases.

I told them to play ball, and I says to the batter, Feller, you better start swinging, because I would hate to be hung as a Santa Claus for Bull Milligan. Well, he cut at two bad ones, and the count is two and two. Then the catcher hunched down awful low, and I know this hook-arm is going to throw a curve, because his curves always dig into the dirt about a foot wide of the plate. So I leen way over.

Bill, I will never know who got double crossed. That was a high hard one, which almost shaved the batter's chin, and then something hit me awful hard and the next thing I know I am flat on my face in the dust and the catcher is running up and down me with his spikes, and men are jumping and falling over me. I tried to yell, ball three, but my mouth is full of dust and I can not even breathe. Some men yanked me off the ground, yelling something about a ball, and I said, sure it was a ball and they said, where? Bill, that was a foolish question to ask me where. Somebody accidently kicked my feet out from under me and I hurt myself quite a lot, because I sat down on my mask.

As you know, Bill, it takes quite a lot to make me mad, but that mask hurt me. I picked it up and slammed the catcher rite over the head with it, and somebody began yelling, there it is! Well, the crowd is all around me, and Hank Duvall, which is out of uniform and yanking at my arm, yells in my ear, He did not strike at it! He did not

strike at it! I says, well, I do not know about him, but everybody else seems to have struck. Then there is Bull Milligan, jumping up and down in his civilian clothes, saying, he did too swing! It was the third strike, and all four men scored. Somebody else yelped, the ball was stuck in the umpire's mask, that is where it went. Well, Bill, with Bull on one arm and Hank on the other, both yelling in my ears at the same time, I was certainly in a tite spot. Hank wants me to call it a ball, and Bull is insisting that the batter swung; so I took the best way out.

I says, gentlemen, I did not see it, but it is my candid opinion that the batter swung, which makes strike three, and that strikes him out and retires the side. Could anything have been more fairer than that, Bill. Hank says, that's right! The runs do not count. I says, what runs? Bull says, listen, lame brane, that batter swung and missed and the catcher never caught the ball, so everybody scored, because they can not find the ball. All four runs scored, because the ball was hung up in your old mask, and nobody knew where it was.

Chesty says, we have a rule in this leeg that says that when a ball is hung up in any wire, it is only a two bagger. Give the man a two bagger, and let us continue. Hank says, give what man what two bagger? He never hit the ball. I says, well, it is too deep for me, and anyway I tore the seet of my pants on that old mask. Bull says, well, what is your ruling? I says, I rule that you can have four runs, but no more, and just then somebody threw that old mask and hit me rite on the head. Chesty says, I did, Lefty, but it was a mistake, because somebody tripped my arm, I was aiming at Hank Duvall.

Well, Bill, with that four-run leed it sure looked like the gamblers had picked the rong team. Somebody said that Bull Milligan lost his pants in the fracas, but I did not see him personally, because of the dust in my eyes. The next batter fouled out, and the side was retired. Well, Bill, that took the preshure off I and Chesty.

Then the Smoke Tree batters started to get even with the Scorpion Benders and before you could realize it, Bill, they have got three men on and nobody out. The crowd is in a frenzie. Then the forth hitter hit a line drive rite at Chesty and he caught it in his bear hands. Everything would have been all rite, but he tried to dubble the runner off third and throwed the ball away up in the stands. Chesty's arm is not what it once was. Anyway, things started rite over again. I ruled that the ball hit Chesty, which gave the batter a single, forcing in a run, which satisfied everybody, except Smoke Tree and Scorpion Bend, but they did not know of a better ruling.

Well, Bill, the next play was a funnie one. The batter hit a line drive at the pitcher, who got it on the knee-cap, and the ball rickershayed over and hit old Chesty rite square in the nose. He just done a couple fancy steps and fell flat on his back, while all them runners are tearing around the bags. The first baseman and the second baseman and the shortstop are all running around, looking in the air and on the ground for that ball, which they finally find in the small of Chesty's back. Chesty is knocked cold enough to skate on, and all the runners have scored, which gives Smoke Tree a one run edge. Scorpion Bend tried to claim interference, but I explained that the pitcher touched the ball first, and that the rest was just their hard luck, with a big share of it going to Chesty.

By that time, Bill, their are so many bottles on the field that it is dangerous to walk around. But we picked them up and the game got started again. Chesty is walking around out there, but does not seem to be paying much attention to the game. I can see that he is favoring his nose quite a lot, Bill, and you can not blame him. That ball was going very fast when it met his nose. Well, Bill, that lanky Scorpion Bend chucker wound up like a clock, and just then the public address horn blares, Ladies and gentlemen—just like that, almost into my ear, and I and the catcher both looked around.

Well, Bill, that high, hard pitch hit the catcher on top of the head and got me right in my adams appil. I felt my-

self fading away, as you might say, and then my mind went blank. Bill, when I woke up I was in bed, with Chesty Jones setting in a chair and a doctor puttering around me with one of them things they test your ignishun with.

Chesty says, I guess he is all rite, Doc, and the doctor says, I can not find anything broke to work on, so I will hurry on to work on some other people. Chesty says to me, Lefty, I have got the valises all paked and there is a frate train through here in ten minutes, going west. I says, have we been sold? Chesty says, I will tell you what I know later, but rite now is the time to take time by the fetlock.

Bill, I give you my word, I have never been in such shape. I had to go down the back stairs sideways. I asked Chesty how the game came out, and he says, save your breth in case we are discovered. Well, Bill, we got on that frate train and I collapsed again, but not for a long time. Then Chesty told me what happened, which was a strange thing and a revelation to me. But it just goes to show how misjudged a man can be in his world, Bill. Chesty said that they announced that the leeg had ordered them to stop the game because two umpires and the president of the leeg were accused of betting on Smoke Tree and that the whole leeg was mixed up an awful scandal. They said that the two umpires had confessed to a newspaper.

Chesty said that the players and the public swarmed onto the field and acted something awful. He said he dragged me into a truk and got me back to town. Of course, I am grateful to Chesty for saving my life, but for human beings to treat an innocent man like that is beyond me. I asked Chesty if he knew what two umpires done all this, and he said he did not know. Then he said, here is a telegram for us that I found under our door, but I have not read it yet.

Well, Bill, I opened that telegram, which is from Mr. Blinkenhorn, pres of the leeg, and from contents noted I will say that he must be more flitey than I thought. The telegram said;

YOU TWO DUMB LIARS ARE HEREBY RELEASED. THIS IS MY LAST OFFICIAL ACT.

Bill, if you can puzzle all this out, I wish you would write I and Chesty, care of the Golden Goose Truk company, Fresno. We have not got our jobs back yet, but things look pretty good. Old Bean Ball Benson asks us to say hello for him. I have wrote to Mr. Blinkenhorn, pres of the leeg, demanding an explanation, and to ask how is Ida, but he has not answered yet.

In the meentime, Bill, consider this letter a application for a job in your leeg. I and Chesty feel that baseball owes us something, and we feel that nothing is too good for us. Somebody said they seen in the paper where the Sundown Leeg busted up, and I told Chesty that it was just as well we got out ahead of a bustup, because you never gain anything by being connected with a failure.

Yrs truly
Lefty Mortimer Simpson.

P. S. Chesty says to tell you that we are willing to start at about eight hundred a month, until we can show what we can do.

THEY'RE NOT ALL LIKE THAT

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

Then the world went out in a gush of flame.

THE WAR in the Orient, as we all know, is less war than wholesale murder, yet every time the press brings word of some new Japanese bombing atrocity, the thought of Captain Karashi and his drum returns to mind, inevitably.

He was a pleasant, quiet fellow, educated in America—one of the Ivy colleges, I forget which. He had come from some wealthy merchant family, not of the noble warrior class; this matter of his background is probably important. He was one of those rather infrequent Japanese who have too much intelligence

to hand out the usual propaganda lies. Nor did Karashi ever smile once, that I can remember.

In case you are prejudiced, then so am I; and so much the more is the west coast. Yet, on this evening at the California Club, Karashi won the liking and respect of the whole crowd. And as I happened to know, there was a Naval Intelligence man in the crowd, which is saying a good deal. Those birds are hard-boiled.

Someone mentioned drums, and Karashi's face lit up.

"Did you ever hear about the bronze drums of Chuko Liang?" he asked. "He was a Chinese statesman-soldier who lived nearly two thousand years ago, under the Han dynasty. He's buried in the far west, in Chengtu; in his day, it was the capital of China. I'd like to tell you about a man I know, and what those drums meant to him. I shall call him Hosoku, which was his family name."

I can give Karashi no higher compliment than to say we had forgotten his race.

"Bronze drums?" somebody spoke up. "Never heard of such a thing!"

"They're quite famous," Karashi returned. "The bronze drums that he used in his campaigns stand beside his tomb-shrine today. Or, at least, they did." He paused lightly, significantly. "It's always been said that the mere sound of those drums would repel invaders and bring destruction to any enemy of China."

He paused again and shook his head gravely. His silken voice went on.

"I'm afraid you will think the story of Hosoku a frightful mess, one of those war tragedies that tear the soul asunder. But, really, it's just the opposite. I'd like you to see it that way, to know him as I know him. He deliberately went into the aviation branch, thinking it would distance him from the army clique who ruled Japan by assassination and blood. You see, Hosoku had the ideals of the older generation, of the ancient samurai; the ideals of honor and nobility which are far from dead in Japan today, though the world is not aware of it. Like me, Hosoku had spent years at college in America, and perhaps this had preserved his soul. There are many like him in Japan, struggling between loyalty to their country and fear and horror of the army caste who have taken over the rule. Look at his first meeting with Captain Mito."

THIS was in Manchuria, where Hosoku had been sent to serve his allotted time with the Kwangtung Army, then straining at the leash to seize and destroy China. Hosoku was suddenly ordered to report to one Captain Mito, and did so. He found Mito to be one of those impassive, square-hewed Japanese, powerful in their insular ignorance and ruthless in their power. In his way, a very clever man superficially.

"Lieutenant Hosoku?" said Mito bluntly. "I have been detached for special duty in China and have asked for you as my assistant. You were educated in America and are acquainted with engineering, with topography. Good! Tomorrow we leave, as ordinary tourists. You will receive instructions en route. That is all."

It was, indeed, all; in this moment was engendered a mutual dislike, a hatred, that could end only in fire and blood. Their errand was to obtain certain topographical data and also to contact various Japanese agents and get reports; in one word, they were spies. Hosoku loathed the name and the work. He knew well it was not for his country. It was for the army caste, the army plans of conquest, the army that was quite independent of the government in Tokio.

As the days passed, the personal feeling between the two men was never mentioned, yet it was there, it grew more intense, it reached into their very souls. Each hated the other for what he was, as each became more fully revealed to the other. To Captain Mito, this young lieutenant was corrupted by American training and life; he was too intelligent to accept the propaganda pap that most Japanese gulped down readily; he was, in brief, a man of independent thought and character, and therefore potentially dangerous. To Hosoku, this superior of his was a fiend incarnate, an embodiment of everything that had changed Japan from a nation of proud and honorable

heritage into a war-frenzied column of fanatic fascists, imitating the tricks of Occidental dictators.

Yet neither man said a word to the other, as yet.

Hosoku knew, of course, that war was planned, was at hand, was awaiting only their return. Not so much war, as a barbarous stroke that would wipe out the new and growing China at one blow; a ruthless lightning stroke to paralyze the whole vast land, as a tiny spider paralyzes at one bit some enormous insect and then devours at leisure. To Hosoku, it did not much matter. He longed only for his release from service, for the moment when he could turn his back upon this Japan of barbarism and get away to freedom. There are many like that in Japan.

Then, far up the Yangtze valley, the two men separated. Hosoku was to go on to Chengtu, accomplish his work there, and wait for Captain Mito to join him; he would have two weeks in the interior city.

Chengtu! The word vibrated in him, for he knew that Yang was in Chengtu, on some sort of government employment.

He had met Yang at college. She was from a family of San Francisco Chinese, a girl eager as flame, anxious to work in the new revitalized China. During two college years they had been joyous, intimate companions, less of the body than of the mind and spirit, drinking in ideals, dreaming of the future and the changing world and their share in it.

Then Hosoku went home, to be sucked into the brutal vortex, all ideals crushed and dulled and dormant. An occasional letter passed, no more. He knew that Yang had gone to Chengtu, under the vigorous new government which welcomed idealists and workers with the eyes of zealous youth. An intense and desperate longing for her had grown within him, an anguished longing for intellectual and bodily companionship; thought of her was like a star that held him steady under the terrific strain of regimented service.

And now, Chengtu!

In his role of visiting tourist, he looked her up immediately. They met, they spoke in English; the years were stripped away, racial differences vanished. In place of the girl he had known, here was a poised young woman of infinite charm, of fulfilled promise, of authority. She had charge of work among women, and was connected with various foreign interests centered at Chengtu. She had the untrammeled freedom of thought and action of an American girl, and Hosoku hungered after the frankness of that life he had learned to love.

They talked, and awkward silence fell upon him. What was he doing now? Here in Chengtu of all places?

"I cannot lie to you, Yang," he said gravely. "I'm doing what I must; let it go at that."

She studied him with her poised, wise eyes, then smiled.

"Poor Hosoku! All the fine things of the soul and brain and heart lying broken and shattered, as a lovely gem is shattered under a hammer. And they were so beautiful! Then we must talk of me, not of you—agreed! I understand everything, my dear. Come along! I'm going to take you about town and show you things. You know that China never changes? It's true. Our new China of today is putting into practise the maxims of the Han dynasty. And I, who talk college slang with you, may waken upon occasion and revert to becoming a Chinese woman of that ancient civilization."

THIS suited his work, though he was not happy about it. However, Yang had a purpose in showing him the city; it was a woman's purpose. She divined his misery of soul, and deliberately sought to waken again all that was so bitterly broken down within him.

"There are no secrets here in Chengtu," she observed brightly, as she piloted him about the new buildings and schools and enterprises that had risen in the ancient city. "We're far from any touch of war, if ever it comes; no need of defenses here amid the western mountains! Here we're building an ideal of service, or rather continuing the ideals of the Han emperors. Tomorrow—no, not tomorrow either—I'll take you to their palace. There are other things to do first, many things. Let that wait. Tomorrow we'll visit the temple of Chuko Liang. It will

contrast vividly with what you see today."

That night, Hosoku received the report of the chief secret agent in this district. It was an excellent report, to delight the heart of Captain Mito, but it left him quite cold. He delegated to the man certain aspects of work he himself shoud have done, and pushed the whole thing to the back of his mind. Nothing mattered now except Yang.

He went with her next day to the temple by the lake, outside the south gate, rather, the little group of temples about that of the ancient statesman-general. Yang led him to the outer walls of the central shrine, and pointing to the ideographs carved in the weathered stones, translated them for him.

"His two memorials to the throne," she said. "The deathless words of wise advice and loyal devotion, which for centuries have been an inspiration to our youth and to our politicians—too often ignored by the latter, I fear."

Hosoku listened to the ancient maxims politely, admitting that they were being justified in the workings of this new China. More and more he was conscious of the shadow rising between himself and Yang, the shadow of what was planned by the Kwangtung army, of what was already on the way.

They passed in to the shrine of Chuko Liang, the open hall containing the life-size statue of the general and statesman. Before it was a large incense-burner; all about were hung poems and votive compositions, left here by famed visitors through the long ages. Yang turned to the left, and Hosoku joined her before the two bronze drums.

Encrusted by a black patina of centuries, these looked by no means extraordinary; their like could be found in many a bazaar of antiquities. Indeed, such drums of solid bronze, with a bronze head instead of a skin, were still in use. Yet these were historic, authentic, surrounded by legend. Each of them bore six bronze frogs, nothing more.

"I want you to hear them, Hosoku," said she. "It's forbidden, of course; we should worry! I've brought a padded drumstick. The priests won't dare annoy me."

"Don't do that!" he exclaimed sharply. "Why should I want to hear them?"

"It's I who want you to hear them," she said, and she regarded him with a dimpling smile. "Didn't I say that in the time of crisis I'd probably revert to all the old superstitions of my people? Well, here's one crisis, a little one. Whether you admit it or not, you're an enemy; if there's anything in superstition, the sound of these drums will overcome you! So, my dear, let's get to work."

She advanced swiftly, swinging the padded gong-stick she had brought. She smote the drums, first one, than another, with all her might, smote them repeatedly. A brazen clangor lifted and filled the hall and the open air opposite. It was a harsh, vibrant clangor, an echoed reverberation that pierced and threatened the very eardrums. The sound rolled afar among the buildings and trees outside, and sent clouds of pigeons lifting in scurried flight. It wakened wild shouts and cries of protest and alarm and terror. It went thundering up into the very heavens, filling the hot still sky of noonday with clamorous tongues of strident sound and dying away upon the clouds. Hosoku stood aghast before this wild, far-lifting resonance.

A number of priests came rushing in with voluble chattering outcries. Yang coolly lit a cigarette, volleyed Chinese at them and reduced them to staring silence. Then, with a gesture to Hosoku, she led him out and away through gathering throngs.

"What the devil did you say to them?" he demanded.

She gave him a long, smoldering glance. "I told them that the drums of Chuko Liang were sounding for war, and that I had authority to sound them. Was I wrong?"

"No," he said, and lowered his eyes. "No. War may not be far away."

Later, the thought came to him that she might have been very clever about the whole thing, in order to get this admission out of him; but he no longer cared.

It was nonsense to suppose that the awful brazen voice of those old metal drums could have any effect upon him. Yet, as the days drew on, he felt the

change within himself, and far more logically ascribed it to its true causes. That he was in love with Yang, and she with him, was not to be denied. He realized that she had weakened old dormant strivings within him; that contact with her, with the vigorous things she was doing, with the ideals they had shared in America, was bringing forth his old self anew.

They did not again mention the shadow between them. As they talked and walked and sat together, Hosoku came more and more definitely to a shuddering detestation of what awaited him on his return. It was not that his loyalty to Japan, that is to say to the Emperor, had weakened in the least; no cause for that. It was not that he felt any particular kindliness or sympathy for China's lumbering efforts at adjustment. He merely saw with increasing clarity the cause to which he was given, the brutalizing system and theories built up by the army caste, and the loss of the nobler and finer heritage of the real Japan.

And, seeing these things with open eyes, he was shaken to the very soul.

UNEXPECTEDLY, everything ended. A telegram came from Captain Mito; on the morrow, Mito would arrive. Hosoku must be ready to leave at once, within a few hours. The regular commercial plane service would whisk them off to Shanghai. Reading between the lines, he understood perfectly what lay behind this unexpected message. The time was up; the Kwangtung Army was ready for its lightning stroke.

That evening he went with Yang to a tea house beside the river, where they dined and danced almost in college fashion. When he told her that it was probably their last meeting, she nodded.

"Then, my dear, we must go and look at the palace of the Han emperors. Why? You'll know when we get there. In another half-hour the moon will be up, a full moon and glorious. Until then, another dance, another cigarette, and imagine that it's a fraternity dance on the other side of the world with Benny Goodman's orchestra!"

Hosoku laughed.

"Better a dinner with cultured folly, than with stupid wise men!" said he. "But I warn you, moonlight will be perilous tonight!"

"More perilous than you know, my dear," she replied. And at what he read in her eyes, his heart leaped.

So, an hour later, they came afoot to the old ruins in the very center of Chengtu, those old palace walls amid moats and canals. Only these ruined, empty walls remained; only one thing was there to speak of the Han emperors, and this was the front entrance gate of the palace, with the four ideographs inscribed in the stones. Yang pointed to them.

"There is the ideal of government, two thousand years ago and today alike," she said, and repeated them soberly. "*Wei kuo chiu hsien*—For the State, seek wise men."

Hosoku was deeply moved by something in her voice. "Why does that seem so important to you, Yang? In this flood of moonlight, amid these empty ruins, you're more to me than all the maxims of antiquity. Let us talk of ourselves—"

She swung around to him. "Yes! I've seen this moment coming, have felt it coming, my dear. Of ourselves, yes! You seek me, I seek you, that is true; but look up again at those carved words. For the State, seek wise men! That's what this state, this new state of China, is seeking. That's what is offered you, for you, Hosoku, are a wise man. You have talents, ideals, ability; among your own people, you are lost and crushed down. Here you will be appreciated and welcomed. By me, by China!"

He stood motionless for a little while; he was torn by impulse, by passion, by reason, by the appeal of her words. They were true words.

"If it might be done with honor, I would do it," he said quietly. "All my heart longs to do it; my intellect longs to do it; but, dear Yang, my honor forbids."

"Do barbarians, then, have honor?" she asked scathingly. His head drooped.

"No. I must go back among the barbarians; even your bitter jest is true. But I must go, and seek my own way out, and come again. This I will do."

"Heralded by the screams of my murdered people?" she asked.

"I cannot say—"

"Don't lie, Hosoko," she cut in, not fiercely but very sadly. "We know what's ahead. We know what your army chiefs plan. We, also, have our spies. Is that why you can't draw out of it all, at this moment?"

He nodded. She reached out gently and took his hand.

"Why, then, there's no more to be said! I honor you for your honor, dear Hosoku; I grieve for your troubled spirit. Take with you one thought, to help you endure. When you do come, however and whenever you come, I'll meet you and welcome you."

And, upon this, they parted.

Captain Mito arrived next day by plane, and had made reservations for the return trip in the morning. At sight of him, Hosoku bristled, but restrained himself. All was very pleasant, very polite, between them. Captain Mito was busy until evening with the various agents who made reports; but after dinner he sat alone with Hosoku, and spoke his mind bluntly.

"You have done little work here, and have talked much with Chinese women."

Hosoku braced himself. "True, honorable captain."

"You've been watched," went on Captain Mito. "I'm not satisfied with you, for you dare to think treason. You're rebellious. No man who thinks for himself can serve Nippon today. Thinking will be done for you; yours is only to obey orders."

Hosoku murmured submissive phrases, but a white heat leaped in his heart, and the other man saw the reflection in his eyes.

"You are going to be broken to the wheel like a rebellious water-buffalo," said Captain Mito calmly. "You are watched; you shall be watched always. More, this woman with whom you have passed your time is going to be watched very closely. Now, you may do what you like; but at the first sign of rebellion or treason from you, it is she who will be removed—very swiftly."

Hosoku's heart contracted. With ghastly certainty, he knew what this meant; he knew only too well of the secret agents, of the Japanese spies, of the countless Chinese in the pay of Nippon. Captain Mito sucked in his breath, smiled politely, and went on.

"I see you appreciate the virtue of loyalty. We need you; I shall make you my own observation companion. You have marvelous skill in topography, and in handling the aerial camera. You are very valuable to your country. In fact, I am recommending that you be made a captain at once, and attached to me for the duration of the war."

AND Hosoku knew that he was lost, sucked back in the vortex.

He did what he could, after getting back to the coast; he sent letters of warning to Yang. They did not need to be signed. He spoke with a prisoner, gave him a message to get to her, helped the prisoner get free. He could do no more, for now the horror of Shanghai was upon the eastern world, and the lightning stroke which turned futile failure into barbarous blood-punishment of an entire people.

In all this he did his share, helpless to evade, bound more rigidly than with bands of iron. The wings of murder swept up and down the coasts of the Yellow Sea, up and down the wide rivers, across and over the unresisting fields where men with rifles died. The first faint resistance by air was quickly blown to nothing. Nippon marched on to conquest, yet failed everywhere, despite superficial success.

Then came the day when Captain Mito and Hosoku inspected the newly arrived equipment. Captain Mito had a step in rank. He was to have command of an entire fleet, forty-five bombers. Changes had taken place; there was to be new work for these new ships. The heart of China was to be blotted from existence.

Delightedly, he went over to the great ship which he would command. A twin-engined bomber, just arrived from America. Joyously, he inspected the electric controls of the bomb-belly, the buttons that would release the racks singly

or all together, the hundred and one improvements on the old German ships they had been flying.

"With these, we shall show the might of Nippon, even to the mountains of the west!" he declared. "Day after tomorrow we demonstrate her might to these dogs who dare defy us. The destination is secret; I alone know it. But you see these bomb racks? For two bombs only, but each bomb is of five hundred pounds. And we're using a new type this time; incendiary bombs filled with benzine."

"For what?" asked Hosoku, horror in his brain.

"For all the cities of China! Day after tomorrow, if the weather reports are right, you shall share in Nippon's glory."

The weather reports were right.

Hosoku reported before dawn, drawn and haggard from a sleepless night. The iron had gone too deeply, now; he was at the verge of desperate things. The undeclared war, that should have ended in a month, was being protracted forever. This dastardly land that dared to resist, was to be taught a lesson of blood and fire that would quell all resistance. This accumulation of brutal terrorism was eating into his soul like venom.

There were four in the crew. Captain Mito, an assistant pilot, Hosoku for observer, another man to work the radio and the machine-guns. The ships winged up into the dawn, squadron after squadron of them, salutes and roars of applause dying away below. Up into the silence, and heading for the west, above the clouds. On and on, droning through the empty sky.

A word or two with the grinning man beside him, and Hosoku turned sick. Chengtu! So Chengtu was their goal—the ancient city of the Han emperors!

Through his mind ran the words of Yang. "We're far from any touch of war—no need of defenses here—no secrets here in Chengtu—"

His brain went rabid for a moment, but his will compelled him down; he could do nothing, to avert the evil. He would only wreck himself. If one plane fell, or a dozen, the flight would continue. Nothing he could do—nothing. "However and whenever you come, I'll meet you and welcome you." The words burned in his memory like fire.

The clouds opened below, thinned and vanished. The silvery ribbon far away, the hills, the blotches of cities. Captain Mito spoke with him, referred to maps, eyed him with grinning hatred and derision. Chengtu, of course! Hosoku said nothing at all, and carried out his duties with precision.

At last they sighted it, far away and below, and droned onward relentlessly. The fourth man abandoned his radio after signaling the final orders, and took his machine-guns in charge. Hosoku scanned the scene ahead, reported curtly, gave no sign of the sickness and horror within him. Captain Mito was heading downward now, down in a long, long swift dive; a harsh, furious oath burst from him, as something bloomed whitely in the air ahead.

"Aircraft guns, the scoundrels! This was not reported! The unspeakable dogs, to dare to fire upon us—"

No time for oaths now. The matter was very simple; over the city, around, back for the second discharge, and then up and away for home. Each ship carried two bombs, one normal, one incendiary, each of five hundred pounds. First the incendiary, so the effects could be noticed. It was the observer's task to take careful account of this.

They swept down. There, below, the city could be plainly seen. They went down to two thousand feet, lower still. Masses of tiny figures rushed about the streets; in the air rose a long confused sound of heart-horror and fear, the screams of thousands and scores of thousands mingled as one, with the blare of air-raid signals. Captain Mito pressed a button. The ship bounded erratically as the huge bomb fell away.

Spurt upon spurt began to go up from below—spurts of blasting, gushing fire that leaped a hundred feet in the air and consumed everything within a wide radius. Hosoku caught a short, frightful cry from the assistant pilot, and turned. The ship next them had been hit; anti-aircraft shells were bursting all around and behind the flight. The next ship was staggering, crumpling, falling. The crew bailed out, one by one. Hosoku watched

them down. Through his glasses he saw clearly, too clearly. They dropped squarely into those enormous gushing spurts of flame they themselves had loosed.

A savage joy gripped him. He forgot all else; as though the flame had reached his brain, he reached for his pistol. It was in his mind, then and there, to put a bullet through Captain Mito. Everything was a matter of split seconds now. The thought went from brain to nerves. His hand was on his pistol, releasing it. In another half-second he would have done it.

Then the shell hit.

THE ship crashed in midair and motion stopped; it fell. The assistant leaped. Captain Mito vengefully pushed another button before he went. Hosoku, hand still on pistol, leaped away upon the air stream, and his parachute opened as he yanked the cord. The radio man was too slow.

There in the air, time stopped. That last bomb, released by Mito, had not yet reached the ground. Hosoku, swinging to the jerk of the opening parachute, stared down, and a great sound reached up to him. A brazen sound, full-throated, immense, clanging up from the group of temples just below, exactly below—exactly! The drums of Chuko Liang, thundering up to the enemy in heaven, assaulting them with harsh imperious voice.

Swifter than death itself, the truth rushed upon Hosoku's mind. "In time of crisis I'd revert to the old superstitions of my people." He knew, as though he had seen her, who was standing before those drums and beating at them; a woman could do no more.

Then the world went out in a gush of flame. The bomb had fallen. A hundred feet in air, two hundred, rose that immense column of spouting fire.

Paralyzed by horror, Hosoku saw the assistant pilot drop into it, crumple, vanish, in one fraction of an instant. Captain Mito was frantically wrenching at his parachute lines to evade it, but the heat reached his parachute and devoured it. He dropped straight down, twisted a little, and was gone, consumed before he struck the ground.

Hosoku frantically pulled at the lines to slant himself away, then relaxed. His eyes closed. He was physically sick, helpless, inert; heat embraced him, and he waited. He was astonished when he struck the ground, a hundred feet away from that upward-gushing inferno. Even so, it seared him intolerably. The parachute flopped down on top of him. One leg, broken in the fall, protuded.

When the Chinese picked him up, later, this leg had to be amputated because of the heat it had endured.

Why he was picked up at all, instead of being shot out of hand, is difficult to say; perhaps those Chinese still clung to higher ideals. Perhaps they were too shocked and stricken in spirit to take reprisals. After all, Hosoku was only one among some thousands of burned objects, black as coals, that strewed the wrecked city.

When he awakened, his leg was gone. At first, he rejoiced at this; he would not be held as prisoner, either here or back at home. He had his way out of it all; he need never return to the vortex, where he was accounted dead. He was free now, with the rest of life all his own; free to follow ideals, service, what he would, free to turn his back upon his own people until their madness passed, until chivalry and honor returned into a broken, crawling, blinded world.

He asked for Yang, and then his fingers curled and gripped into the sheets, as they told him. Even the callous orderly was strangely moved in the telling. It was she, they said, who had brought down those two monster bombers; standing before the drums of Chuko Liang and smiting them into stentorian, furious menace, proving true the old superstition that their brazen fury would destroy any enemy of China! And she had continued this work until her own flaming, pure spirit merged with the flame of that last bomb released by Captain Mito—the same bomb which had devoured Mito himself.

Upon that ornate and luxurious room in the California Club, a silence fell as Captain Karashi ceased his tale. He looked around at us, unsmiling as ever;

someone stirred and spoke, awkwardly, as though endeavoring to ignore the grip of tragedy.

"But you don't mean to imply, of course, that the sound of those drums could bring down a bombing plane? Even along the lines of science, of ultrasonic waves and so forth, that would be stretching it a bit."

Captain Karashi made a gentle gesture with his hands. The skin of those hands was puckered whitely, as from old scars and burning.

"My dear sir, I imply nothing. If you had ever heard those bronze drums, you would know that in their voice was something really terrible and beyond explanation; it is a fact, however, that the bomber in question was hit by an anti-aircraft shell."

"Did you ever see those drums?" asked another. "What did they look like?"

Karashi hesitated, then rose.

"Let me get a package from the cloakroom," he said apologetically, "and I'll show you what they were like."

He moved across to the door with an odd little hesitant step. After a moment he returned, carrying a small square box of wood.

"I have just obtained this," he said, opening the box and drawing out an object wrapped in tissue. "It was made specially, you understand; tomorrow I must get it off."

We looked at the glittering thing. It was a small drum, a miniature bronze drum of new shining bronze, a drum such as one sees in use at the booth of a Chinese acrobat or juggler; but this one was different.

Upon its sides, as he turned it about, we could see the figures of six frogs—those quite unaccountable frogs which distinguished the drums of Chuko Liang from all others.

"It is, of course, very new," he said. "But time and exposure to the open air will soon change all that."

"You spoke of getting it off?" said someone politely. "Off where, if I may ask?"

Captain Karashi glanced up, as though surprised.

"Oh! It is for a tomb," he said. "A tomb in China."

We did not miss the implication, and asked no more; but, I think, I was the only one who had noted that slightly peculiar walk, the walk of a man who has one artificial leg.

"Riley Grannan's Last Adventure"

It is available again. With requests coming in almost every week, although it has not been advertised for years, and with our own supply down to a single copy, ADVENTURE has ordered a larger print of this famous booklet. The price is ten cents.

This is the classic of funeral sermons—the sermon delivered in a burlesque theater in Rawhide, Nevada, by Herman W. Knickerbocker, the busted preacher-prospector, over the body of Riley Grannan, the dead-broke gambler.

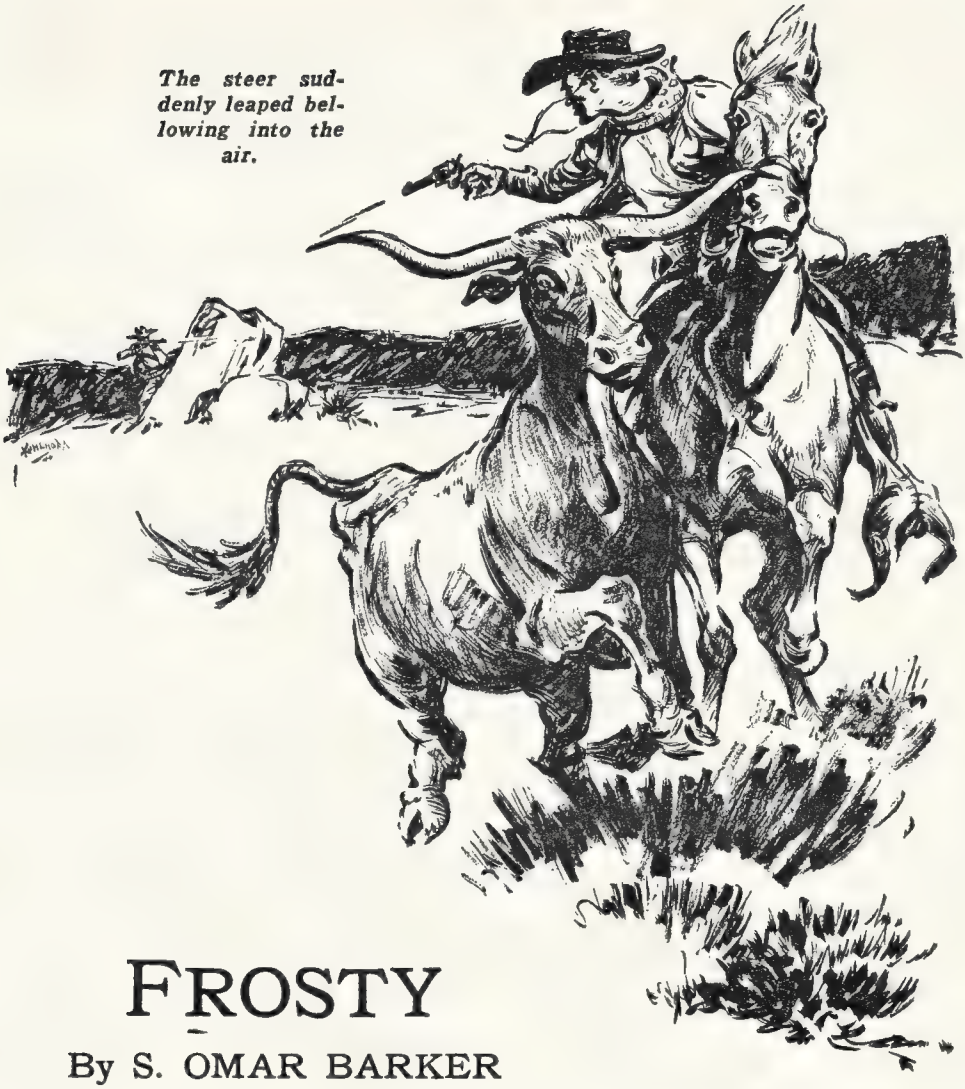
Adventure
205 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send me.....copies of "Riley Grannan's Last Adventure."
I am enclosing.....cents. (10c in stamps or coin for each copy desired).

.....
Name

.....
Street Address

.....
City or Town State



The steer suddenly leaped bellowing into the air.

FROSTY

By S. OMAR BARKER

CLOSE under the lacy shade of a scrub mesquite the new bull calf lay as still as the roanish outcrop of sandstone that helped to hide him. Hardly two days old, already longhorn instinct taught him to obey. Here, with a parting touch of her yellowish nose, his gaunt mother had bedded him down, and here he would stay until she returned from watering at a stagnant pool in Charco Creek, a good half mile away. More than that—here he would lie, even after her return, until the touch of her nose or a certain soft organ-like sound made deep in her throat, something less than a moo, should signal him to get up.

Not that he was too young to feel fear. As the snarling sounds of wolves, mingled with raucous bellowing, came to his ears from somewhere a few yards down the draw, terror ran through him with every pulse beat; a terror none the less fearful for being instinctive; a terror that urged his every muscle to leap up and run. Instead he lay stiller than ever, his red roan body huddled low, neck outstretched, head close down to the ground, ears flattened. So much the calf knew to do. What he could not know was that the terrifying sounds he heard rose from a battle waged gallantly against hopeless odds in his defense.

Presently the bellowing ceased, and there came only an occasional muffled snarl as the jealous fangs of two lobos that had trailed the longhorn cow from the water hole ripped red, stringy meat from her gaunt, still quivering haunches.

It was hours later that the still waiting calf flinched and almost scrambled up, so startled was he at the rapid, cracking sounds that crashed the air about him. But once more the instinct to remain where his mother had hidden him won out over the urge to run.

Even when the nose of Lew Thrall's pony poked over a bush not two yards from his tight-clamped tail, the calf did not budge. From the location of the cow's carcass, where he had shot one of the lobos, the cowboy had readily figured out about where the calf would be hidden. If you had asked him how, Lew Thrall would probably have answered with a dry drawl to the effect that all a man had to do was kinder figger where he'd cache *his* calf if he was a cow his ownself, an' like as not that's where it'd be.

Now he drew rein, hooked one lank leg around the saddle horn and considered. One glance at this calf's generous sprinkling of white hairs among the yellowish red definitely identified it as the offspring of the dead cow yonder down the draw. Trouble was, totin' in dogies to raise by hand wasn't hardly worth the time an' trouble. Lew Thrall lifted a .45 single action from its leather.

"Well, Frosty, little feller," he commented aloud as he thumbed back the hammer, "I know some two-legged critters that come a heap nearer deservin' it—but here it comes."

At the sound of his voice the bull-calf's longish head flattened still closer to the ground.

Then, instead of shooting, the young cowhand slowly let down the hammer with his thumb and stepped quietly off his horse.

"You danged little booger!" he said softly. "I believe you'd let a feller step right on yuh!"

The sight of his outstretched hand was too much for the already badly frightened calf. With a sudden snuffy sound in his nose, he scrambled up and ran as fast as the ungainly wobble of his long bony legs could carry him. For a man who had meant to "put the little dogie out of his mizry," Lew Thrall did a queer thing: he remounted quickly, spurred after the fleeing calf and roped it. When he rode in to the CP headquarters that evening he carried Frosty, sagged across the saddle in front of him.

Chilblain Charley, the *cocinero,* came out and cussed him.

"You know dang well I got no time for wet-nursin' dogies, Lew!"

"Maybe we can git in a five-teated cow to foster him. Or maybe he'd thrive on beans. Got any eagle juice on the shelf, Charley?"

"None to spare," grumbled the cook. "You want some warm water with it?"

Presently, through the neck of a vinegar bottle rammed down his throat, a mixture of condensed milk and water gurgled warmly into the bull-calf's stomach.

The next day Lew Thrall ran in three or four fresh cows with likely looking udders, but it was no easy job to persuade any of them to adopt the orphan. Lew tried smearing their own calves' slobbers on Frosty to make him smell right, but still they hooked or kicked him away.

"Better knock him in the head," advised Seepy Harris, so called for his CP brand.

But despite the hurrawing of his fellow cowhands, Lew Thrall persisted. Finally, by tying her up solid against the pole fence, he forced one old speckle to let the orphan suck. Even after a week of that procedure the cow still tried to fight him off when she was loose, but Frosty had learned where the milk was and he wouldn't be denied. He soon learned that by reaching in from the rear most of Old Speck's kicks would miss him. He also learned to sneak up alongside of her own calf when it was sucking so that with the other calf's body between them, the cow would not notice him. If she did, he hung on anyhow.

By hook or crook he meant to live, but longhorns were scanty milkers at best, and he didn't get much. To supplement his short rations, Lew Thrall

robbed the coosie's bean pot. It got so Frosty would come running to him every time he entered the corral or the horse pasture where Old Speck was being held for the dogie's special benefit.

"You're wastin' forty dollars worth o' time to raise me a ten dollar steer, Lew," Seepy Harris observed and let it go at that.

"I'm raisin' him for a fly-fighter," grinned Lew Thrall. "Everwhen I want to do a little shadin' it'll be nice to have an' ol' pet steer follerin' along to back up an' tail-switch the gnats off of me."

THUS, favored by fate and a cowboy's whim, the dogie called Frosty survived an orphanhood of the range which in that day and time meant death by starvation, wolf's fang or merciful bullet to hundreds of his kind. By virtue of his breed his gangling legs grew long, his frame tall and bony. By virtue of his unnatural rations his belly sagged.

He was about five months old when a letter from a distant Texas county changed things, both for him and for Lew Thrall. The cowboy's lips tightened as he read it. He went at once to the boss.

"Looks like I've got to ask you for my time, Seepy."

"Hell!" snorted Seepy Harris. "Ain't you treated right around here?"

"Better'n I've ever seen anywheres else."

"Then by thunder, what—"

"Business," Thrall broke in. "Family business, back in Kimble County."

"Lemme see—your ma was a Seton, wasn't she?" inquired Harris, reaching for his account book.

"That's right."

"Figger you got to go, huh?"

"That's right."

"I make it $64.80." Harris counted it out to him. "Don't let them Tylers bushwhack you, boy—an' hurry back."

Lew Thrall rode away at once, in the night, without explaining further why he had been sent for. But most of the CP hands, knowing he was of the Seton clan, readily surmised that the old Tyler-Seton feud had flared to life again.

"You take a peaceable feller like Lew," commented Ruff Tomplin. "Looks like they could manage to leave him out of it if they was a-mind to."

"This fambly feudin's a lot of foolishness anyhow," agreed Hank Brackett.

Maybe it was. Lew Thrall had always tried to keep out of it. But now, according to his mother's letter, his hot-head kid brother, aged sixteen, had been shot to death in a gunfight with the Tylers. Peaceable or not, he had to go.

A COUPLE of days later Seepy Harris turned Old Speck and her two calves out of the horse pasture. With Lew Thrall gone, nobody cared to bother with hand-feeding a dogie big enough now to get by on grass. Frosty had come to the ranch a badly scared bull-calf. He was leaving it a spindle-shanked, pot-bellied steer with the pain of hot iron and knife still fresh. Outside the gate he stopped, raised his head to stare a moment toward the bunkhouse whence he had learned to watch for the coming of Lew Thrall with a pan of table scraps, bawled a brief but raucuous volley, then scampered on after the longhorn cow and calf, already striking out briskly for the freedom of more distant range.

For a week or two Frosty did a lot of bawling, and several times he left Old Speck and the other cattle she had bunched with, to strike out with some determination in the direction of the ranch, trying by frequent spells of bawling to persuade them to follow. But each time, when he found himself alone after a few hundred yards, he gave it up and came back.

Once a trio of curious and playful yearlings fell in with him. Like a bunch of sprouty school kids romping and chasing each other, they travelled together more than half a mile, always in the direction of the ranch, for it was Frosty that ran ahead, and he kept stubbornly to his course. But presently they tired of play and began to graze, drifting back toward the cattle scattered widely over the low-brushed flat. With occasional spells of bawling, Frosty drifted with them.

Another time when a dogie wandered

off alone a couple of ranging lobos nearly caught him off base. From a low rise they spied the lone calf less than a quarter away. But even as they broke into a swift lope toward him, Frosty's nostrils caught their scent on the wind and the instinct of his wild ancestors made him turn and run, high-tailed, back toward Old Speck, bawling at every jump.

Neither his foster-mother nor the other cattle had ever paid much attention to the roan dogie's frequent bawling spells, but this time it was different. Cattle know terror and the fear of death when they hear it. From brushy draw, from flat and swale they rallied by the dozen, many of the old cows bellowing a chorus of bovine hysteria as they came.

The two lobos, a moment ago within a dozen jumps of fresh veal for dinner, slowed abruptly as they saw their quarry vanish behind a phalanx of sharp and gleaming horns. For a brief moment they stood snarling, their hackles up as if threatening attack, then went loping off sidewise toward a motte of mesquite, swift and wary of pursuit.

Thereafter, however much she tried to fight him off the milk, Frosty stuck pretty close to Old Speck.

By the time he was a three-year-old, with horns already two feet long, he was as wild as the rest of the rough-coated *cimarrones* with which he ranged. Like them, he did much of his grazing in the twilight of dusk and dawn—or even at night—bedding up in some thicketed draw by day, depending on the keenness of his nostrils even more than eyes and ears to warn him of approaching danger. When riders came, gathering the wild cattle for branding or for the trail, the Frosty steer's head was the first up, his hocks the first to rattle. Yet often, when they let him go, wanting only cows and calves for branding and older stuff for the market herds, Frosty would loiter, warily screened by thicket brush, and watch the riders, feeling himself stirred by some vague but urgent curiosity.

Once out of calf-hood the real dangers that beset him were few. He saw great shaggy faced bulls fight each other to the death, and once in a while he locked horns briefly with some other steer. But steer fights were neither very wrathful nor lasting. As for the big gray lobos forever loafing through the range, their game was mostly calves, age-poor cows and weaklings, not husky three-year-olds.

The fall when he was three-past he did have one narrow escape—or so it seemed to him. An artist from God knows where came riding deep into the range one afternoon and set up his easel in the middle of a little prairie. At first sight of him Frosty and the score of other wildies with him ran. Many of them, except in the brief, terrified interval of branding, had never seen a man afoot, much less an artist with an easel before him and a big striped parasol teetering precariously over him. Curiosity got the best of them. With Frosty in the lead, slowly, cautiously, they returned to investigate. Circling to get down wind from this strange apparition, half a dozen steers approached him, snuffy with uncertainty. One whiff of human scent had been enough for a number of wary old cows. With their calves they dropped back.

"Any cattle come snuffin' around," the artist had been warned, "set still an' they won't harm you. Run an' some ol' steer'll take after you shore."

Some seventy yards away the interested longhorns stopped, heads high, weaving about as if for a better view. One or two pawed the ground a little. Another bowed his neck and bellowed. Thrilled at this chance to sketch mustang cattle in their native habitat, the artist stuck where he was, one hand steadying the easel against the pull of the wind, the other sketching rapidly.

Alternately snuffing the ground and weaving their heads, the longhorns came slowly closer. At fifty yards the artist coughed, nervously. Instantly the steers whirled to run away—all except Frosty. To him that man sound stirred some dim and not unpleasant recollection. Stiff-tailed, he advanced a step or two. Suddenly the wind whipped the big parasol from its moorings. With dwindling courage Frosty bowed his neck to stand his ground as it came bouncing toward him. When the veering wind rolled

it on past him, he snorted and took after it. It lodged against a mesquite scrub and stopped. Instantly the charging steer put on the brakes. For a second he pawed the ground, bowing his neck for battle. But when the whippy wind made the parasol jerk a foot or two toward him, he threw up his head and high-tailed it for cover.

If he could have talked about it, the Frosty steer would undoubtedly have said that was his narrowest escape.

FROM THE NEXT SPRING round-up he did not escape, though Hank Brackett claimed he "purt near run a hoss to death" to prevent it. After a day or two of close herding with more than a thousand others of his kind, the Frosty Steer found himself travelling northward, pointed up the trail, bound for the crowded slaughter-house of some far distant city.

On the third day of the drive, with some old mossy-horns still spooky and inclined to quit the herd if given the chance, Seepy Harris and Ruff Tomplin, riding point, spied a lone rider bearing in on them from the southeast.

"Rangers on his tail, I betcha," commented Tomplin, "the way he's travellin'."

"I hope they ain't—if he's any kind of a buckeroo," said Harris. "For if these steers keep actin' snuffy this away I could use another hand mighty purty."

But when the rider arrived the trail boss omitted any inquiry about Rangers. With a broad grin of welcome he put out his hand:

"Howdy, Lew! Your job's a-waitin' for you. Where the hell you been all this time?"

Something in the man's eyes made him wish he hadn't asked exactly that question.

"Mostly behind a bush, Seepy." Lew Thrall's answering grin was a little wry. "What time I ain't been in jail. You goin' some place with these cattle or just out for the ride?"

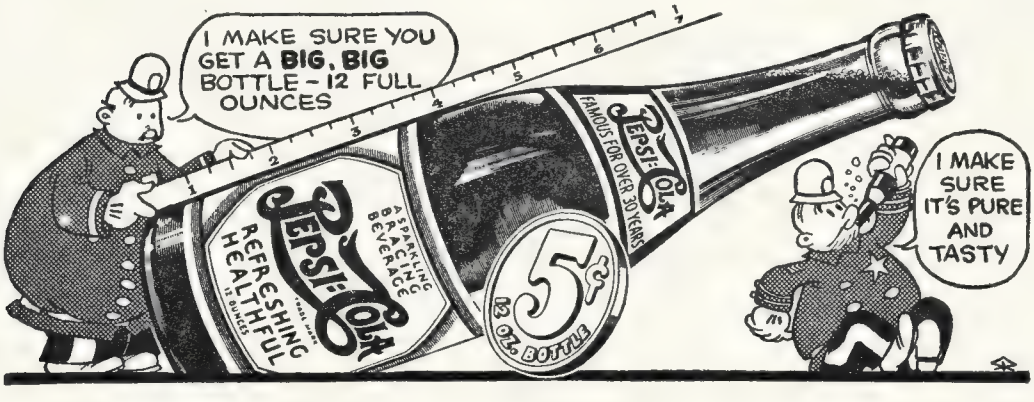
"Dodge," Harris nodded. "You got any engagements to hinder you helpin' us?"

"I ain't aimin' to have, but—" The cowboy hesitated. Four years had changed his appearance beyond belief. What had been a kindly twinkle in his blue eyes had hardened into an unblinking coldness. The corners of his lips no longer curled upward when he grinned. A long scar along the left jaw and side of his neck seemed to pull his whole face downward.

"Seepy," he said soberly, "there's been some lead swapped between me an' the Tylers. There's both law men an' trail men amongst them that's left. I ain't askin' you to hire me back on without understandin' that if anything comes up neither you nor the crew will be obliged to back me."

"Maybe there won't nothin' come up," the trail boss said evasively. "Take my place here awhile. I want to scout the water on ahead."

In any steer herd after a few days on the trial the same dozen or two animals will always be found travelling up in front. As Lew Thrall rode watchfully along this narrow finger of moving beef


I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG, BIG BOTTLE - 12 FULL OUNCES
PEPSI-COLA
REFRESHING HEALTHFUL
A SPARKLING BRACING BEVERAGE
12 OZS. BOTTLE
5¢
FAMOUS FOR OVER 30 YEARS
I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND TASTY

strung out in the vanguard of twelve hundred longhorns, his notice fell on a high-horned four-year-old striding out confidently in the lead. His rough shag was a faded red roan, frosted all over with white hairs. His shanky frame was set off a little humorously by the pot-bellied sag of his middle. There was nothing handsome about him, but he stepped out briskly, as if he knew where he was going.

"Hi-yah, Frosty!" the cowboy called out on sudden impulse. "How yuh been?"

Across the *chorro* of steers Ruff Tomplin heard him and grinned.

"Growed some since he used to butt you around fer beans, ain't he?" he called over. "He was plenty salty to fetch out of the brush, but it sure looks like he's goin' to make us a leader."

Plainly the roan steer was no longer a pet. Obviously he didn't know Lew Thrall from Adam. But recognizing the steer gave the cowboy a strange feeling of satisfaction, as when a man returns after long absence to find old scenes changed yet homely and familiar.

RUFF TOMPLIN was right. Like Charlie Goodnight's Old Blue, Frosty was a born leader. Each morning he was the first to leave the bed-ground. Lew Thrall even swore that he pointed his nose to the north star every night when he bedded down, in readiness for the morning trek. Lew Thrall was proud of him. Whenever he rode out to the herd for first trick at guard he carried a couple of biscuits in his pockets. Passing where Frosty bedded at the northward fringe of the herd, Lew would pause to toss him the biscuits and talk to him in a quiet, soothing sing-song. At first he only stopped chewing his cud and eyed the cowboy uneasily, sidling suspiciously away from the tossed biscuits. Then one evening, stirred perhaps by some vague memory out of calf-hood, he sniffed one of them, then ate it. Thereafter he seemed to expect them as his due and "waited up" for them.

Frosty had come out of the brakes that spring a roughcoated *cimarrón,* spooky and wild. By the time he topped Seven Mile Hill at the head of the CP herd, his great horns gleaming red in the sunset as he threw up his head to gaze in wonder at the smoke of Dodge City yonder against the hill beyond the river, his frosty coat was as sleek as a thoroughbred's and all his fear of men was forgotten.

They bedded the herd that night on the south bank of the Arkansas. About three hours before dawn a pelting rain hit them out of a coal black sky that flamed at close intervals with blue-white lightning. Forewarned by the weather wisdom of old Seepy Harris, all hands had saddled horses handy, and they struck for the herd without delay. For three hours they circled the dark, shifting mass of slashing horns, fighting to hold them. Time and again, above the rumble of the storm and the snuffy snorting of frightened cattle, the CP trail men heard the bawling of one steer, raucous, querulous, inquiring, but not panicked. Around that sound, as around a pivot, they found it easier than elsewhere to start a "mill."

"Ol' Frosty's puttin' out all he's got to help us hold 'em," Lew Thrall shouted to Hank Brackett as they happened near each other. "Hark to him beller!"

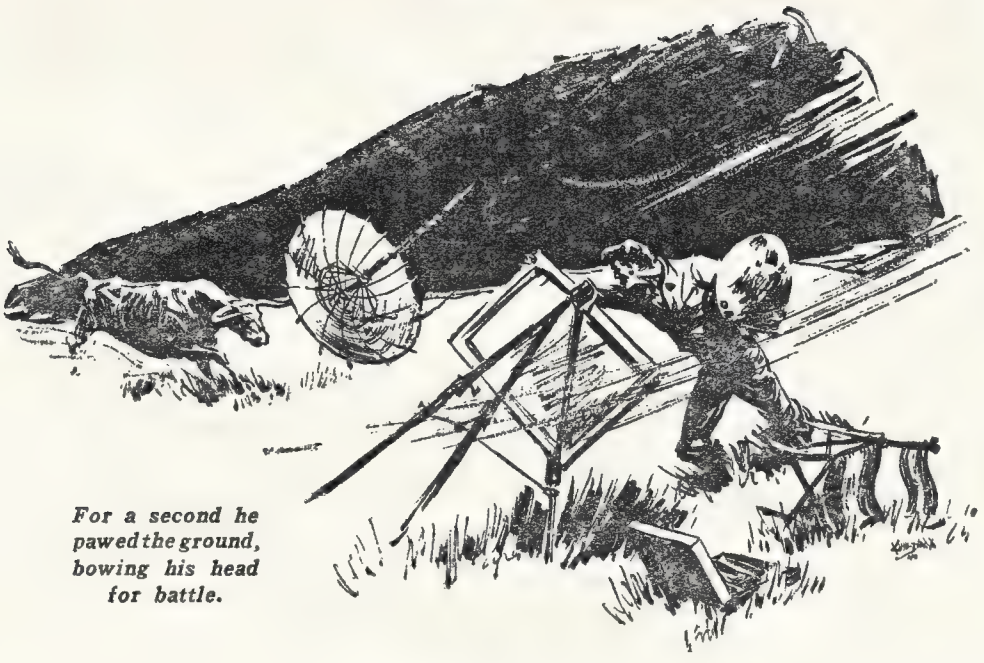
Whether he knew what he was doing or not, nobody denied that the lead steer's unwillingness to run had done as much as any sweating, swearing, singing rider to hold the herd.

At dawn Seepy Harris' hoarse voice yelled out an order:

"Shove the leaders in an' take the river, boys! If the loadin' pens is open we'll rush 'em in while they're still shakin' water. If the gates ain't open, God help us!"

By now the Frosty steer had "swum the crick" often enough that he knew what it meant when Lew Thrall and Johnny Bucklin pinched the north fringe of the herd to a wedge-point and crowded them toward the water. Confidently he lunged in, swam straight for the north bank, and with a little shoving from behind the whole herd followed.

Fortunately the corrals up at the railroad were open to receive them. In the rain that had dwindled now to a drizzle,



For a second he pawed the ground, bowing his head for battle.

the CP crew, breakfastless and shivering, saw the strong, high gates swung shut and barred behind the last of the drag.

"Git breakfast in town, boys," said Seepy Harris, "an' come on back. I expect Simmons'll want us to help him load."

When they got back Harris and the buyer named Simmons were already there, their deal completed. One of the three punchers with the buyer looked hard and long at Lew Thrall, but the young Texan's eyes were on the cattle and did not notice him.

"Seepy," said Thrall abruptly, "let's cut ol' Frosty outa there before we load. Take him back to Texas an' he'll make you a mighty fine leader the next trip."

"I reckon he might. But hell, he's done sold now, Lew!"

"Then I'll buy him back," said Thrall. He turned to the buyer. "How much for one four-year-old outa there, Mr. Simmons?"

"Well, I dunno," Simmons began. "Be right smart of trouble cuttin' him, now, an'—"

"Too damn much!" broke in the bristle-jawed man beside him. "What's the matter, Thrall—you Setons needin' a pet steer around to hide behind?"

"That's right," agreed Lew Thrall quietly. "A man does hate to be caught out in the open by a bunch of Tyler coyotes shootin' from ambush. How much, Mr. Simmons?"

"Maybe you don't know my name's Frank Tyler!"

The bristle-jawed man spoke before Simmons could answer. "Take that back or fill your hand!"

His own hand was already touching the grip of his gun. With a sure, practiced suddenness that surprised his fellow cowhands, Lew Thrall drew and fired.

"Well, he ain't Frank Nobody now," said Seepy Harris. He had stepped swiftly and quietly to Lew Thrall's side. He raised his craggy eyes from the man slumped on the ground to meet those of Simmons and his two remaining men. "You gents got any exceptions you want to offer?"

Simmons shook his head.

"Tyler called the deal," he said.

"Then," said Seepy Harris, "I reckon we'd as well start loadin'. We'll cut that Frosty steer back at the chutes."

SO, instead of to a city slaughterhouse, Frosty went back to Texas with the CP wagon, eating his daily ration of shelled corn along with the horses. After the first few days of nervousness at the absence of others of his kind, he learned to travel with the *remuda,* giving little or no trouble except that the constant pounding of this faster travel made him footsore. At Doan's Crossing Lew Thrall borrowed the use of a makeshift blacksmith shop and fashioned crude shoeplates for him.

That winter, lured by regular feeding as well as Lew Thrall's pampering tidbits from the cook shack, Frosty "located" at CP headquarters. Sometimes he wandered off for a day or two with other cattle, but always he came back, bawling his arrival like a fanfare.

When the mesquite put on its green lace of spring again, Seepy Harris gathered another herd for the trail and chuckled to see "ol' Frosty leadin' 'em out," only pausing now and then to threaten briefly with a shake of his magnificent horns any steer that trod too close on his heels.

This time Seepy Harris offered to leave Lew Thrall behind, in charge of the ranch.

"It's been rumored about that Mink Tyler has swore you won't never make another trail trip alive, Lew. You ain't obliged to go along, y'know."

"If I ain't along, who the hell will steal biskits for ol' Frosty?" Lew Thrall grinned. Then he added, seriously: "The Rangers have got all feudin' in Kimble County stopped dead in its tracks, an' they've got *my* promise not to start it again. I figger I'm all paid up with them Tylers, anyhow—purt near two for one. As far as I'm concerned, the feudin' over."

So Lew Thrall went along to steal biscuits for his pet steer. A few days out they put a bell on Frosty. The bovine breed, from docile Jersey to feral longhorn, will learn to follow the musical clang of a clapper. By the time the herd rolled into Dodge, Chilblain Charlie was cussing Frosty good humoredly as a nuisance for hanging around the wagon, begging for handouts; but daily, as regular as a clock, he had led the herd out northward, his great curving horns swinging rhythmically with his steady, tireless stride.

"Give me ol' Frosty," Lew Thrall claimed, no more than half in jest, "an' damn if I couldn't purt near deliver a herd alone!"

And nobody disagreed with him.

EACH spring ol' Frosty led a CP herd up the trail, and with each drive went the quiet cowboy he knew as friend and master. The year the steer was seven, Lew Thrall went along as *segundo.* By now the CP lead steer was famous from one end of the trail to the other. At Dodge a considerable crowd turned out to watch, from a reasonable distance, as the Frosty steer led the herd in a beeline for the corrals. Once he had them stringing steadily in, Frosty stepped prudently aside to wait near the gate for Lew Thrall to turn him out when the last steer was penned.

By now, except sometimes when the old bullet scar on his jaw ached a little, Lew Thrall had almost forgotten Mink Tyler's threat. This time, as he drove old Frosty docilely westward toward the CP wagon, the steer suddenly leaped bellowing into the air as a bullet from a faraway rifle somewhere up on the hill nicked a shallow cut just behind his right front knee. The second bullet ranged higher, dropping Lew Thrall's pony from under him with a smashed shoulder. Then there was no more shooting.

The rest of the CP crew had already ridden in to town. That night and the next day, despite the City Marshal's protests, they joined Lew Thrall to comb the town, but neither Mink Tyler nor any of his gang were to be found.

That winter, back in Texas, it was often in Lew Thrall's mind to saddle and ride for a showdown with Mink Tyler. But he had given the Ranger captain in Kimble County his word of honor not to reopen the feud there, with inevitable consequences of more bloodshed among both his and Mink Tyler's kinsmen who were living now in peace. Better, he decided, to risk ambush on

the trail or a shooting, up at Dodge City, than to break his word.

Old Frosty was an eight-year-old veteran that next spring when Lew Thrall took his first herd northward as a full-fledged trail boss. This time, he told himself, if Mink Tyler didn't find him he would somehow find Mink Tyler. A man could not go on living forever under the shadow of such a threat.

Yet he forgot all that as the herd moved out. Limping a little, but dignified as ever, his huge, polished horns flashing in the sun, Ol' Frosty proudly took the lead. North of the Canadian a night storm struck and the herd stampeded. But more than half of them, following the familiar sound of Frosty's bell, simply swung in a wide but ever narrowing circle and wound up in a "mill" not two miles from the wagon.

They hit the Cimarron in flood, but with Frosty's bell, strapped high up on one of his horns out of the water, to guide them, the whole herd crossed without starting a single one of those deadly mid-stream "mills" that so often drown both cattle and cowboys.

Like a ship to port they swooped into the corrals at Dodge, and all hands swore that such a sure and speedy drive had never been.

His business with the buyers done, Lew Thrall spoke privately to Hank.

"I'm goin' to take a look around town, Hank. You mind the wagon. If I ain't back there by sundown you'll know what's happened. Take charge an' git the outfit back to Texas—an' see that you take good care of ol' Frosty."

For several hours Lew Thrall, casual and quiet, took up his annual round of Dodge City's streets and saloons. Despite his orders, six CP cowhands trailed him. But the word was the same as ever: "Tyler? Nope, ain't seen him."

Promptly at sundown the trail boss rode up to where Hank Brackett, already slicked up for town, sat alone on the wagon tongue waiting for him. At Hank's look of inquiry he shook his head.

"I'll keep camp tonight, Hank. You better git on in before the boys git it all painted. If you run into what's-his-name, send me word."

"We'll notify you in time for the funeral," grinned Hank. "Look at Ol' Frosty, would yuh—comin' in for his corn quick as you showed up. Damned if he don't think he's a horse, Lew!"

"Horse hell!" said Lew Thrall affectionately. "He knows damn well he's a *human!*"

"Well, so long," said Hank Brackett, and struck a lope for town.

While Ol' Frosty munched his corn Lew Thrall got out a curry comb. As he combed trail dust from Frosty's long sinewy neck, the steer stopped eating and stretched his head out low, close to the ground, leaning to the curry, enjoying every stroke to the full.

A hundred yards away, flattened on his belly behind a hummock of *sacatón*, Mink Tyler carefully lined the sights of his carbine on the middle button of Lew Thrall's vest.

Slowly, as a light puff of wind stirred the shag of his hatless head, his forefinger tightened on the trigger.

As the new breeze brought strange man-scent to his nostrils, Ol' Frosty suddenly threw up his head. The bullet meant for Lew Thrall took him just behind the left ear. With a faint grunt he went down, his knees doubled under him, never to stride out at the point of a herd again.

As the surprised man in ambush levered in another shell, Lew Thrall dropped flat behind the great bulwark of Ol' Frosty's body. Grimly he crawled far enough to reach the carbine that stood against a wagon wheel. So far he could see nothing, but he levered in a shell. Along the ground came the distant thud of hoofs as Hank Brackett, hearing the shot, turned to come riding back.

Mink Tyler heard the hoofbeats, too. Like a jumped rabbit he sprang suddenly up from his *sacatón* cover and ran. Over the carcass of the frosty calf he had carried before him on the saddle that day back in Texas more than eight years ago, Lew Thrall took aim as coldly as if his sights were searching out a wolf. One shot was all he fired.

Lew Thrall gripped one of the dead steer's great horns gently.

"Frosty, ol' feller," he said, "I got him!"

From the gray-clad ones there could be no escape.

THE RURALES

A Fact Story

By C. L. DOUGLAS

BESIDE a trail in the high Sierra Alvaro Mendoza the *valiente* stood on the brink of an open grave.

It was one of his own digging, and the sweat of the labor still coursed down his lean, brown face as he threw aside the shovel and turned troubled eyes on the file of men who waited twenty feet away.

A hard-looking lot, these *hombres.* They wore gray *charro* uniforms piped with red, and on their chests crossed bandoliers filled with cartridges. Their heels jangled with the music of big-roweled Chihuahua spurs, and on their heads were ornate and high-peaked Mexican sombreros. They had about them the litheness of men accustomed to the saddle, and each handled a Winchester 30-30 with an air of grim familiarity.

Mendoza trembled slightly. In his time he had killed many men and waylaid many travelers, but this was different. From the gray-clad ones there could be no escape, and now he could do but one thing—make a last futile show of bravery.

He heard the leader give an order.

"Armas!"

The men in the rank brought up their rifles, thumbing back the hammers. Alvaro could hear the click.

"Apunten!"

Mendoza braced himself, set his teeth. Dimly, he was aware of the carbine muzzles bearing down upon him, the

glint of the noonday sun on the captain's upraised saber.

"Fuego!"

The saber fell, and there was a spurt of flame as the six rifles lashed out. The *valiente* clutched at his riddled chest, swayed, then collapsed—into the grave he had dug for himself.

The captain, supremely nonchalant, walked over and fired a revolver bullet into the head of the crumpled body, then turned away to roll a cigarette. Two men began filling in the grave while two others made ready a crude wooden cross, on which they nailed a placard inscribed with these words:

"A. Mendoza—Executed by the Rurales."

It would look strange there on the trail . . . because, only ten paces away, was another freshly-made grave with a similar cross. But on it the placard read:

"Julio Fuentes—Murdered by A. Mendoza."

Until the wording should be obliterated by the elements passers-by would hesitate and read, mutter to themselves something about "those terrible fellows, the Rurales," then go their way meditating the subject of crime and punishment.

The two graves meant that a killer had been brought back to keep company with his victim—just the sardonic touch the Gray Riders enjoyed giving such affairs—and the lesson would not be wasted.

JUSTICE, swift and inexorable—

That was the tradition of the Guardia Rural, the colorful police force mustered by Don Porfirio Diaz in an attempt to rid pre-Revolutionary Mexico of banditry. The organization, modeled after the ancient Civil Guard of Spain, was the Latin-American equivalent of the Texas Rangers and the Canadian Royal Mounted Police, except that the recruiting officers, remembering the wisdom of setting a thief to catch a thief, often took their men direct from the bands of desperadoes marked for extermination.

They did their work well and thoroughly. Dressed *charro,* mounted on fine horses, armed to the teeth, they ranged their districts carrying the triple authority of judge, jury and prosecuting attorney. According to their own discretion, they hanged or shot their captives with casual cold-bloodedness, leaving more for the vultures than for the processes of written law. There was nothing negative about them. Legal messengers of violence, they epitomized the forces of blood and thunder.

Explanatory of their origin is this bit of historical background:

When General Porfirio Diaz came to the presidency in November of 1876 for the first of six terms he found himself faced with a peculiarly puzzling problem.

For many decades, Mexico had been a most unhappy land. There had been great turmoil, with war sweeping the country from one end to the other, and every man virtually a law unto himself. In 1867 Benito Juarez, contesting the power of the Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlota, established a new government at Zacatecas. Conflict followed, to find an aftermath at Queretaro with the execution of the emperor and his chief lieutenants, Miramon and Mejia, on the Hill of the Bells.

Juarez became dominant, set up his government in the city of Mexico, but fresh troubles arose—insurrection at Tampico, revolt at the Ciudadela in the capital. Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, at the death of Juarez, succeeded to the presidency, but only for a short-lived term. Diaz, a militarist of the old school and one of the more brilliant Juarista generals, soon ousted him from Chapultepec and took over the slogan of Peace, Order and Progress.

The fundamental difference between Lerdo's policy and that of Diaz was in their attitude toward foreign capital. Lerdo was afraid of it. Diaz welcomed it, believing that without it there could be little progress, but he also knew that lacking peace and order he could ill afford a bid for this foreign capital.

That was his great problem—and it centered around the fierce and roving gangs of roving *bandidos* that had multiplied so rapidly during the years when dissension had forced the central gov-

ernment to leave the various states to their own devices.

Entire districts were under the complete domination of robber chieftains, hard-riding and heavy-drinking *bravos* who took what they wanted whenever they felt inclined. The roads were unsafe for travel. Commerce was stifled. Human life was cheap. Something had to be done . . .

Over possible solutions Don Porfirio pondered at length and then, one day, he received a visitor in his suite at the National Palace.

"You sent for me, Your Excellency?" asked the man, a tall, wiry, steely-eyed individual whose flowing white beard indicated that already he was beyond the middle years of life.

THE president, sitting at his desk, looked up. He saw a man dressed in the height of *charro* fashion, holding in his hands an enormous sombrero banded with a silver threaded serpent. Under the caller's short brocaded jacket, the silver haft of a knife was visible in the waistband, and a bright red *banda* was knotted at his throat. Ramon Musquiz (as we shall call him) had about him more the air of an aristocratic *ranchero* than what he was—the most notorious bandit in the state of Hidalgo, if not in all the Republic of Mexico.

"Yes, *senor,* be seated," said the president, continuing his appraisal. "I shall come straight to the point. I promised you immunity and sent for you because I feel there must be a change in Mexico. In most of our states we have had little law except that of the *bandido,* and if we are to progress and take our proper place among the nations of the world, all this must be altered. There must be peace and order."

"And how can this concern me?" asked the terror of Hidalgo. "I know very little of such matters."

"Ah, I am arriving at that, my friend," went on the dictator. "You, who have caused us so much trouble, Ramon, should be the very man to solve the problem. One of my friends, Colonel Pedro Rincon Gallardo, has organized a hundred *rancheros* to assist the courts in bringing criminals to justice, but, like my own military units, they have been unable to make great strides. Mexico, I have decided, needs a stronger force, one that can use fire to fight fire." He hesitated for a moment, and then: "You have heard, perhaps, of the old *Guardia Civil de Espana . . .?*"

The president, quoting from history, went into detail. He explained how, in ancient times, the mother country had been confronted with similar troubles, and how the solution had been found in the Civil Guard. He described the organization—how its members rode abroad empowered to act at their own discretion, how they brought back no prisoners, how the *commandantes*—and this he stressed—became the chief men of their respective districts. As he talked he knew that Musquiz was catching the vision. He could see it mirrored in his eyes.

"Now you have heard my plan," said the president, in conclusion. "I have called you here to ask that you organize and put into the field the first *cuerpo* of Mexican rural police. You and your men will be well paid, and you—you will be the most important *jefe* in Hidalgo. Is your answer yes or no?"

"And if I should refuse?" queried the bandit. "What then?"

Don Porfirio reflected briefly.

"If you should refuse, my friend," he said slowly, "some other will take the place, and at the end of your period of immunity I shall see that you get no rest. If it should require my entire army, I will send into Hidalgo and hunt you down, you and all your band, then hang you to the trees of your own mountains. You will pardon, I hope, my plain speech."

"Understand, Your Excellency, that I am not afraid," smiled the bandit, "but I like your speech. Also I like your plan, and my answer is yes. When shall I begin the work?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the president. "Excellent! You shall start at once, and your first order is that you will go into Hidalgo, enlist a band of thirty or forty men you think suitable for the purpose . . . and bring them here for my approval. After that, we shall see."

That night Ramon Musquiz, rejoined by several *compadres* who had been waiting in suburban Villa de Guadalupe, rode for the hills.

A fortnight passed before Musquiz returned to the capital, but this time not alone. He was accompanied by thirty of the most villainous appearing individuals ever to enter the palace gate, and even the president was surprised when he came down into the courtyard to inspect them.

"Your Excellency," said Musquiz, "I present them to you—the first of your Guardia Rural."

Don Porfirio's eyes took in the horsemen. They made, indeed, a hard-looking aggregation. On some faces he could see ugly white welts that could have been made by only one weapon, the knife. There were others who bore the unmistakable scars of bullet wounds. He saw, too, that these *bravos* were well-mounted and admirably armed—details important in a soldier's eyes—but he said nothing for awhile. He merely surveyed the scar-faced company carefully and then, perhaps with an object lesson in mind, turned to the leader.

"But are you certain these are the men we want?" he asked. "Would it not be possible to find a harder lot?"

The gentleman from Hidalgo puckered his brow. Hastily he called attention to the marks of knife and bullet. What more, he hinted, could be desired?

"That is just the point," replied the president. "Where are the men who inflicted these wounds? Is it not possible that they would be better suited to our purpose?"

Musquiz had a ready answer.

"Impossible, Your Excellency," and he seemed to smile beneath his beard. "Living men are far more useful than the dead."

Don Porfirio smiled. He knew that in the selection of a leader he had made no mistake . . .

RAMON MUSQUIZ liked his new job. It gave him the power of life and death over thousands of his countrymen. It made him a grim god of destruction whose slightest gesture could send an enemy to eternity. It made him a *jefe* more respected than even the wealthiest among the silver kings of famed Pachuca. As for the rountine duties, bandit catching, for him, would be an easy business. He knew exactly where to look, and believing that virtue should begin at home, turned his attention on his native state.

Deep in the mountains were several villages existing solely on robbery, every inhabitant being aligned in some manner with banditry, and to these communities Commandante Musquiz sent pointed warnings. He explained his new status, announced the purpose of the Guardia Rural, and made it plainly clear that if future crime should be reported the villages could expect the arrival of hell on hoofs at very brief notice.

The *bandidos* apparently were not much impressed. The Rurales? What were they? The name meant nothing. The thieves merely shrugged and went about their time-honored habits. A community on the Rio de San Andres was the first to ignore the warning, and Marquiz struck immediately.

With a company now recruited to a strength of a hundred *guardas,* he rode in and took possession of the place before local leaders could show the slightest resistance. Then he called all the male population into the plaza and ordered those past the age of seventeen to form into one group.

"I sent you a warning and yet you allow new robberies in this district," he said, still sitting his saddle. "I can do nothing now but give you—" and he nodded to some of his followers—"the *fusilado.*"

The Rurales raised their rifles and fired, and two score men of the San Andres died suddenly, collapsing in a twitching, bloody heap. So swiftly was the order followed by the crashing volley that only a few found opportunity to cry out.

"Let that teach you that we intend to be obeyed," the *commandante* told the surviving inhabitants, women and beardless boys, "and if we find it necessary to return there will be some more

killings. Now bury your dead, and remember."

With that he formed his troop and took the trail to a second village, in the hills behind Pachuca, and there he carried out a purge in more artistic fashion.

Selecting a dozen community leaders, he forced them to dig as many pits, each large enough to hold a man standing upright. Then the twelve, with arms tied behind their backs, were lowered into the holes and covered with dirt until only their heads were protruding above ground.

"*Santa Maria!*" exclaimed one. "Does he intend that we die here—a slow death from suffocation?"

But Don Ramon had no such inhuman thought. Ordering his men to mount, he spurred his horse and galloped from the town—leading his troop straight over the row of protruding heads, skulls cracking like egg shells under the pounding tattoo of the hoofs!

Then the *Guardia's* marks began appearing elsewhere.

Outside Real del Chico a notorious outlaw was found hanging from a roadside tree, his swaying body wearing a sign which read: "This is the work of the Rurales. Who removes this body also will be hanged."

From up the Rio Tula came the whispered story of two *ladrones* crucified for the minor offense of stealing a poor woman's cow . . .

New graves were reported in the district of Actlan . . .

"Those terrible ones, the Rurales!"

The *Guardia* was establishing a reputation, and within a few months men began speaking of it in subdued tones. These fellows meant business. The newspapers of the day were strangely silent. They were a little uncertain, perhaps, how to treat Don Porfirio's new experiment in law and order, and since the force made no written records, reporting directly to the great man himself, journalistic comment was withheld.

The Rurales, however, needed no publicity except that which passed by word of mouth. Through sheer violence, they were engineering one of the most effective propaganda campaigns the world has known, and in relatively short time made the word "Rurales" synonymous with fear. Meantime, banditry rapidly began falling off in Hidalgo.

None was more pleased with first results than Diaz himself, and he decided that the force should be enlarged to a thousand or fifteen hundred men and operations extended into various other states which could do with a little swift reforming.

The process was simple, merely a matter of calling in a few of the leading robber chieftains and issuing commissions. They were, of course, mightily pleased, for after hearing of all the fun Musquiz had been having in Hidalgo most of the big *bravos* were ready to be measured for the gray uniform. Don Porfirio took from this group only the best—or, conversely, the worst.

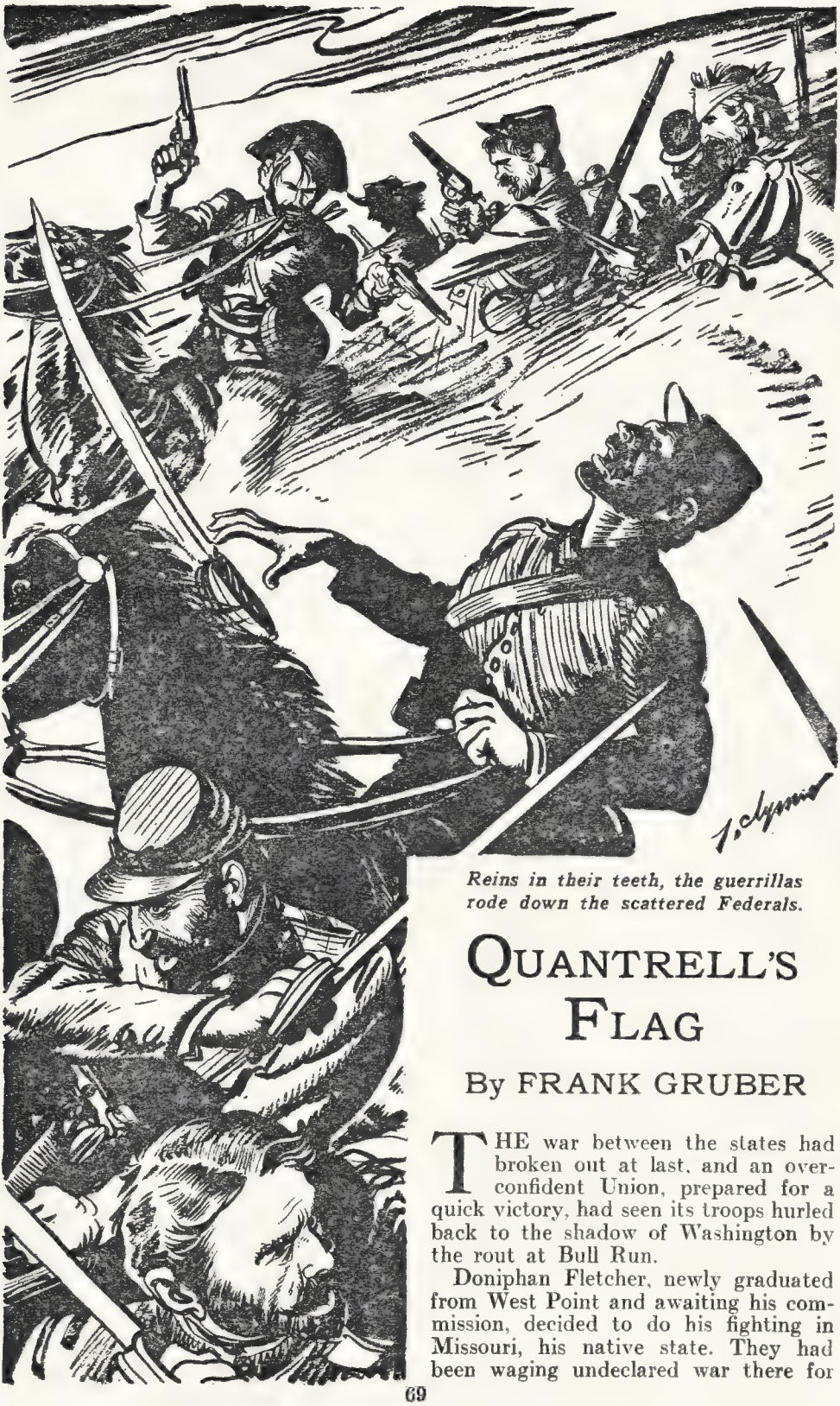
With expansion, system became necessary, and so the organization was formed into *cuerpos* (bodies) which might be any number of men between twenty-five and a hundred, depending upon the needs of the district to which assigned. These units were divided into squadrons, each having a *cabo primero* and *cabo segundo*, corresponding to first and second sergeants. These were responsible to the *cuerpo* commandante, he in turn to the national palace. Later, however, the supreme command was to be placed in the hands of an inspector general from the Army—the first of whom was General Jose Ramirez, the second General de la Vega.

THE early 1880's found the Rurales as important, if not more so, than the regular army, and though enlistment was opened to respectable ranchers and *vaqueros* as well as former bandits, the tradition was one thing that never changed.

Dressed in the red-piped gray uniforms, their pantaloons decorated with metal buttons on the outseams, their sashes and cravats of bright crimson, their sombreros embellished with silver cords at the bands and eagles on the crowns, the Rurales rode . . .

In the state of Morelos muleteers traveling the mountains found swinging

(Continued on page 115)



Reins in their teeth, the guerrillas rode down the scattered Federals.

QUANTRELL'S FLAG

By FRANK GRUBER

THE war between the states had broken out at last, and an overconfident Union, prepared for a quick victory, had seen its troops hurled back to the shadow of Washington by the rout at Bull Run.

Doniphan Fletcher, newly graduated from West Point and awaiting his commission, decided to do his fighting in Missouri, his native state. They had been waging undeclared war there for

years—border ruffians, raiding Kansas, and Kansas Redlegs pillaging Missouri in bloody reprisal.

Donny discovered that his brother had already enlisted in General Price's Confederate division. The greater part of the county in which he lived was Southern in sympathy. It was not going to be safe for an avowed Northerner there.

A family servant was killed by two pillaging bushwhackers, and Donny, at the head of a posse, killed the men responsible. It transpired that one of them, at least, was a Union soldier, although he had not been in uniform.

Leaving for Rolla to take his commission, Donny was arrested, court-martialed and sentenced to death, on the charge of murdering a Union officer. Donny overpowered his guard and escaped, reaching his family homestead after a grim chase through hostile country.

Revenge struck swiftly upon his family. His home was burned and his father killed, and Donny fled to a cave barely in time to escape the same fate.

Ironically, Donny received the thing he had been waiting for—a full pardon for the government and his commission restored—on the day his father was murdered. There could be no turning back now. He tore up the commission, rounded up some neighbors, each of whom had received mortal hurt at the hands of Union men, and decided to fight violence with violence, no matter what flag the foe carried.

The little band was swiftly reduced by death, desertion and defeat, and Donny saw that his only hope for survival was to ally himself with a more powerful group. In spite of his provocation, he could not bring himself to serve under the Confederate flag. There was only one course left. On Christmas day, 1861, starving and desperate, he staggered into a camp of armed men in assorted uniforms and offered his services to the leader.

It was Quantrell, the raider who had been terrorizing the border states for months, leader of the organization that was to go down in history as the bloodiest, fiercest body of men of the entire Civil War. In a few short weeks, the very word *guerrilla* was to assume a new and horrible meaning.

Riding with Quantrell, war became a hateful thing to Donny. Powerless to resist, depending for his very life upon obedience to commands that were passwords to pillage and murder, he somehow survived months of savage border fighting.

And then Quantrell, emboldened by success and strengthened by the arrival of new recruits, struck a lightning blow that was to go down in history—the Lawrence Massacre!

Outnumbered, in the midst of enemy territory, they rode against the city at dawn, put it to the torch and left more than one hundred and fifty dead in his wake. They caused a million dollars worth of damage, made eighty widows and two hundred orphans—and then made a retreat of almost a hundred miles, during which they burned every farmhouse they passed, killed dozens more, and outfought over a thousand men. And in the end, following their usual plan, the raiders dispersed completely. Only a few were ever captured.

CHAPTER XIV

RETREAT

EVEN the Missouri Southerners cringed when the reports of the Lawrence Massacre spread through the border counties. There would be retaliation for that black deed.

It came even sooner than expected. The citizens of Independence saw the battalion of bluecoats entering the town from the west and knew that unpleasant events were about to transpire.

A group of officers gathered before the town hall and one of them tacked a sheet of paper on a bulletin board. Then the officers returned to their commands. A few of the citizens ventured up to the bulletin board and began reading the notice.

For a moment there was silence, then a gray-bearded man exclaimed in awe. "My Gawd!"

Susan Benton watched the entry of the troops from the veranda of the hotel.

When the order was posted on the bulletin board she hurried across the street. She read:

Kansas City, Mo.
August 23, 1863

Order #11

All persons living in Jackson, Bates and Cass Counties, Missouri and that part of Vernon County included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's Mills, Pleasant Hill and Harrisonville, and except those in Kaw Township, Jackson County, north of this creek and west of the Big Blue, embracing Kansas City and Westpot, are hereby ordered to remove from their places of residence within fifteen days from the date hereof.

Those who within that time prove their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station nearest their present places of residence, will receive from him certificates stating the fact of their loyalty, and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be sworn. All who receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any military station in this district, or to any part of Kansas except the counties on the eastern border of the state. All others shall remove out of this district. Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in companies will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

All hay or grain in the field or under shelter, in the district from which the inhabitants are required to remove, within reach of the military stations after the 9th of September next, will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there and a report of the amount so turned over made to the district headquarters, specifiying the names of all loyal owners and the amount of such produce taken from them. All grain and hay found in such districts after the 9th of September next, not convenient to such stations, will be destroyed.

Thomas E. Ewing, Brigadier General
Commanding, Military Department.

Susan Benton was stunned.

"They can't!" she whispered.

But she knew they could. For three days Independence had rung to the knell of Lawrence. Federal soldiers cursed the civilians on the streets, until the latter scarcely dared leave their homes. Rumors were rife that a Kansas invasion, in retaliation for the Lawrence massacre, would spare no man, woman or child not a proved Unionist.

AND now it came, Order #11, with Kansas troops to enforce it.

For months, Susan Benton had not talked to Ellen Fletcher. She had seen her numerous times on the street, but had passed her with an aloof nod. It was unfair to cut Mrs. Fletcher because of her son, yet Susan could not face the older woman.

Now, however, she found her feet carrying her hurriedly to the residence of the Gages, where Ellen Fletcher was living. But as fast as she went, the news of Order Number Eleven went faster. Florence Gage preceded her into the house by sixty seconds.

Ellen Fletcher showed visible agitation.

"That applies to me!" she said. "Stephen . . . Donny . . ."

"But you're already living in Independence," said Florence Gage. "Surely they won't bother *you*."

Her lips quivering, Susan Benton said: "Mrs. Fletcher, do you suppose—do you suppose Donny was at Lawrence that day?"

Ellen Fletcher crossed over to Susan and took both her hands in her own. "My dear, I don't know. But if he was, he is still my son."

A shudder ran through Susan. "I've been horrid to you these last months. I —you've probably wondered—it was because I met Donny last summer, when Quantrell raided here. He came into the hotel. I didn't know. I hadn't dreamed —" Her voice caught and she fell into Mrs. Fletcher's arms.

Florence Gage exclaimed in a frightened voice: "Ellen—Susan! They're here!"

Without the preliminary of knocking, the door was kicked open and four Federal soldiers swarmed into the house. A

man with the chevrons of a sergeant on his sleeves said harshly: "Which one of you's Ellen Fletcher?"

Suddenly calm, Ellen Fletcher said: "I am."

The sergeant placed two big fists on his hips and scowled. "So, you're the woman who whelped a guerrilla! Why, you—"

Susan Benton screamed. "Stop it, or I'll have you reported to the provost marshal! You can't talk like that to—"

One of the privates stepped around the sergeant and caught Susan roughly by an arm. "Who the hell are you to talk, you stuck-up snob? You're Fletcher's sweetheart. Yah, you go around Independence with your nose in the air, too good for private soldiers! And you think we don't know what happened last year, when the Rebs were here!"

The sergeant showed his teeth in a wicked grin. "So we get two of the birds at one time. The mother and the sweetheart of a guerrilla. That's just fine. Now listen to this: you've got two weeks to leave this country, and if I were you, I wouldn't wait those two weeks!"

"You can't drive Susan away!" exclaimed Ellen Fletcher. "Her father is an officer in the Union Army."

"And her sweetheart's one of the Lawrence butchers. Father or no father, she goes with you!"

The soldiers trooped out of the house and the three women looked at one another.

"They can't!" whispered Florence Gage. "They can't enforce such a terrible order. Why, it means driving thousands of women and children from their homes. Where'll they go? What can they do?"

Everywhere in Clay, Jackson, Cass and Vernon Counties people were asking that question. There were very few able-bodied men in these homes, only boys too young to enlist in the army, or men too old; a few sick, wounded or crippled. But thousands upon thousands of women and children.

The order, said the Kansas troops, was to give Missourians a taste of what Kansans had experienced—as if Missourians didn't already know! Southern sympathizers had sheltered, fed and given information to guerrillas in the border counties. The Federals intended to make it impossible for a guerrilla to live henceforth in this country.

And so the exodus began. All day and night the roads were crowded with moving wagons, carrying household goods. Women and children walked, carrying clothing and what little food was allowed them.

THE guerrillas who had been to Lawrence reached the border counties of Missouri on the twenty-second of September. By the twenty-third no single force of more than a dozen men could have been found anywhere. Guerrillas who had friends or relatives had gone to them for succor and shelter. Haymows were alive with men. Cellars and attics contained larger prey than mice and rats.

Furtive creatures slunk through the woods and hills and burrowed into holes in the ground. In the dense thickets near Lees Summit—less than a mile, in fact, from Donny Fletcher's cave—a dozen men lay under the bushes, almost suffocating from the stifling heat.

They were the chieftains of the Lawrence expedition, the men whose black deeds preyed so heavily upon their minds that they no longer trusted even the shelter of their friends.

Quantrell was here; so, too, were Anderson and Todd, Bill Gregg, Cole Younger and Frank James. Here came Donny Fletcher, who had no friends, no relatives to hide him.

Donny lay in the woods like a wild animal, listening to the quarreling of the other wild animals around him, yet not hearing.

He was thinking. Yesterday and the day before had been too hectic for clear thinking. Under the stress of fighting and running, the sight of blood and death, his brain had been too chaotic to see anything clearly.

But now he saw things with a clarity that had never been granted him before. These men around him had started as guerrillas and bushwhackers. A cause had bound them together, given them a semblance of righteousness. But when

had that cause disappeared—when had they ceased being soldiers and become beasts and murderers?

As he lay on the ground, pondering that question, a man beside him sprang suddenly to his knees.

"Someone's coming!" he said, in a frightened voice.

Guns leaped into hands and a dozen pairs of eyes tried to pierce the thicket around them. The hammer of a revolver clicked in the sudden stillness and a man jumped at the slight sound.

Then Bill Gregg exclaimed in a tone of profound relief: "It's Hank Tate!"

Charley Quantrell cursed fluidly. "Damn you, Tate, make more noise when you're going through these woods."

Henry Tate, who looked now as wild as any of Anderson's hellions, dropped to his knees and scuttled under the bush where Quantrell was crouching.

"I got something, Colonel," he said. "It was posted in Lees Summit only a couple hours ago. Thought you'd like to see it." He fumbled in his jacket and brought out a soiled, folded sheet of paper.

Quantrell ripped it from his hands and opened it. He read silently for a moment, then gasped: "Boys, listen to this order Ewing's just issued!"

He read aloud, in a tone that had a whine in it, the text of Order #11. When he concluded, Bloody Bill Anderson began cursing as Donny Fletcher had never heard that master of the art curse before.

"Why, the dirty—They can't do that. No order like that's ever been issued!"

There was a frightened look in Quantrell's greenish eyes. "I've never heard the like of it. Why, if this order is obeyed to the letter, it'll make the border counties a howling wilderness like they were a hundred years ago. We—we won't be able to live around here."

"Perhaps that's the idea," Donny said soberly. "They haven't been able to wipe us out, by force of arms. Lawrence was the last straw."

Bloody Bill Anderson glared at Donny. "Sometimes, Fletcher, I wonder about you—if you're with us, or still in the Union Army."

"I wonder about you, sometimes," Donny replied calmly. "About whether I'm going to have to kill you."

Bloody Bill began mouthing obscenities and in the midst of them reached for his guns, but Quantrell struck at his hands. "Cut it out, Bill. We've got something serious to face. We've got to leave these hills."

"Why?" demanded George Todd. "We ain't never had to leave before."

"I just got through telling you that this order changes the picture," Quantrell replied testily.

"They'll never enforce it," Todd retorted. "Yeah, sure, they'll burn some houses, but they can't burn them all. And there's plenty logs to build more. Anyway, we ain't going to be loafing while things are popping."

Quantrell shook his head. "You're under-estimating Jim Lane. I've told you time after time that he's got more influence with Lincoln than anyone in Washington. He'll flood these counties with Federal troops."

"Just the same," said Bloody Bill, glowering, "I don't figure on leaving. I stand with George. We're wasting time right now. Let's get busy."

"It's suicide!" cried Quantrell.

"So what? How about you, Bill?"

Bill Gregg tugged at his beard. "Well, these folks around here have been pretty good to us. I'm thinkin' maybe they need some help from our side, now."

The others agreed vociferously with Gregg and Quantrell found himself alone. He gave in, although ungraciously. "All right, we'll fight. Tate, Shepard, get going and send the word around. Tell the boys to gather here."

"Tell 'em to wait here," snapped Bloody Bill. "Because we'll be busy right away."

QUANTRELL looked steadily at Bill Anderson, but made no protest. Inside of ten minutes, eight men, including Donny Fletcher, were moving silently through the forest, leading their horses where the growth was too thick to ride.

They came to the Lees Summit road, less than a quarter mile from the ruins of the Benton mansion. Bill Gregg

gasped. "They're at it already—look!"

He waved toward the north and the guerrillas saw a half dozen pillars of smoke reaching up into the sky. Without a command they put their horses into a gallop. Recklessly, they tore up the road and inside of five minutes left it to swoop into a clearing where a house, a barn and a stack of hay were blazing furiously.

There were no soldiers around, but a woman came running out of the woods.

"Colonel Quantrell!" she cried, hysterically. "Look what they've done to me."

"I see it, Mrs. Hedges," Quantrell said, grimly. "Where's your husband?"

Donny, who had been reconnoitering, rode up.

"They killed Hedges," he said soberly. "His body's back there, half burned."

Quantrell's eyes searched the sky. "The smoke's blacker over there," he said, pointing. "The fire's newer."

Again the guerrillas galloped. And this time they found their quarry still upon the scene. It was a strong quarry, a score of cavalrymen. The guerrillas, however, did not hesitate. They charged as they had always charged, yelling and screaming, pistols blazing.

The cavalrymen stood their ground for an instant, but when it became hand to hand they broke and fled in panic. They left four men behind them. Of the guerrillas only Dave Poole had suffered a flesh wound.

"To hell with Order Number Eleven!" George Todd exulted.

But he spoke too soon. The troopers had fled, yes, but only a short distance. There were more soldiers burning the crops and buildings on an adjoining farm. They heard the shooting and immediately came toward it. They met the routed troopers, swelled their numbers to more than fifty and galloped back to attack the guerrillas.

This time it was the guerrillas who fled. They took to the woods and were pursued so vigorously they were compelled to resort to their old tactics and disperse.

It was almost dark when Donny Fletcher reached the rendezvous he had left earlier in the day. During that time he had counted more than fifty fires which he had not dared to approach.

The couriers had performed a good job. More than fifty guerrillas were in the assembly point. Almost every man had a report of Union activities. The entire Kansas forces, according to their reports, had been sent to Jackson County to wipe out the population. A hundred women and children had been butchered by the Kansas murderers. A thousand homes had been robbed and burned. Gross exaggeration, of course, but that the Federals were in strong numbers and carrying out the substance of Order #11 with grim determination, was evident.

THE guerrilla chieftains, who had returned, raged and stormed. Bloody Bill Anderson gave orders to the members of his own command to burn every known Unionist's house in retaliation, and to kill every Union man, whether or not he wore a uniform.

Quantrell again counselled flight, but men looked stonily at him and turned to Anderson and Todd, who gave them the sort of talk they preferred.

Guerrillas came into the camp all through the night; by dawn almost a hundred had assembled. Meager breakfasts were eaten and then the guerrillas broke up into a half dozen commands, with the announced plan of uniting southwest of Independence in the late afternoon.

Donny noted that Quantrell's personal command was one of the smallest and attached himself to it.

They left the forest and almost immediately came upon a troop of Union cavalry, plodding along the dusty road. They were sighted, but fled to the protection of the trees and the troop did not follow.

Thereafter, the guerrillas kept off the roads.

Toward noon, attracted by a fire that seemed larger than usual, they ventured into a clearing and found a scant half dozen Federals. They charged them furiously and Federals seemed to spring out of the very ground. The guerrillas ran, leaving two dead.

Quantrell complained bitterly as they

slunk through the woods. "I tell you, they've got us licked. There are twenty thousand bluecoats in Jackson County alone. And they'll be pouring in every day. They'll wipe us out if we don't leave."

Donny Fletcher looked up contemptuously at Quantrell. The lion who had ridden down upon Lawrence was a whining jackal now. Did he know he had passed his zenith, that his star was fading?

As they moved cautiously northward, the pillars of smoke in the sky became more numerous. Gunfire was almost continuous, but whether this was because of the resistance of individual Southerners who objected to their property being destroyed, or brushes between other guerrillas and Federals, Quantrell and his command could not determine.

They kept away from the vicinity of the gunfire. In fact, had Quantrell not promised to meet Anderson and Todd near Independence, he would most certainly have turned back from this march.

They were about four miles from Independence when it became necessary to cross a road. Quantrell approached it hesitantly and would not permit any man to go ahead of him. When he finally looked out upon the road, he dropped to the ground with an exclamation of awe.

Donny moved up and looked out. He gasped. There were people upon the road—people, wagons and horses. As far as he could see.

Women and children, wagons piled high with household goods. Here and there an aged man, no young men at all.

It was The Exodus!

He fell down beside Quantrell.

"I think you were right," he said. "The troops are carrying out Order #11 to the last letter—and beyond!"

"Where'll they go?" Quantrell whispered wonderingly. "These people haven't had any money for years." He did not add that he had sown the wind and these people were reaping the whirlwind.

"They can't go to Kansas," Donny said, "and they can't stay in Missouri. Kentucky—it's too far." His eyes widened suddenly.

His mother. She was in Independence, which was one of the military towns exempt from Order #11. But it was known that one of her sons was a guerrilla. Would they let her remain? These people out here, were coming *from* Independence!

"Let's go out and talk to them," he suggested.

Quantrell caught his arm. "Hell, no. Didn't you see the soldiers?"

Donny rose and looked again upon the road. Yes, there were soldiers riding up and down the long line. Not many, but there might be more concealed in the wagons.

His mouth became a thin, straight line. "All right, Quantrell, let's go and meet the others—if they got this far!"

The appointed rendezvous was at the Gedlow farm. The guerrillas were there, but they were skulking behind the farm. And the numbers were considerably depleted since that morning.

Bloody Bill Anderson had a bloody rag about his head. He was raging like a wounded tiger. "It was fight, fight, all the way. I never saw so many Yanks in all my life."

"I warned you," Quantrell said. "How many men did you lose?"

"What the hell's the difference? We got some Feds, more than they got of us."

"But they've got more men to begin with. They can lose five to every one of us and never miss them."

George Todd crept up, scowling. "All right, we've been run out of Jackson. How about Clay County?"

"There'll be more in Clay than here," Quantrell said, "thanks to your own work up there in the past."

"Then Cass County," snapped Todd. "Plenty good Southern folk there."

Quantrell shrugged. "We'll try it, but my idea is—Texas."

They retreated to Cass County. They found even more Union troops than they had left behind them in Jackson County. And they found more burned houses, saw more refugees along the road.

Order Number Eleven was being enforced, to the accompaniment of gunfire, the screams of bereaved widows and the cries of dying men.

By September 15, Bates, Jackson, Cass and half of Vernon County, with the exception of the sheltered oases, was a barren land. In the words of an officer who aided in the execution of the infamous order: "A crow couldn't fly through those counties without carrying his own rations."

Order Number Eleven was a blot upon Union history.

CHAPTER XV

SUMMONS TO MURDER

RETREAT, for the guerrillas, was defeat. For two years they had ravaged the border counties. They had fought the Federals a hundred times and had dispersed almost as often. That had been part of the game.

The Southern population, decidedly in the majority, had fed, sheltered and succored them.

But now there were no more Southern people. There were no places to hide, no food to be had, no secret information to be whispered in their ears. Without those things the guerrillas could not exist in Missouri.

So they retreated—unwillingly, savagely. They had brought it upon themselves and they knew it, but it did not make things easier.

Bill Anderson expressed the sentiments of most of the men. "Why the hell don't they send Price up here, or Shelby? His brigade'd be enough, with our crowd to help him."

"No, it wouldn't," Donny Fletcher said. "The eyes of the North are on Missouri now and they're going to protect it with everything they've got. We've ourselves to thank for that."

Anderson looked at Donny with hot eyes. "Why the hell you ever threw in with us, Fletcher. I don't know."

"I often wonder myself, Anderson," Donny said evenly. "And I guess quite a few of the boys do too. That Lawrence business wasn't our idea of war. All that's happening to our own people here is our fault."

Anderson began cursing. "Damn you, Fletcher. I'll—"

Big Cole Younger rode up on the other side of Anderson.

"Bill," he said, "some day one of us is going to get fed up with you."

Anderson's bloodshot eyes turned to the left, to Younger, then to the right, to Fletcher. He licked his lips. "You takin' Fletcher's side, Younger?"

"I'm taking my own side," Cole Younger replied. "And I may have more to say about that after awhile. Or maybe you want to make an issue of it now?"

Anderson snarled and spurred his horse from between Younger and Donny. Near the head of the column he pulled up beside George Todd.

"Two of a kind," said Donny.

Cole Younger shook his head. "What do you say, Fletcher—shall we quit it?"

Donny blinked. "Quit? How can we quit?"

Younger shrugged. "I saw you at Lawrence. You were pretty disgusted. So was I. You were right a minute ago; we brought all this on our own people. We're sorry—and what good does that do?"

"None at all, Cole. But quit—we can't do that. They won't let us."

"Who? Quantrell? Bill? The hell with them. I've been thinking about it for a long time. When we reach Texas, I'm going to enlist in the regular Confederate Army. So are some of my boys. Why don't you come along with us?"

Donny shook his head. "I can't, Cole. It's hard to explain. I guess I've never really got it straight in my own mind. You see, I'm a graduate of West Point."

"The Union didn't treat you very well. You fought them in Missouri—"

"I know. I've gone over that. And I joined Quantrell. I had to. It didn't seem just like fighting the Union. Kansas, yes, but Kansas was fighting me. It seemed like self defense at first, but these last few months—" Bleakness spread across Donny's face.

The head of the column had stopped. Tom Maupin galloped down the line.

"Federal camp just ahead!" he yelled. "Watch yourself. We may have a fight."

Both Younger and Donny rode to the front, where the several commanders were having a heated discussion.

"They haven't got a regular fort," Fletch Taylor was saying. "Just some earthworks thrown up. Not more'n a hundred men."

Quantrell glowered. "It's not that. We can lick them all right. But we're going to lose a lot of men. Is it worth it, for what we can gain? We're going to enter the Indian country tomorrow and we're going to need every man to get through alive."

"And we're going to need food, too!" snapped George Todd. "They've got it at the camp. And wagons and horses. It's five hundred miles to Texas, through bad country."

"If you're afraid, Quantrell—" sneered Bill Anderson.

"Have you ever seen me run?" Quantrell demanded angrily. "Who was it suggested Lawrence?"

A guerrilla galloped up on a jaded horse.

"Blunt's out there!" he shouted.

"General Blunt?" Quantrell cried. "He's at the fort?"

"He's five miles away, headin' for it with an escort. There ain't more'n forty men in the fort."

"The hell with the fort!" exclaimed Anderson. "Let's get Blunt. A general! Let's capture us a general, boys. What do you say?" He turned and shouted to the guerrillas at large.

Their yells and the sudden spurring forward of horses was his answer. It was a general forward movement that swept Donny Fletcher along with the crest.

They burst through the timber out upon the open stretch of prairie and came upon an amazing scene.

To the south was the camp of the Federals, as Taylor had reported, a mere rectangle with breastworks on three sides. A small detachment of soldiers was lined up outside of it, facing to the north.

IN the north, a half mile away, was a double rank of Federal cavalry, with a string of wagons behind it. But it was the vanguard that caught the attention of the guerrillas—two wagonloads of musicians, their instruments gleaming in the bright sun.

General Blunt was about to approach his camp, in true parade ground fashion, the band playing, his escort riding behind in formation.

The strange sight brought the guerrillas to a halt, but only for an instant. Quantrell sized up the situation and with his usual brilliancy about such things, grasped the strategic thing to do.

"We can't let them get into the fort!" he cried. "We've got to drive a wedge between them. Gregg—Younger—Poole, attack the fort!"

Commands rang out and fifty of the guerrillas rushed to the left. Quantrell and the remaining leaders galloped straight forward, the rest of the men following them.

By this time Blunt had seen the guerrillas and issued quick orders. His men fronted into a single column, facing the camp and the oncoming guerrillas. It was a foolish thing for Blunt to do. His force was outnumbered by the guerrillas. If he had made a rush for the earthworks he might have lost a few men, but the majority of them would have gained the shelter, and with the two forces united the Federals could have withstood an indefinite siege.

But Blunt was contemptuous of the guerrillas. His men were veterans. They were splendidly mounted and well equipped. Certainly they should be able to disperse the rabble that was descending upon them.

The smaller detachment of guerrillas were upon the camp now, yelling and firing. Quantrell knew that they could not storm the earthworks, but he knew, too, that they would prevent the smaller force of Federals from coming to the aid of General Blunt and his escort.

He gave an order and the guerrillas brought their horses to a halt and faced General Blunt's command, two hundred yards away. Between them, although somewhat to the west, were the wagons containing the band.

As yet, General Blunt's escort had not fired a shot. They had evidently been ordered to hold their fire until the guerrillas charged. But if their commander held the guerrillas in contempt, the soldiers did not. One or two of the men backed their horses away, wheeled and

tried to gallop away. An officer forced them back into the line at the point of a pistol.

Quantrell saw the episode and a gleam came to his eyes.

"They're scared stiff!" he said. "Let them have it, men!"

The fierce guerrilla yell went up and the guerrillas charged in a mass. The Federals promptly scattered before them. It was the worst thing they could have done. At that sort of work the guerrillas were unexcelled. The guerrillas, as always, were mounted on the best horses that could be bought or stolen. Their main arm was the Navy Colt and not a man of them had less than two.

Reins in their teeth, a revolver in each hand, the guerrillas rode down the scattered Federals.

Donny Fletcher was in the front of the charge, but when the Federals broke, he brought up his horse. His talk with Cole Younger, his thoughts of the past several days were heavy upon him. A fight against an equal, a Federal command that met them on even terms, he could have faced. But not a rout and subsequent slaughter. He had seen too much of that.

Yet purely by chance he was forced to witness the worst atrocity of all. To the west, the wagons containing the band and several civilians had taken flight. Some of Gregg's men, who had attacked the camp, cut them off and the wagons turned and came back.

Several of Quantrell's command stopped chasing soldiers and swooped down upon the band. Donny rushed his horse forward. The musicians were unarmed; several had already thrown their instruments from the wagons, apparently thinking to lighten the loads the horses must pull.

Then disaster overtook the lead wagon. A wheel came loose and the wagon overturned, spilling musicians and instruments upon the prairie.

A man in civilian's clothing was the first to leap to his feet. Donny Fletcher bore down upon him, yelling: "Drop to the ground!"

Bill Gregg, galloping up from the south, almost collided with Donny.

"What the hell, Fletcher?" he cried.

"They'll surrender!" Donny exclaimed. "They're unarmed."

The second band wagon had been halted beside the overturned first. Men were piling out, their arms raised in surrender.

A howling guerrilla rushed his horse into the thick of the musicians, firing his revolvers with both hands. Donny threw up his own revolver and snapped a quick shot at the guerrilla. The horse the ruffian was riding broke and plunged among the bandmen. But the guerrilla bounced out and fell upon a short, slight figure in civilian clothes.

He thrust both revolvers forward and fired. A dozen guerrillas galloped between Donny and the musicians and Donny wheeled his horse and rode away. He was suddenly very sick.

It was slaughter again, shooting down unarmed noncombatants, civilians, fleeing soldiers—the specialty of the guerrilla!

At the edge of the timber he dismounted from his horse and looked back upon the scene of the carnage. The prairie was dotted with slain soldiers. Here and there a guerrilla was still galloping around, and near the earthworks a group of them were firing desultorily. But the main band of the guerrillas was gathered about the captured supply train. Looting. Ah, they were good at that!

A loathing filled Donny Fletcher. A loathing for Charley Quantrell, Bloody Bill Anderson, George Todd—every guerreilla, most of all himself.

THE war reeled on. The battles became more frequent, more bloody. The screams of the dying drowned out the sobs of the living.

Shelby made a brief invasion of Missouri, but retreated before overwhelming numbers. For awhile, after Order Number Eleven was issued and executed, the border counties were still.

The guerrillas were gone. They had left Missouri. The slaughter of a hundred men at Baxter Springs was their parting outrage. Reports of their progress through the Indian Territory drifted back to Missouri. The ferocity

"Is life so dear, then? I thought it was cheap—at Lawrence."

of the guerrillas had frightened even the Indians.

Order Number Eleven was repealed in November and families who had been exiled by it began to come back to western Missouri. They found their homes burned, their livestock gone. Some built rude shacks; others lived outdoors, in the woods, even though the snow fell heavily that winter and the cold was more intense than even the old residents remembered it.

Federal patrols rode upon the main highways, but avoided the back roads and trails. The country was desolated; there was no need to beat the forest. The few returned citizens could do no damage. Their spirit had been broken during The Exodus.

Yet, as the winter wore on, shadows flitted through the wildest sections of the Sni Hills. Guerrillas? No, Quantrell was in Texas. There were rumors that his men had deposed him, that they had been enlisted as Confederate soldiers in Kirby Smith's army division.

At any rate, there were no raids upon Federal outposts. Stages and supply trains traveled the border counties with small escorts and were not attacked. So the guerrillas must still be in Texas.

They were—most of them. But the rumors had a small element of truth in them. The retreat to Texas, the inactivity of the winter, accomplished what 20,000 Federals in Missouri had not been able to do—the disintegration of the guerrillas.

Donny Fletcher did not see it happen, for he had not gone to Texas. The slaughter at Baxter Springs had been the last straw. When the guerrillas rode southwest, he rode southeast. With him went Cole Younger and a dozen others. Donny left them in Arkansas and they continued south. He traveled eastward by slow degrees, hiding by day and traveling by night. When he found a sheltered spot, he remained for days at a time. He set snares for rabbits, fished

in the icy streams and now and then, when he was in an isolated section, he shot game.

November found him in eastern Arkansas. There he learned of the repeal of Order No. 11. He resisted temptation for several weeks, but shortly after Christmas he began moving north and west.

When spring came he was once more in the Sni hills. There was life in the hills again, but he did not become a part of it. Not until he returned to his cave one day and was shocked to find an old friend and companion-in-arms sleeping on his single blanket. It was Henry Tate, who had been present that day, so long ago, when Donny had turned guerrilla.

He shook Henry awake. "When did you get back from Texas, Henry?"

Tate, who wore a fierce looking black beard these days, grinned. "Been back a long time. I came back with the chief."

"Quantrell? He's back?"

"Oh. sure. He's here with his wife."

"Wife?"

Henry Tate grimaced. "Well, he calls her that. He's changed a lot. Never got over Todd runnin' him out."

"Todd, eh? I wondered if it would be he or Anderson."

"Well, it was really both of them. They ganged up on Charley; got the men lined up, but it was George who pulled a gun on Quantrell and told him to beat it, or else—"

"And Quantrell wouldn't fight?"

"Wouldn't been any use. He'd just got hisself killed. A few of us stuck with him. I didn't like Texas, anyhow."

"But you're still with Quantrell?"

"No, I been tellin' you, Quantrell's in the brush with his wife. Ain't no one with him. Say, Donny—"

"Yes?"

Henry Tate wet his lips. "I saw a friend of yours yesterday. Fact, that's why I came here today. She sent me."

She?

Emotions long dormant in Donny Fletcher suddenly stirred. His pulse seemed suddenly faster and there was a faint drumming in his temples.

He looked at Henry Tate.

Henry said: "Miss Benton. She's livin' on the old place again."

"Their house was burned," Donny said harshly.

"She had a log shack built. Been livin' there some time. I happened to be goin' by and stopped. She asked about you, wants to see you."

It was two years. Two years since Quantrell had captured Independence and Donny had seen Susan Benton the last time. Had seen her look of contempt and heard her scornful words. Two years since he had tried to forget her—and remembered every feature of her.

YES, there was a log cabin, near the ruins of the old Benton mansion. And a small field of corn and a tiny vegetable garden. Susan Bnton, in a faded, patched gingham dress was working in the garden.

When she saw Donny Fletcher her hands tightened on the hoe until her knuckles showed white.

There was a roaring in Donny's ears as he said: "I got your message. You wanted to see me?"

Her lips moved soundlessly for a moment; then words came from them. "I —I heard you were back. Living in the woods."

She seemed no older than she had been back in '61. A faint line or two, perhaps, around her mouth, tiny spider's webs at the corners of the eyes. Features the same, finely chiseled. Firm mouth—was it quivering?

Words—words! They rushed to his throat, beat at his brain and his tongue could not say them.

The tip of her tongue moistened her lips. And then suddenly she burst out, "Can't you say anything? How long are you going to keep it up?"

Inanely, he asked: "Keep what up?"

She swept a hand toward the forest. "That! Living in the woods, like a beast."

Bewildered, he gasped, "What else can I do?"

"Surrender to the government."

"But I can't. I can't surrender. I'm not a soldier. They'd kill me."

Sudden contempt twisted her mouth. "Is life so dear, then? I thought it was cheap at Lawrence!"

"Susan!" he gasped.

She gripped her hoe fiercely. "You were at Lawrence, weren't you? You killed your share there—"

"I didn't. I never fired my gun once in the time we were there. I couldn't stand the thought of—"

"But you *were* there. And because of what you and your companions did, twenty thousand innocent people suffered. Do you know what happened to your mother? She was driven from her home, exiled like a criminal—"

Each word was a stab in his heart. His hands came up before him. "Where is she?"

Stonily, Susan Benton looked at him. "She's all right—now. But Donny, I mean it, why don't you surrender? Take your medicine. The war isn't going to last forever. You said a moment ago you did not kill anyone at Lawrence. It bears out a report I heard last winter, that you'd quit the guerrillas, because you couldn't go on."

His forehead creased. "It's true, Susan. I quit them months ago. But what can I do? I've been outlawed. If I surrender, it's—"

Behind him, Donny heard the snap of a twig. He started to turn and a voice called:

"All right, Fletcher! Hold it!"

Half-turned, Donny froze. His eyes went to Susan Benton's face, saw it white and drawn, but not shocked. She had known.

Soldiers converged upon Donny from three sides. Seven or eight of them, carbines held at the ready. A sergeant came around and plucked Donny's two Navy Colts from his belt.

Susan Benton had betrayed him. Had sent Henry Tate to draw him out here, hold him in conversation, by alternately taunting and pleading with him. She had broken down his vigilance. And then the soldiers had come out of their hiding places.

THEY rode into Independence, the Federal cavalrymen with the captured guerrilla. They dismounted before a two-story brick building and the sergeant in command of the detail walked with Donny to the door.

"Inside, Fletcher," the sergeant said. "The provost marshal will talk to you."

Donny pushed open the door and entered a small, sparsely furnished room. An officer wearing the oak leaves of a major sat behind a desk. He looked casually at Donny, gasped and pushed back his chair.

"Donny Fletcher!"

Donny inhaled softly. "Bill Wheeler!"

Major Wheeler came around his desk and gripped Donny's hand. "Donny, I'm glad to see you."

It wasn't until then that Donny backed away. "You—you're the provost marshal?"

Wheeler grimaced. "It's three years since we graduated from West Point. I'm only a major. I wasn't as lucky as George Custer." He laughed shortly. "Remember him, Donny? He graduated last in the class and he's gotten ahead

IN THE JUNE ISSUE

★ ★

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER has written a gripping novel-length thriller with a Chinatown background—**Tong Trouble**—in which Ed Jenkins, better known as the Phantom Crook, plays nemesis to the little group of assorted villains who tried to foment a hatchet-war between the Hop Sings and the Bing K'ungs. JOHN LAWRENCE contributes a Broadway Squad story, **Body of Evidence.** ROGER TORREY brings you a smashing novelette, **Too Many Angels,** and H. H. STINSON, creator of that nonesuch newshound O'Hara, will be present with **Clamp Down.** Plus other thrill packed stories and interesting features. . . .

★

BLACK MASK

On Sale April 19th

of all of us. He's a brigadier general now, and he'll have two stars before this is over. I never thought it—"

He broke off abruptly. "I'm sorry, Donny." He stepped past Donny and closed the door behind him; then he came back and gripped Donny's arm. "Sit down, Donny. We've got to have a talk."

Donny shook his head. He looked down at his clothing. "Can't you see? Can't you guess what I am?"

Major Wheeler nodded. "Of course. I'd heard of you even before I was assigned to this post. It's that I want to talk about."

"I'm your prisoner, Bill. It looks like you're the one's got to do the dirty job."

Wheeler walked around his desk and sat down in his chair. He leaned back and looked at Donny with suddenly narrowed lids. "All right, you're my prisoner. Now what?"

"What else is there? I'm a guerrilla. I know what your orders are."

"The firing squad, Donny?"

"Yes."

Major Wheeler drew a deep breath. "Three years ago—"

"Don't, Bill. Please!"

Major Wheeler seemed not to hear. He went on remorselessly, "Three years ago you were the best man in our class. You were the most brilliant graduate of the lot. If anyone had made any predictions as to which man had the best chance of succeeding, I think you would have been selected. Custer—"

"Bill!"

Wheeler laughed hollowly. "All right, Donny, I won't say any more. You're my prisoner. As provost marshal of this district, I have a duty to perform. It's not without precedent. Guerrillas have been declared outlaws and, according to orders, must be executed when captured. That the guerrilla happens to be the former classmate of the provost marshal does not enter into the matter."

Donny whispered: "Bill, this isn't easy."

Wheeler kicked back his chair and sprang to his feet. "Do you think it's easy for me? I can issue an order condemning a guerrilla to death and think no more of it, for I know that the world is better off without him. But when that guerrilla happens to be Donny Fletcher, my best friend for four years, a man I regarded as a brother—Do you think it's easy to shoot him down like a dog? My God, what do you think my feelings have been ever since I sent for you?"

"You sent for me?"

"Of course, you idiot. Do you think Susan Benton sent for you of her own accord? Do you think she betrayed the man she loved so he would face a firing squad?"

Donny Fletcher dropped into a chair. "I don't understand—"

WHEELER straightened and looked down at Donny. "I've been in Missouri since '62. I know your complete record, what they did to you in Rolla and here in Jackson County. I know what the others have done and I'm not going to condemn or defend anyone, certainly not you. Perhaps, in your place, I'd have done the same thing. But Donny, it can't go on. It's gone much too far already. You've seen this country desolated. Yes, I know some of it is the result of our own enforcement of Order Number 11. But just the same, that cannot be repeated, on either side."

"It won't be," said Donny. "The guerrillas are scattered."

"Are they? Then they'll assemble again. I happen to have information that Price is massing an army in Arkansas. . . . that he is coming up into Missouri again. Quantrell will be ahead of him, or with him."

"Quantrell's through. He hasn't been in command since shortly after Lawrence."

"Then Todd and Anderson. They're as bad as Quantrell, if not worse. Anderson is less than fifty miles from here right now, and Todd is not much further away. As soon as Price sets foot in Missouri, they'll be out. It will be as bad as last year—worse, because they know now they're fighting for a lost cause. The Confederacy is on its last legs. It's just a matter of time until Lee surrenders in the East. But there's no

Lee out here, just a dozen independent murderers, who carried on a war before Bull Run and who will keep it up after Lee surrenders."

"Missouri," said Donny, bitterly.

Wheeler nodded soberly. "Missouri has seen too much blood. Missourians are sick of it. I think they want no more; that's why the guerrillas must be exterminated. And that's the reason I sent for you, Donny."

Donny blinked. "I can take mine. I know my life's forfeit."

"Oh, damn *your* life!" exclaimed Wheeler impatiently. "I've been trying to tell you. What would Missouri or this country gain by taking the life of one guerrilla, a reformed guerrilla, at that? *You're* nothing, Donny, nothing at all. Neither am I, for that matter. There are thousands of majors in the United States Army, but there is only one Quantrell, one George Todd and one Anderson. Three fabulous men who've gripped the imaginations of a half million Missourians, struck terror to their hearts. That unholy trio, Quantrell, Todd and Anderson are more important than a thousand like you and me. Dead, I mean.

"Kill George Todd and you can withdraw a brigade from Missouri. Kill Quantrell, Todd and Anderson and you can protect Missouri with a corporal's guard. You can withdraw twenty thousand troops and send them to Virginia, where they're needed. Do you get what I'm driving at, Donny? I want Quantrell, Todd and Anderson, if I can get them, but Quantrell most of all. That's why I sent for you."

Donny got up from his chair. "I think I understand now. You want me to betray Quantrell, tell you where he is."

"Tell, hell. You could tell me exactly where he is and before I could get within ten miles of him, the grapevine telegraph would have told him I'm coming. You know that as well as I. It's Missourians who have protected Quantrell, sheltered and protected him as well as his men. They've done it for three years, and they'll continue to do it, because he's their Messiah."

"Well, in what other way can you get Quantrell?"

Major Wheeler's eyes glinted. Hard knots of muscle stood out on his jaws. "The way *another* Messiah was put out of the way; by a Judas."

Donny recoiled, "You want me to betray him?"

"War," said Major Wheeler, "can be like that."

"Bill, I agree with everything you've said. And I don't like Quantrell. I never did like him, but I rode with him as a comrade. You can't expect me—"

"I can," Wheeler snarled. "I can ask you to do anything that is right. You've conceded that your life is forfeit, that you have no right to call yourself a human being. You're dead. A dead man has no brain, no emotion; so I can ask you to do anything, even be a Judas."

Donny's face became gray. Wheeler looked at it; wincing, he dropped the harshness from his voice. "Oh, can't you see, this is *war*. A general can send a thousand men to certain death if it means a victory. He can send his own son charging against a cannon.

"Anybody can die. Why, it's really easy to have a gun in your hand and charge another man with a gun. It isn't much harder to stand up before a firing squad. But for some men, a man like you, Donny, whom I know as well as I know myself, it's much harder to do what I'm asking you to do. And yet I *know* you will do it."

"All right, Bill," Donny said in a low tone. "I'll do it."

His victory won, Wheeler said in a tone he tried to make casual, "It's got to be just between you and me. No one else must know."

"But Susan—"

"I haven't told her. She doesn't know why I wanted you. I merely convinced her that it was absolutely essential that I have a talk with you."

CHAPTER XVI

NO QUARTER ASKED

PRICE was indeed in Missouri. He had entered southeast Missouri in the closing days of August with an army of 12,000 men. It was a last desperate

attempt, for the Confederacy was tottering. In the East, Lee was retreating before Grant and it was only a matter of months until he would be compelled to capitulate.

Yet if the Confederacy was doomed, the hopes of the Union were not bright. The North was tired of the long war. The draft was unpopular, and a presidential election was coming in two months. Little Mac, deposed from supreme command a year and a half ago, was still the idol of a quarter million soldiers and the hope of the Northern peace party. Months of campaigning without apparent results had undermined the popularity of the President. Unless decisive military results were forthcoming, Lincoln would be defeated at the polls. And with his defeat would go the hopes of a Union victory, for the new administration would undoubtedly make a peace with the South on the basis of *status quo*.

The Confederacy knew this. They knew too that they could not defeat Grant's hordes in the East. A blow in the West seemed to be the answer. If Price could smash the Union army in Missouri he could invade Illinois, ungarrisoned, dash eastward into Indiana and so frighten Washington that the Confederates could name their own peace terms.

It was brilliant planning and the execution of it was devastating. With 12,000 troops, Price swept into Missouri, stripped of its one-time military strength by repeated drains from the East. General Ewing, who issued the famous Order No. 11, met Price at Pilot Knob and attempted to hold him.

Price lost 1500 men in storming Ewing's position, but he drove the Union Army before him. It was panic in St. Louis, then. Price was less than one hundred miles away and the greatest city west of the Mississippi was in no condition to defend itself. Breastworks were thrown around the city. Volunteers by the thousands offered their services. And as Price still came north, hysteria swept the city.

The Union armies marched and countermarched. They fought Price's raiders and foragers day after day, for Price, as always, brought no subsistence with him. He lived off the country and for thirty miles on each side of his path the country was stripped bare.

Price advanced to St. Clair, to Union, only forty miles from St. Louis and then, realizing that the assault of a city of almost two hundred thousand population was too much for even his doughty band, he turned westward, fighting every mile of the way.

And during all this time, terror rode in the West. Price was coming; all else was secondary. It was the day of the guerrilla, acting now under direct orders of Price.

"Give them a peep at hell!" Price told the guerrilla captains, "Put the fear of the devil and the Confederacy in their hearts. It will make my job a lot easier."

It was work the guerrillas relished; from every brush and every hole they sprang to the mythical black banners of Todd and Anderson; for Quantrell's day was over, and Anderson and Todd were the leaders now.

DONIPHAN FLETCHER skulked through the Missouri River bottoms as only a guerrilla of three years' standing could travel. Ragged, unshaven, uncouth, he slept under an overhanging ledge of the river one night, a soggy marsh the next and a third crawled into a clump of almost impenetrable brush. By day he moved furtively through the brush. When he came to a clearing, he scouted it for an hour before daring to show himself. His appearance alone told the farmer his status. And by his reaction, Donny would know whether there would be immediate pursuit, or whispered information.

He heard persistent reports that Quantrell had taken to the brush with his mistress, Kate Clarke, that he had sworn to have nothing to do with Price's campaign. But no one seemed to know exactly where he was hiding. Of Anderson and Todd, reports were more definite. Anderson was in the eastern part of the state, north of Missouri, laying waste the countryside.

Todd was nearer at hand, raiding along the river. Near Richmond, Donny

"You'll take orders like every man around here, from now on!"

ventured to approach a miserable log cabin and as he engaged a bearded farmer in conversation, a pair of wild looking boys sprang from the cabin behind the farmer and covered Donny with gleaming Navy pistols.

"Throw up your hands!" one of them cried.

Donny started to obey, instinctively, then with his hands even with his shoulders, he exclaimed; "Wait a minute, boys. You know me, at least you should." He nodded to the older boy, who might have been seventeen.

The young ruffian looked coolly at Donny for a moment; then recognition came to his eyes and his guns went down. "Why sure, you're Captain Fletcher. You was at Lawrence."

Donny nodded. "I remember your face." He remembered more too, that this was one of Bill Anderson's whelps who had run amok that gory day.

"Yeah, sure," said the guerrilla. "I'm Jim Cummings. This is my pard, Donny Pence."

"Donny—that wouldn't be Doniphan, would it?"

The youngest guerrilla nodded. "Uh-uh. My pap named me after Colonel Doniphan."

"What are you boys doing around here?"

Jim Cummings jerked the muzzle of a Navy pistol at the farmer. "Visitin' my uncle. We was at home near Kearney; now we're going back to join Captain Todd."

"That's fine," exclaimed Donny. "I'll go with you."

Donny Pence suddenly nudged Jim Cummings. Then he leaned over and whispered something in the latter's ear. Cummings' close-set eyes narrowed even more.

"Say, I ain't seen you in almost a year. You left us in Texas last winter. Where've you been since?"

Donny waved vaguely toward the south. "At home, Jackson County."

"Yeah?" said Cummings. "Donny just reminded me—seems Captain Todd said something about you awhile ago. It wasn't so good."

Donny shrugged. "Oh, I was a little sore after Lawrence. I didn't see where

all this was getting me. You know, I didn't get a dollar out of Lawrence and I didn't quite like the way Quantrell let Gregg and me and some of the boys stand off the whole Union army while he made his getaway."

"Todd didn't like that either," said Cummings. "It was one of the things he held against Quantrell. He never did like the way Quantrell always watched out for his own hide."

Donny Pence said: "I'm the best revolver shot in Clay County."

Jim Cummings brightened. "He ain't just talkin', Captain. He's only sixteen, but there ain't a man in the outfit can beat him shootin'."

"I'll show you," said the beardless guerrilla.

Donny Fletcher made an impatient gesture. "Show me the next time we meet a Federal."

GEORGE TODD had changed. His jaw was slack, now, and when he talked saliva bubbled on his lips. Always a fierce fighter, he was absolutely without restraint now. He stared at Donny Fletcher and his jaws worked.

"You!" he spat, "Why aren't you with Quantrell, hiding out in the brush like a yellow dog?"

Donny shrugged vaguely. "I heard you'd been seeing some action."

"Action!" A fanatical gleam lit up Todd's blood-shot eyes. "Did you hear what we did at Centralia? The Yanks chased us out of town and when they caught up with us, they dismounted to give us a volley." He laughed, without humor. "The fools dismounted to fight us! Can you imagine that?"

"I can't," said Donny. "How many were there?"

"As many as us. Maybe two hundred and fifty. We wiped them out; not more than a dozen got away and we lost only one man."

Donny gasped: "You killed 240 Federals?"

Todd waved in the general direction of his command. "See the nice blue uniforms the boys are wearing? They got them at Centralia."

Donny shook his head. Bill Wheeler had been right. The guerrillas were out again, and stronger than ever. They were emboldened by success and drunk with blood. They were no longer human beings, but savage beasts of the forest. These last two or three weeks Donny had seen evidence of the terror they had draped over the countryside.

If Price was successful in Missouri, the guerrillas would make a shambles of the state.

Donny said casually, "Where's Price now?"

Todd showed yellow teeth: "He's marching to Boonville."

"He took Jefferson City?"

"Naw. The Feds dug trenches and Price figured he didn't want to waste no time, takin' such a small town. He went around it. Shelby took Boonville last week. He's up around Glasgow now. In a couple of days he and Fagan and Marmaduke are going to join up with Price and then it's Kansas City. We'll have it next week."

A fine film of perspiration appeared on Donny's forehead. "You're going with Price?"

"You bet!" Todd smacked his lips. "We're meetin' him tomorrow or the day after. And it's action from then on."

Donny nodded grimly. "That will suit me, that is, if it's all right with you."

Todd frowned. "Well, to tell you the truth, you and me never got on too well, but I guess I can use you. The boys have been a little hard to handle lately, and if you want to stick around, you can take charge of the pickets and skirmishers. But I'm warning you, it's a tough job. The boys don't think we need regular army stuff any more."

"I'll take over. How many men can I have?"

"Well, there are only about one hundred and fifty here now. But Thrailkill ought to show up with about fifty more. Take about thirty men."

Donny went among the guerrillas. Most of their faces were new. Only here and there were there familiar ones. Cole Younger had enlisted in the regular army and was in Louisiana. Dave Poole, Fletch Taylor and Arch Clements were with Anderson.

Big George Sheppard was still here, though. He and Donny had never got along. Sheppard saw Donny and chuckled wickedly. "Hello, West Point. What's the matter? The Federals run you out of Lee's Summit?"

"Hello, George," Donny replied calmly. "You look like you'd make a nice picket. Get your things together."

Sheppard's face twisted into a scowl. "Listen, you—" he began.

"Captain Todd's orders," Donny snapped.

"Be damned to Todd," Sheppard swore. "And you too. I'll take no orders from any white-fingered snob."

Donny hit him in the face. It was a savage blow that sent Sheppard reeling back against a tree. He clawed instinctively for a gun, but Donny stepped forward and rammed the muzzle of a Navy pistol into the big guerrilla's stomach.

"That will be all from you, Sheppard. You'll take orders like every man around here, from now on."

Sheppard wiped a trickle of blood from his mouth with a big, dirty hand.

"All right," he conceded with a whisper that was belied by the venomous gleam in his eye.

Donny selected the rest of his men. There was some grumbling but no open remonstrance, for most of the guerrillas had seen the encounter between him and Sheppard.

The older guerrillas had always treated Donny with more respect than they had shown for other members of the organization. It wasn't just because Donny came from a substantial family, because there were many guerrillas whose family were the equal.

A man was judged by the guerrillas for his fighting prowess and Donny had proved himself in that respect many, many times. His knowledge of military tactics, even though the men too often rebelled against it, was conceded grudging admiration by all.

Those who had been at Lawrence knew that Donny's masterful covering of the retreat had done more to save them from annihilation than anything else.

Thrailkill, true to Todd's conviction, showed up shortly after noon, but there were only thirty-three men with him.

"We met a company of Wisconsin militiamen," Thrailkill told Todd. "I lost twelve men, but we took care of more than twice that number."

Todd frowned. "Where's Price?"

"He left Boonville this morning. His skirmishers are right behind us."

Todd exclaimed exultantly. "Then let's get busy. We'll keep just a little ahead of him, to the Little Blue. There ain't no fun being in back of Price's robbers. A jack-rabbit couldn't live behind them. Get the men together. Fletcher! Throw out your skirmishers. We're moving, straight to the Little Blue. We'll wait for Price there, because I've got an idea that's the place he'll have a little resistance."

PRICE did meet resistance at the Little Blue, resistance that would have stunned a less seasoned or less ferocious army than his ten thousand veterans. But Price's star was still in the ascendancy. His miraculous charm still held. As always, he was near the fighting, sitting calmly on his horse with his staff about him, studying the theatre of the battle and making his decisions with quick vigor.

Price crossed the Little Blue. It cost him dearly, but he drove a demoralized Union Army before him. He took Lexington and then it was a straight march to Independence. There the Union must make its stand. The fate of Missouri would be decided—the fate, perhaps, of the entire cause. For if Price destroyed the Union army, the West was his. Kansas would be laid waste and Price could turn leisurely, gathering recruits by the thousand, and march back through Missouri into Illinois.

The fighting between Lexington and Independence satisfied even the ardor of Todd's guerrillas. It was charge and countercharge all the way. The last human traits left the guerrillas, when Price in a weak moment let Todd have six prisoners the guerrillas claimed to have taken at Lexington. The men were hanged, and when the bodies were cut down they were promptly scalped.

Donny, haggard from the savage pace, knew nothing of this affair until one of his own skirmishers told him about it on the morning after. He knew then that he could delay no longer. He had to remove Todd. The time was not propitious, but it couldn't be helped any more. Todd had gone too far. In a day or two a decisive battle would be fought. If the South won, Todd would gain five hundred recruits and with that many guerrillas—Donny shuddered at the very thought of it.

He rode back to the main body of the guerrillas. "I think you had better call in the skirmishers, Captain. We've lost five or six during the last hour. Best not to keep the men so scattered from now on."

In a way it was the truth, for resistance was so continuous now that the thin skirmish line was in constant peril. Yet if it was drawn in, the main body would have to increase its vigilance, in order not to walk into a trap.

Yet a trap was what Donny wanted. It might catch Todd in its jaws; if it didn't, Donny had to get him away from the main command.

"The Federals are going to make a stand at Independence," he told Todd. "It's going to be artillery against artillery and probably the bayonet. Do we want to be in on that?"

Todd scowled. He knew the strange apathy of the guerrilla for artillery. Carbines and pistols they relished; they throve on the cavalry charge, but artillery—as far back as Pea Ridge, the guerrillas had ignominiously left the field when shells fell around them. In that respect, they were similar to the Indians. None of the Confederate Indian allies had ever been able to stand artillery.

"Maybe we'd better do a little reconnoitering," Todd said, "and see if we can't do better work on the flanks."

"That's what I had in mind," Donny offered. "But it had better be a good survey. Some of the boys may not like the looks of things."

"I'll go myself," Todd offered.

Donny could scarcely conceal his exultance; he had counted on that, for he knew Todd of old. A reckless fighter when the odds were in his favor, he was usually shy of taking too great risks.

In the assault on Independence, in '62, Todd had counseled against charging a small detachment of Federals in a stone house. Quantrell had prevailed against him and the results had been disastrous.

Personal courage, Todd had plenty, but heavy losses of men undermined his power with the guerrillas.

A captain could rally men only as long as the men believed the leader invincible. A defeat and the individual guerrillas deserted to another leader. Todd himself had come into the command in that manner.

Todd prepared his horse for the scout, looked over his six Navy pistols and changed the nipples.

Then, mounted, he suddenly changed his mind.

"No, Fletcher, I can't go. It's too near the time for action. You go. Take a couple of men with you."

Donny swore under his breath, but knew that he could not refuse a scout he had himself suggested. He selected a couple of men at random, Jud Wills, a whiskered ruffian, six and a half feet tall and Mahoney, a shambling old-timer.

They had scarcely left the guerrilla camp when the rumble of heavy artillery came to them from the south and west.

"Think we better go back?" Mahoney asked.

"No," Donny said savagely. "Todd told us to make a scout and a scout we'll make, if it's right up to the cannon."

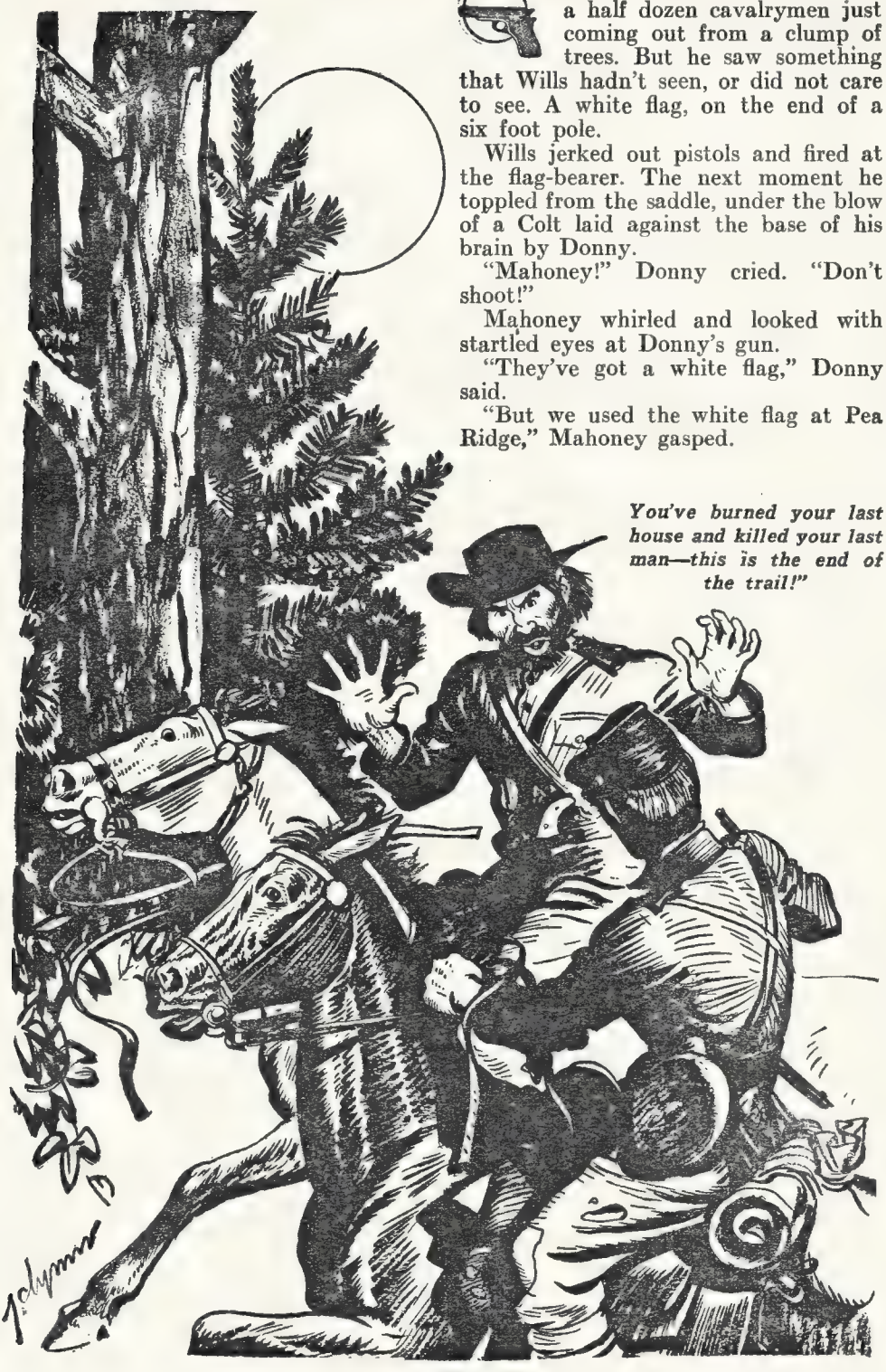
Jud Wills wiped tobacco juice from his mouth into his ragged whiskers.

"Not me," he said laconically. "When grape starts whistlin' around me, I got business somewhere else."

Donny dropped back, so he was between the two guerrillas and a couple of feet behind them. His hands dropped carelessly upon the butts of the Navy Colts on either hip.

"Boys—" he began, and at that instant Jud Wills jerked his horse back.

"Federals!" he cried in a hoarse whisper.



DONNY saw them too, then, a half dozen cavalrymen just coming out from a clump of trees. But he saw something that Wills hadn't seen, or did not care to see. A white flag, on the end of a six foot pole.

Wills jerked out pistols and fired at the flag-bearer. The next moment he toppled from the saddle, under the blow of a Colt laid against the base of his brain by Donny.

"Mahoney!" Donny cried. "Don't shoot!"

Mahoney whirled and looked with startled eyes at Donny's gun.

"They've got a white flag," Donny said.

"But we used the white flag at Pea Ridge," Mahoney gasped.

You've burned your last house and killed your last man—this is the end of the trail!"

"Theirs is on the level. Sit still."

The Federals approached warily, but they had seen Donny's reaction to Will's fire upon them and they were willing to take a chance. When they were about twenty feet away, they stopped.

A soldier with sergeant's chevrons said, "We've got a letter for General Price. It's important for you fellows."

"You mean our army?"

The sergeant shook his head. "No—just *you* fellows."

Donny rode forward. "Let me have the letter." He pointed his revolver carelessly at the sergeant and held out his left hand for the letter.

"It's got to go to Price."

"It'll get there."

The Union sergeant surrendered the letter and backed his horse away. Donny watched somberly while the others followed their sergeant's example. A half dozen Union soldiers didn't care to turn their backs upon even a single pair of guerrillas. When they finally backed into the trees, Donny looked at the letter. He saw that it was open, even though addressed to Major General Sterling Price, commanding Confederate forces.

Donny took out the single sheet of paper, opened it and read the message. His mouth tightened.

"What is it, lieutenant?" Mahoney asked.

"They've hanged six Confederate prisoners in retaliation of what Todd did yesterday."

Mahoney swore luridly. "Why, they can't do that! It ain't right."

"It wasn't right for us to do it," snapped Donny. "This letter also says that if our outfit doesn't withdraw they'll shoot every prisoner they've got. This letter has to go to General Price immediately. And you're going to deliver it, Mahoney."

"Sure," said Mahoney taking the letter, "I'll go right away." He turned his horse.

Donny said savagely, "And get a receipt for it! If you haven't got it when you get back to camp, so help me, I'll kill you."

Mahoney rode due south, where the cannon fire was now a continuous roar. Donny dismounted from his horse and discovered that Wills was regaining consciousness. He waited until the guerrilla opened his eyes. Then he said, "Wills, get on your horse and ride back to camp. Tell Todd why I sent you back and if you don't I'll settle with you when I get in."

With that, Donny turned his horse and galloped it across the clearing, toward the woods, into which the Federal cavalrymen had disappeared.

Reaching the shelter of the trees, he halted his horse and took a piece of soiled paper from his pocket. With a stub of a pencil, and using his saddle pommel for a writing surface, he wrote:

"Major William Wheeler, Provost Marshal, Independence, Mo. Older party will be eliminated today."

He did not sign the note, but after it was written he broke a branch from a tree and tied his handkerchief on the end of it. Then he pressed forward into the forest, making as much noise as he could.

A couple of dismounted cavalrymen, with carbines pointed at him, stepped out from behind trees, inside of five minutes. They were from the party which had itself been the bearers of a flag of truce a little while ago.

Donny said: "I've a message that must get to Major Wheeler, the provost marshal of Independence."

One of the soldiers took the note and glanced at it. "There's no name signed to this and the message don't make sense."

"It will, to Major Wheeler. And he'll know from whom it is."

"All right, he'll have it inside of a half hour."

"Thank you."

Twenty minutes later, Donny rode into the guerrilla camp and found it in an uproar. Mahoney had delivered the Federal message to General Price and Price had replied to it—quickly and decisively, as always.

Todd had the reply. He stormed up to Donny and roared: "Damn you, Fletcher, why'd you send that message for Price?"

"It was brought under a flag of truce,

and I didn't think I could hold out a message of the general's."

"But you read it. Why the hell didn't you bring it to me first?"

Donny snarled, "There's more important things right now. Come with me out here and I'll show you—"

Todd's eyes widened uneasily. "What's up? You made your scout?"

"Yes. And I want you to come out here a ways. I'll show you something—"

Todd vaulted into the saddle of his horse, which he always kept handy these days. "I'll get some of the boys."

"No, it's better they don't see this. It'll only take five minutes."

Todd's curiosity got the best of his cautiousness. He rode beside Donny into the woods.

"Price's given an order that we're to quit the army. Says he can't have us around anymore. The white-whiskered, sanctimonious hypocrite! Didn't he himself ask Bill Anderson and me to join him this last time?"

Donny pointed to a little glade just ahead. "There, Todd!"

"What? I don't see anything?"

"You're sure? None of your men around?"

"No. Say—" A startled look came into the guerrilla captain's eyes. "Fletcher, don't—"

"George Todd," Donny Fletcher said evenly. "This is the end of the trail. You've earned what's coming to you a hundred times. You've burned your last house and killed your last man."

"Fletcher!" Todd cried, hoarsely. "For God's sake—"

"Don't talk about God. I've heard men beg for mercy and you didn't give them any. There was that man near Lawrence, whose head you bashed in. Draw, Todd!"

But Todd was suddenly gripped by hysteria. "Don't, Fletcher. Don't! I ain't ready to die. I'll let you take over in my place. I'll go away—"

"Draw, Todd," Donny whispered. "Don't make me shoot you down in cold blood."

Todd wouldn't draw. The murderer of fifty men was suddenly afraid of death. Certain death. In a cavalry charge there was always a chance, but now—he seemed to know that this was fate.

DONNY knew it too. And he knew that he had to kill George Todd, by fair means or foul. His death was too long overdue. Alive, he could take too many other lives.

He whipped out a Navy pistol. And still Todd bleated in sheer terror. But he would not draw his own gun.

Donny shot him through the throat.

As Todd's body toppled from his horse, Donny rode past it, back to the guerrilla camp.

Thrailkill was the first man he met.

"Todd's dead," Donny said shortly.

Thrailkill's mouth fell open. "Dead! Why, he just rode off with you a few minutes ago."

"I know. I'd made a scout and located an ambush. He wanted to see it. He wouldn't believe there were Federals hiding in the brush. I tried to hold him back, but he rode out into a clearing. A sniper got him through the throat."

Thrailkill stared, bewildered. "After all these years, a sniper—"

"His number was up, and so's ours. Todd told you about Price's order?"

"Yes. But—"

"But what?"

"Todd wasn't going."

"Shelby's moving over," Donny said harshly. "He'll wipe us out if we don't leave the field."

"But where'll we go?"

Donny shook his head. "The war'll be over tomorrow. The Union army will beat us. Can't you hear those cannons? They're making their last stand and they're holding us. Their guns haven't retreated in an hour. And Pleasanton's at Lexington, coming up with ten thousand cavalry. Pleasanton's the best cavalry general in the Union Army outside of Phil Sheridan."

Thrailkill was too confused to realize, at the moment, that Donny Fletcher couldn't possibly know Pleasanton's whereabouts.

He pulled abstractedly at his ear, then came to a sudden conclusion. "Well, I don't know what the rest of the boys are going to do, but me, I'm

going north—and I'm going now!"

He ran back to the main body of the guerrillas, and inside of thirty seconds the tragedy of Captain Todd's death was known to every man.

CHAPTER XVII

ANDERSON'S LAST RIDE

TODD was dead, and in his passing Bill Anderson saw his own end. The sun was setting on the long day of the guerrilla. but before it went down altogether Bloody Bill Anderson intended to exact the maximum toll.

All through the twenty-second and twenty-third days of October he dashed through the Missouri bottom-lands like a starved timber wolf. The faint, almost continuous rumble of guns, fifteen and twenty miles away seemed to madden him. He wanted to be in the thick of it, for unlike Todd, Anderson had never been cautious. The man did not know the meaning of fear.

But Price's ultimatum had been brought to him by Donny Fletcher and the remnants of Todd's command. Even though Anderson would defy it, his men would not. They knew, too well, the type of men and officers that had earned for Joe Shelby's men the term "The Iron Brigade."

Anderson had two hundred men. With them he was safe against any hostile force three times the size of his own. Right now, there was no force that large not engaged at Independence and Westport. But there were plenty of small detachments, wagon trains, plunder.

Yes, there was plenty upon which Anderson could vent his rage. Donny had ridden with Anderson in '62; he had been with Quantrell at Baxter Springs, but never had he seen such ruthlessness as he saw those two days in late October.

They were in the saddle from dawn to midnight. They burned a hundred homes, fought a dozen pitched battles with Federals. What the toll in dead and wounded was on the other side, Donny could not even begin to guess, but it was severe. The guerrillas themselves lost twenty men and almost a hundred had wounds of some description.

Donny was in the thick of it all. He rode constantly beside Anderson, hoping for a moment of laxity on the part of the guerrilla leader, an opportunity when others would not be watching. But Anderson kept his band too closely about.

The cannons became fainter on the 23rd and Donny realized with a sinking heart that they had moved farther west. That meant Westport and Kansas City, a Union defeat.

Defeat it was. Price's divisions, under Shelby, Fagan and Marmaduke, were fighting their last campaign. It was win or give up forever. The men fought like demons. The Federals had the advantage of position and numbers at Independence, but Price rolled them back.

At Westport the civilian population was frantically digging in for a siege. Westport, must hold, for it was the gateway to Kansas and if Price got into Kansas. the state would be desolated. Price's Missourians hated Kansans above all Unionists. They would receive no mercy.

Major-General Curtis, the hero of Pea Ridge, was in command of the Kansas department, with headquarters in Kansas City, four miles from Westport.

Price fought from Independence to Westport, victory giving his army the last bit of strength they needed. Just one more battle, one more day, and it would be all over. Missouri and Kansas would be in their hands. Victory and honor. And revenge!

It was hand to hand at Westport, with Price storming the earthworks. Only men who were fighting for their homes could hold back the hungry tide now. But they couldn't hold it for long.

Merciful darkness saved them. The opposing armies rested on their arms. In Price's camp, the generals got together and planned the final assault for the morning.

And in Kansas City, the defeated Union generals decided that flesh and blood could only stand so much. They would have to fall back tomorrow, give West-

Bloody Bill Anderson saw the death in Donny's face.

port and Kansas City to Price and hope that he would be content with that and permit them to retreat to Leavenworth, where the Union Army might in time gather new strength.

And where was Pleasanton?

The telegraph wires had been down these three days. But surely they must know there in the east that Price was at the door of Kansas!

Why didn't Pleasanton come? Ten thousand cavalrymen would help to hold Westport another day, although another day wasn't enough. It would take a week for enough help to come.

MAJOR-GENERAL Alfred Pleasanton was at Lexington, forty miles away. He was coming, riding through the night, with not ten, but four thousand cavalrymen—seasoned campaigners, yes,

but far too few to hurl against the iron brigade of Shelby, the divisions of Price and Marmaduke and Fagan.

Forty miles, through the night, on horses that had already traveled a hundred miles in two days. But he was coming. Through the river bottoms, through ravished Independence, where he routed Price's rearguard. On to Westport, and the dawn already breaking.

The guns began to roar. With a sinking heart General Curtis threw the last of the Kansas militia into the front lines. They had to hold Price's charge, so the retreat would not become a rout.

They came, Shelby's and Fagan's cavalry, and behind them, the infantry. The iron brigade struck the Union line and hurled it back. Revolvers and sabers, now, and the long Union bayonet.

The blue line is holding—no, it is going back. It is breaking.

Price is the victor!

But what is that dull rumble in the east, that long roll of thunder? Cannon? No, too dull.

Horses' hoofs!

Yes, yes! And there they come! Pleasanton's four thousand cavalrymen, spread out in battle array, a solid mass of flesh and bone and steel.

Fighting Joe Shelby sees the blue wave. Oh, they're trying a charge! Against the Iron Brigade!

"Right wheel! This is old stuff to us. We've taken a hundred charges and we've never been licked yet. Give them hell, boys!"

The blue juggernaut comes on; it meets the gray and butternut. The very earth seems to tremble from the fury of the collision.

And then—then the gray and butternut is hurled back! Shelby's Iron Brigade is defeated. It is retreating. A rout!

Incredible, unbelievable! But it is true. Pleasanton's cavalry has come on the field, at the eleventh hour, in one of the most magnificent cavalry charges in all history. It has struck and routed one of the finest bodies of fighting men ever assembled under a banner, Fighting Joe Shelby's Iron Brigade.

The embattled Union Army has seen Pleasanton's charge. And now, their retreat halted, they are charging forward with the bayonet. Price's division is hurled back, Fagan is crushed and Marmaduke in retreat. The entire Confederate army is demoralized.

Shelby rallies his men. They cannot attack Pleasanton, but the horses of Pleasanton's men are utterly exhausted. They can't make another charge. And so Shelby can cover the rear of Price's army and save it from utter annihilation.

ANDERSON did not learn of Price's defeat at Westport until the 25th of October, when Price was already crossing the Osage. The guerrillas were in camp when the news came. Anderson was sitting on his saddle, staring into a tiny camp-fire. Donny Fletcher lay on the ground a dozen feet away, watching Bloody Bill, as he had the last few days.

A ragged guerrilla brought the news to Anderson. The guerrilla chieftain listened as the man talked excitedly, then nodded casually and continued to stare into the fire.

After two or three long minutes he suddenly got to his feet and swiveled his head about, so he could see the entire encampment. Donny was close enough to see his face and a little shiver ran through him.

Anderson was mad, no question of it. The streak of insanity had always been in him. Even Quantrell had commented on it one time in Donny's hearing, but now the virus had spread through Anderson's entire brain.

These years had been hard on Anderson, no doubt. Donny compared him today with the man of almost four years ago, the Anderson Donny had met on the *Polar Star*, going from St. Louis to Kansas City. Anderson had worn the veneer of a gentleman then. There had been a rather wild cast to his eye, but he'd had complete control of himself. Now—

Bloody Bill Anderson roared: "Saddle your horses, men. We're riding!"

There were protests. The men had been in the saddle for days. They couldn't stand much more.

Bloody Bill raged through the camp. "You yellow-livered, sniveling bunch of cowards! You're with Bill Anderson, not with Quantrell. When you're with me, you obey orders. When I tell you to kill, you kill. And any lousy son doesn't want to, can get the hell out of here. The rest of you—into your saddles!"

A few men may have sneaked off in the darkness, but most of them saddled and mounted. Donny Fletcher was among them.

They galloped through the river bottoms that night, using the torch and the revolver continuously. In the morning, they neared Richmond and Anderson was all for storming and burning the town. But here his men balked.

"There's a regiment of Federal cavalry in town!"

"We'll lick the hell out of them!" Anderson snarled.

Arch Clements, a young hellion of about twenty, rode his horse up beside Anderson. "I'm with you, Bill. I never did like Richmond."

Donny dug his heels into his horse's flanks and sent the animal rearing on its hind legs. "And I'm with you, Bill! Let's go!"

He fought the plunging animal and with one hand whipped out a revolver. He emptied it wildly at the town. Anderson rode up to him, a baleful gleam in his eye.

"What the hell'd you do that for?"

"You said you wanted to attack the town. Well, come on, what's holding you back?"

Donny rushed his horse forward fifty feet, then whirled it.

"Come on!" he yelled. "Are you afraid?"

"Federals!" howled a half dozen guerrillas. "They're coming!"

And coming they were, a thundering mass of blue, outnumbering the guerrillas five to one. Anderson tried to rally his men, but they had no stomach for this fight out in the open. They turned and plunged for the shelter of the forest.

Anderson, Clements and Donny galloped after them.

"I'll kill you for that, Fletcher!" Anderson raged as he rode beside Donny. "Your shooting warned them."

"Any time, Bill!" Donny cried. "Any time."

IN THE shelter of the trees the guerrillas rallied and poured a withering fire at the Federal cavalry. The latter promptly retired to a safe distance, to plan a flanking maneuver. Even when outnumbering Bloody Bill Anderson five to one, Federals never charged him in the woods.

Bloody Bill seized the opportunity to form a retreat.

"We'll make them follow us," he exclaimed. "Fightin' our way, we'll cut them to pieces. Come on, boys."

They retreated noisily into the brush. The Federals followed cautiously, throwing out skirmishers. When they were a half mile in the woods, Bloody Bill sent the main body of his men to the right. With a score of men, he took shelter.

"We'll hold them like this for about five minutes," he said. "They'll know there aren't many of us by then and figure the rest of you've beat it. They'll try rushing us. Then you boys hit them from the rear. We'll give them Centralia all over again."

The Federal skirmishers came in sight a few minutes later and Anderson ordered his small detachment to open fire. The skirmishers fell back and returned after a minute or two, reinforced. The guerrillas fired spasmodically, giving the impression of a small force.

"All right," Anderson said in a low tone. "They're going to charge. We'll get them. Ready—"

The guerrillas lined up in a thin line. To the right, out of sight of the Federals, was the main force of the guerrillas. They would strike the flank of the Federal charge, smash it to pieces.

The Federals were coming now. Anderson stood up in his saddle and said: "Let's go!"

Reins in his teeth, a Navy Colt in each hand, the guerrillas charged. The Federals saw the small number of them, roared and came forward.

And then, as the two bodies, the small and the large, moved together, the

(Continued on page 109)

NARROW ESCAPES

Tales of Texas Cow Camps, collected by

MODY C. BOATRIGHT

LANKY, the tenderfoot, had thought all day about questions he would ask when he sat around the campfire with the cowboys after supper.

"What," he asked, "was the narrowest escape you ever had?"

"I've had my share of close calls," said Hank. "Funny how some little thing you don't expect jest as like as not comes along and takes you off."

"Nothin' ain't got you yet, Hank," said Red. "You're here, ain't you? What you kickin' about?"

"I was jest thinkin' how near I come to bein' kilt once. And if it hadn't of been for Zac Weber, I would of been.

"That lad could handle a six-gun, I can tell you. I've seen him knock down six flyin' quail with his old Colt forty-five, ridin' at a high run. He could turn six pigeons loose at a time and knock 'em every one down before they could git away. When he went duck huntin' he never packed anything but his old six-shooter. Some of the boys had shot-guns, but Zac said his conscience never would git over it if he turned one of them murderous implements loose on a pore helpless fowl. And he never shot a duck on the water, either. Not Zac. Mighty glad I was that he could shoot like that, too, for he saved my life."

"Bandit trouble?" asked Lanky.

"Naw, worse," said Hank. "Have you ever seen a centipede, Lanky?"

"No," said Lanky; "I don't suppose I have."

"Well, I'll tell you what they look like so as you'll know 'em. They're flat yeller worms with a hundred legs, like fringe on each side, and on every foot there's a little hook that the centipede can hook into things that he walks on. And them hooks is so pizenous that if he walks across your skin while he's mad, your flesh will putrefy, and you'll go as crazy as a locoed hoss, and like as not take to the bushes like a jackrabbit unless somebody holds you.

"Well, what I started out to tell you was, one time at dinner me and Zac was settin' on the ground about fifty feet apart facin' each other eatin' our beans and sow-belly. All at once I got a

glimpse of somethin' like a yellow streak runnin' up my vest on my bandanner, but I couldn't tell what it was.

" 'Good God, man!' says Zac. 'It's a centipede!'

"Well, we'd took off our gloves to eat, and I knowed if I tried to knock the critter-off, I'd jest make him mad, and he'd git me shore. And I knowed if Zac come over to knock him off with a stick or somethin', he'd be dead certain to chase him off on my neck.

" 'Let him alone,' I says, 'and maybe he'll crawl off after awhile.'

" 'Jest be still,' says Zac. And he whips out his old six-shooter, and I hears the bullet whistle by my ear.

" 'I got him,' says Zac.

"And I takes off my bandanner, and there is jest a little speck where the bullet had jest barely teched it. I always did feel grateful to Zac after that, for he shore did save my life that day."

"You think, then, that if the centipede had touched your skin, he would really have killed you?" asked Lanky.

"I don't think nothin' about it," said Hank. "I know it. Why, I tell you what happened. You see, Zac didn't have time to look what was on the other side of me when he shot, but jest as he pulled the trigger, he noticed an old cow-brute standin' about fifty yards off chewin' his cud. Well, this old steer jumped, so Zac said he must of hit him. Still we couldn't see no wound on him. We roped him and looked at the critter close and found a bullet hole in his dew-lap."

"In his what?" asked Lanky.

"Why, in his dew-lap," said Hank. "That's the grissle thing that hangs down from the neck of a cow-brute jest where it joins on to the breast. They used to vaccinate for the black-leg by makin' a hole in it. We knowed the steer couldn't be hurt much there; so we turns him loose, and he starts off.

"He hadn't gone more than twenty steps, when his neck was all swole up, big as a saddle-hoss. Then he begin to rave and charge and beller so we jest shot him to git him out of his misery.

"That's how pizenous them centipedes are."

"A THING happened to me once," said Joe. "I was green in them days. You see I was ridin' around a rim-rock, lookin' out for steers in the canyon down below, and down below it was, shore-nuff—five hundred feet straight down—jest as straight as a wall.

"Well I'd rode along that way for a while, when suddenly I took a fool notion to smoke. So I rolled me a fat tamale, and pulled out a match and struck it on my saddle-horn.

"Jest then that fool bronc bogged his head and begun pitchin' and bawlin' like six-bits, and the next thing I knowed he'd fell off that rim-rock. And it was five hundred feet to the bottom if it was an inch. When that hoss hit the bottom, he jest naturally spattered all over the scenery."

"And you?" asked Lanky.

"Well, you see," said Joe, "when we went off that rim-rock together, I knowed that that saddle that I had been tryin' so hard to stay in was no place for me then; so I got off; and I had to be damn quick about it, too. I wasn't much more than off the brute when he hit the bottom."

Red put a chunk on the fire.

"That puts me in mind," said he, "of a hunt I went on in the Guadalupe Mountains. We was after big-horn sheep.

"I was follerin' some of them critters around a ledge, and presently I looked around and seen where I was. The ledge was jest about a foot wide; and I looked down, and there was a bluff right straight down for five hundred feet, and I looked up, and there was a wall five hundred feet straight up. There wasn't no way to git off that ledge but to go on or to turn back like I come, and in some places the footin' was mighty ticklish, mighty ticklish.

"Well, I walked along till I come to a slick place, and my foot slipped, and I had to let go my gun to keep from failin'.

"Well, not havin' any gun, I thought I had jest as well go back to the camp; so I started back like I come. I goes around a little bend, and there comes

(Continued on page 101)

THE CAMP-FIRE

Where readers, writers and adventurers meet

READERS who have followed us for years have sent in no request more often than this one—bring back Captain Caradosso. Here he is again. Meeting the old soldier, scoundrel and schemer brings us a warmth of pleasure and the memory of many good hours together. And the second novelette of his adventures is already at hand.

Says the creator of Luigi Caradosso, F. R. Buckley:

Lest *Adventure's* old friend Luigi Caradosso be accused of prophecy or politics—or of approving personal violence— I should like to say that in "Captain of the Guard" he writes, as ever, only of matters within his personal knowledge; and that, as a soldier, he refrains from opinion.

In this case, he seems to have met with a local emulation of the feat of three young men—Lampugnani, Visconti and Olgiati—at Milan, in 1476; they stabbed to death the tyrant Galeazzo Maria Sforza before the altar of San Stefano.

There had been many previous assassinations in church—notably that of the Chiavistelli family.

Strange as it may seem to us moderns—they concerted their plot and took their vows of loyalty to each other before a picture of the patron saint of Milan "begging his protection for themselves and for all his people"; they rehearsed for ten days "striking one another with the sheaths of their daggers"; immediately before their deed they attended first Mass and invoked the aid of St. Stephen; and afterwards, through the most appalling tortures to the death, Olgiati maintained that he had made "a sacrifice acceptable to God."

When, at the last, the executioner was breaking the ribs beneath his pincer-torn flesh, the lad gasped out "Courage, Girolamo! Life is sweet, death is bitter; but glory is eternal."

Lampugnani had been cut down on the spot by the tyrant's guard; Visconti repented before he died—perhaps for the same reason as did Pietro Boscoli, executed for an attempt against the Medici in 1513. His confessor told him that St. Thomas Aquinas condemned conspiracy absolutely —but was impelled to admit later, to a friend, that St. Thomas "drew a distinction permitting conspiracy against tyrants who had forced themselves on peoples against their will."

And Galeazzo Sforza was rather more. A public oppressor of the most savage type, he was in private life a lecherous, treacherous brute who had outraged the sister of one of the boys who killed him, and whose favorite amusement was to "fling his closest friends into dungeons and feed them on abominations."

Meantime, Machiavelli was considering assassination quite calmly as an instrument of policy; and Boccaccio (a most serious philosopher) was writing: "Shall I obey a tyrant loyally as my lord? No, for he is the enemy of the commonwealth. Against him I may use arms, conspiracy, spies, ambush, fraud; to do so is a sacred and necessary work. There is no more acceptable sacrifice than the blood of a tyrant."

I quote these authorities as evidence of the spirit of the period. And add this passage from Burckhardt:

"Each individual protested inwardly against despotism, but was rather disposed to make tolerable or profitable terms with it than to combine with others for its destruction. Things must have been as bad as at Camerino, Fabriano or Rimini before citizens united to destroy or expel the

ruling house. They knew in most cases that this would mean but a change of masters. The star of the Republics was certainly on the decline."

That was nearly five hundred years ago.

It's certainly taking that star an awfully long time to go down!

GEORGES SURDEZ, of Foreign Legion stories fame, was talking recently about the fighting qualities of the French *Tirailleurs*, the black troops, and told of one long and bloody garrison siege that we asked him to put down for Camp-Fire.

Georges has a close knowledge of those fellows, not only in the field. Some years ago in North Africa a Senegalese veteran of hill campaigns and the World War attached himself to Surdez as a man-servant. When Georges returned, this fellow threw himself at his knees, pledged eternal allegiance and more important, promised not to bring any North African notions of conduct along with him if Georges would bring him to America. So Georges brought him.

He was a good servant for a couple of years. He was over six feet, bony and shiny black, with rolling white eyes. He spoke no English but a few words of French, and he moved around like a cat lifting its feet out of the wet. Surdez has his walls covered with old guns and knives taken off dead tribesmen by Legionnaires—the Senegalese kept them shining. Surdez was always finding knots of hair and other mumbo-jumbo stuff tied under his typewriter table and in other places. Some of Surdez's friends were concerned about this wild-looking fellow and the panels of knives, but Surdez knew the breed too well to worry, and is himself a man big enough to have made things interesting for the Senegalese's famous compatriot, Battling Siki.

But the Senegalese began to find his way about in this country. He would be gone for a night. He heard about Harlem and how to get there. He found a lady, and this lady had a gentleman. A Senegalese soldier knows what to do in a case like this.

One morning when the Senegalese was missing, Georges went to shave and couldn't find his straight razor. Then he got a call from the police. They had a black fellow with a razor who didn't speak any language they knew but kept saying Surdez. They also had another Negro who had been cut by a razor.

So Georges found his man behind cell bars, the Senegalese being overjoyed at the reunion, because he had a conviction that Surdez ruled this country and could get him out of anything. Georges helped get him out, but saw to it that it took some weeks, to give the Senegalese the lesson he needed.

He was a peaceful citizen after that, but spring came around and he started going to Harlem again. The razor was missing another morning. The Senegalese brought it back, but he was not in good shape himself.

"When he takes my razor, he goes too far," said Surdez.

It was a difficult parting, because the Senegalese was a good man until a lady stirred him up, and he got on his knees and made many promises. Surdez hasn't heard from any of his friends in Africa about him, and doesn't know what he is doing. He'd like to know, but the man can't read or write.

Surdez says of these men as soldiers:

The *Tirailleur*, back in the Sudanese Conquest, was one of twelve thousand picked men, a volunteer selected from a number of applicants, and always from a warlike breed. During the World War and since, the *Tirailleur* has been a conscripted soldier, serving only a couple of years. He may come from some very backward forest tribe, belong to a race enslaved for centuries.

French officers in *Tirailleurs* Regiments have told me that the average conscripted negro soldier was a good man, obedient, willing, courageous. They said that the idea had grown in certain spheres of the Army that negro soldiers should be used in routine operations only, and the officers resented that state of affairs. They pointed out that so-called "Senegalese" units had been used on the Western Front, had performed as well as others, when climatic conditions were right. As a rule, I found their white sergeants somewhat less enthusiastic. They said that it was difficult to be sure that *all* had understood *everything* in an outlined plan, and cited some ludicrous misunderstandings.

"But—" they all concluded: "they may be dumb, hard to train, yet once they understand what you wish, they'll do it or burst. Despite all the communistic propaganda in their homes—there are a lot of agitators because negroes love to make speeches—they won't quit a white man. As long as there is one alive, you can feel they'll stick. Ask anybody, even Legionnaires, if they have ever heard of their quitting a European chief."

One episode about those post-war, conscripted *Tirailleurs* from West Africa should prove something or other: There were forty of them in the blockhouse of Beni-Derkoul, on the Riff frontier, commanded by a twenty years old officer, Lapeyre. When hostilities started, they were surrounded, besieged by overwhelming forces. Their water went rotten, their food spoiled. They were "propositioned" by the natives constantly to quit their white chief—they would be given food, water, anything their hearts desired. But not one had sneaked away when a relief column butted its way through the attackers three weeks later.

When the column had renewed the supplies and was ready to go off again, Lapayre would not turn over the blockhouse to anyone else. He was a tough little guy who loved his job. Naturally, his negroes stuck with him. Not one of them tried to be replaced.

And as soon as they were isolated again, the Riffi attacked. There were thousands against the little band, the storming parties looked like a surf of brown and white *jellabas*. A captured field gun was brought before the walls and knocked holes into them. After a month of this fantastic struggle, Lapayre made his last report by heliograph: He had six men left!

"Morale excellent," he announced: "They won't take us alive!"

They did not take them alive.

Reinforced by fourteen or fifteen hundred new warriors, the Riffi came on for the final assault. Their wave dashed against the walls, climbed it. Then, finding himself submerged, Lapeyre touched off half a ton of blasting powder stored under the blockhouse, and went to glory with his remaining negroes. They took along some two hundred Riffi to keep them company.

Sixty days of fighting and privation—and not one of the blacks had deserted. Even Legionnaires have been heard to admit that Beni-Derkoul had been a pretty good performance.

SENT in to us as "news," or a bit of publicity, is the following letter from Charley Boy Delps, of Los Angeles. It gives a good picture of one way to make a living, break bones and help the hospitals. Good luck to Charley Boy on his next big plunge!

If the following account of the world's highest dive has any news value to you, I shall be pleased.

I am a stuntman in a general way. That is, I specialize in high fire dives, high swaying pole acrobatics and iron jaw slides. In fact, my fair act consists of these three acts performed one after the other. I follow fairs, thrill shows, conventions, etc., and sell my acts wherever possible. This season I may travel with a carnival as a free attraction. Free lancing in my particular sport is not especially lucrative during some seasons. I also perform human fly climbs on buildings, which practice is abolished in most of the cities in the U. S. Also high wire walking, car crashing, rollover, etc. During the winter months I usually form a band and play nite clubs. Four or five pieces ordinarily.

Since about 1932 I planned the dive from the Golden Gate Bridge. I felt it would prove a very worth while accomplishment not only because of the publicity I would receive, but because I supposed a sponsor for the act would be easily found. I plugged along from season to season, diving at fairs and from bridges throughout the Middle West. Performed parachute jumps during the World's Fair of the delayed drop type.

I dove from the Brooklyn Bridge in 1934, which netted me exactly nothing, not even news space. Too many stuntmen have been diving from that particular bridge. Now a standing fine of fifty dollars is the reward for a dive there.

In September, 1939, after concluding a series of fairs in the states of Utah and Idaho, I drove with my wife and helper to San Francisco. We arrived there during the afternoon of September 20th, and drove over the bridge to have a look around. It certainly was high, and is.

My wife concluded that I should let it pass out of my mind.

We parked our trailer and drove through the Presidio Army grounds and down beneath the bridge on the south end. There, after considerable reconnoitering, I concluded that the dive would come off as I had long planned it.

We went back for the trailer and returned beneath the bridge with intentions of camping there throughout the night so that I could make the dive early in the morning.

During the night an army patrol station wagon drove down there and informed us that camping on army property was not permitted. They, the officers in the car, showed us where we could camp on a promontory overlooking the bridge to the west.

Sleep came in fits and starts and the following morning about seven o'clock we drove down to our original place beneath the bridge.

The previous day I had made inquiries concerning the possibilities of making the dive a sponsored event. It was impossible. The state police were not allowing anyone to use their bridge as a spring board.

Troopers were stationed at each end of the bridge on the lookout for me. Hence the early morning dive.

Al Matteo, my helper, who travelled about the country with me aiding me in setting up my rigging, had a long rope with a block of wood attached to one end. This he was to throw out to me immediately after I struck the water. After a little practice he became quite adept with it. By twirling it about his head he could fling it with some degree of accuracy at least a hundred and fifty feet.

The point beneath the bridge where we were standing juts out quite some distance beneath the

bridge. The second piling of the bridge—main support from south end—is separated from this point or breakwater by not more than two hundred feet. The breakwater is fifteen feet above the water.

My wife was prepared with a camera of the box type. That was our big mistake.

The sun was shining quite brightly about seven o'clock. I kissed my wife and shook hands with Al, and started up the side of the hill towards the bridge girders. There I crawled out until I was about a hundred feet from the main bridge piling. Where I stood was about six feet below the promenade of the bridge. Not a soul was about.

I looked down for some time, and must admit that I was quite nervous. Al and my wife looked very small down there looking up.

I looked down with my back away from the bridge. In this position I crouched down as I do for my tank dive of ninety feet. With my usual "here goes nothing" I rolled over backwards.

Concentration on my turn drove any sensations of falling away, but after the turn the feeling of falling fast and awkwardly was mine. I began to lose my equilibrium and twirled my arms vigorously, which long practice had taught me would keep me on an even keel. About this time the water was close so I threw my arms forward and entered squat position.

The shock was stunning. I can't recall anything more about the impact. I was on the surface when my senses came to me. The rope was floating just in front of me. The current was swift there but as the rope and I both moved in the same direction I had no trouble catching hold of it. Al pulled me ashore among the rocks below the breakwater. There waves tossed me about and cut my shins.

Al pulled me up and shook hands with me vigorously. My wife was tickled pink that all was O.K., but it took some little time for her to regain her equanimity. I shed my wet clothes and we jumped in the car and drove to the emergency hospital where I had my shin dressed. There the newspapers got the story and a few pictures. The pictures my wife snapped turned out bad. She had one of me on the girder, one in the water, another coming over the breakwater. Next time I shall have a quality movie camera. I plan to duplicate the dive this spring.

WELL, there's a man for you. Our own single experience of spinning around pointlessly in the air while waiting for something to come up and smack you was limited to one ride a long while ago behind a friend who was a stunt pilot in Florida. Somewhere during the business of looking overhead at subdivisions, seeing them shoot away past your left ear and come around in a cavalry charge of Spanish villas, side streets and palm trees from behind your right ear, it was our reaction that you could trade the whole thing for one seat on a thumbtack. We've got an awe of men who make their livings defying the laws of equilibrium and gravity. We have written to Mr. Delps asking for more information on his achievements and how he got into this career, and we hope to hear from him again at Camp-Fire.

H. B.

NARROW ESCAPES

(Continued from page 97)

a mountain lion, a-creepin' along towards me, jest like a cat tryin' to slip up on a snow-bird.

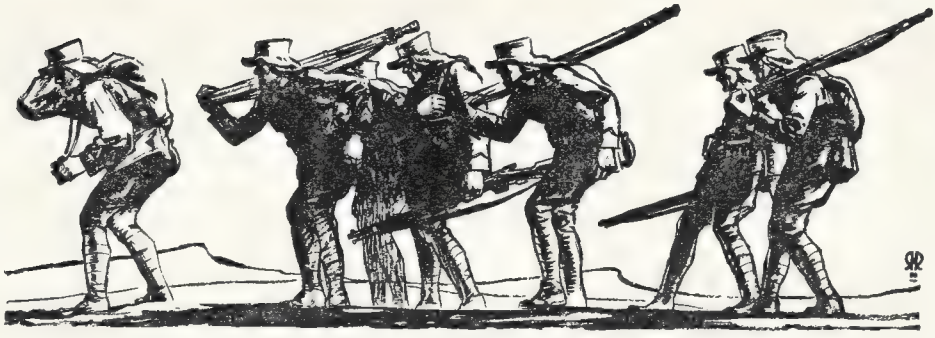
"Says I, 'Joe, this ain't no place for you. I expect you'd better go on the way you first started.'

"So I turns around and goes back around the bend. When I gits about a hundred yards, there I sees a big grizzly bear comin' to meet me! and when he sees me, he sets up and shows his teeth and growls.

"Says I, 'Joe, maybe you'd better go back the other way, after all.' I thought maybe the cougar would be gone. But as soon as I gits turned around—and I had to be mighty careful in turnin', for the ledge was powerfully narrow—when I turns around, I sees the big cat sneakin' along toward me. And when I look the other way, there comes the bear. And they are both gittin' closer and closer, and there I am, and it's five hundred feet straight down, and it's five hundred feet straight up."

"How did you get off?" asked Lanky.

"How did I git off? Why, I couldn't git off. They got me, but whether it was the bear or the cougar, I never did know."



ASK ADVENTURE

Information you can't get elsewhere

TOSS your line over, and light your pipe.

Request:—Where can I get a booklet on the Solunar Theory, for fishing? About the only fishing I get is in the Rock River here. I fish with a casting rod, and like to wade. There are quite a few flatheads, channel cats, and a lot of big carp. I have fair luck with the flatheads, and get some channel cat, but I cannot get the hang of catching the big carp. Five pounds seems to be my limit.

I have been using small hooks. What size would you suggest, for, say ten to twenty pound carp? Will you give me some pointers as to line, bait and how to use them? What size hook would you use for the flatheads? There are some big fellows in the holes I fish.

If you were fishing for ten to twenty-five pound cats, what would you call the right amount of dew worms, or the size of minnow to use? What would be the right amount to use for carp of the same size, doughballs or whatever you suggest to use?

—Eugene Cressey, Rock Island, Ill.

Reply by Mr. C. Blackburn Miller:—Carp are difficult fish to catch unless precise procedure is followed. Although they are sluggish fish and bottom feeders, they are nevertheless wary and will refuse a bait unless it is prepared with care. In my estimation the best bait is doughballs. The accepted recipe for these is 1 cup corn flour, 1 cup white flour, 1 cup oatmeal, 2 tablespoons of sugar. This should be mixed with cotton. Bake these in the oven until done. Then moisten them just sufficiently so that they will be retained by the hook.

I advise an eighteen pound test silk line and a long leader to which an eyed #6 hook is attached. Ascertain the depth of the water which you desire to fish and adjust your "float" so that the bait just rests on the bottom. The next step is to select a comfortable seat on a shaded bank, light your pipe and give yourself up to reflections of your past life until the float disappears beneath the surface when it will be time to go into action.

Whereas I am familiar with Channel catfish, I profess ignorance of what you term "flatheads." If they are a variety of catfish, which I suspect they are, they will take minnows readily and provided you give them sufficient time to take the bait, any size up to five inches will be acceptable. A #4 hook should be used with a good line as they are prone to take you under a root or any convenient snag. You will find a float more conducive to success and unless the current is swift will not need a sinker as the weight of the minnow will be sufficient to carry your hook to the bottom.

Solunar tables can be procured at Abercrombie & Fitch Co., 45 Street & Madison Avenue, New York City—price fifty cents. They are an invaluable aid in fishing.

DIAMONDS in the U. S. A.—glaciers scattered them and gold miners' pans find them.

Request:—I'd like to know where diamonds have been found in the United States and what is the comparable quality. I understand that diamonds have been found in Indiana, where the great glacier melted. Where was this? Where would be the best places to search? Any particular method? Would appreciate any information obtainable on this, especially regarding glacial formation of diamonds in Indiana, and locations. Would like to engage in stone cutting as a hobby and any books on this subject you may mention would be carefully studied.

—Carl R. Kennell, Lafayette, Ind.

Reply by Mr. Victor Shaw:—Diamonds have been found in quite a few different places in the U.S.A., such as Wisconsin, Indiana, Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, and several counties in northern California that border the west slope of

the Sierra Nevada Mts., and also in Arkansas.

In all of these places they were found in streams when the discoverer was panning for gold—that is, in stream gravels, with the sole exception of those in Arkansas. They were found there in 1906, on Prairie Creek, near Murfreesboro, Pike County, in the same "blue ground" which contains the diamonds in South Africa; namely, "kimberlite." It is also I understand a volcanic pipe where this kimberlite (a variety of peridotite) in Arkansas is found, and this is the only place where the diamonds have been mined commercially. No mining is done there now and most of it was stopped about 1932; but from 1906 to 1932 some 40,000 of these gemstones were mined, about 10% of them being real gems. The largest specimen weighed 40.22 carats. Quite a few weighed around 20 carats, but the majority were smallish stones, although most of the 10% were of excellent quality.

The diamonds in Indiana were found chiefly in Morgan and Brown counties, all of them occurring in creek sands and gravels during a search for placer gold. There were only a few small stones, although one is said to have weighed 3¾ carats. They were in glacial drift.

So, also, were those found in Wisconsin, where they occurred in a similar manner, except that one was found by a small boy while digging a well, this stone weighing in the rough 45 carats, and of excellent gem quality being clear white and brilliant.

One stone was found in Virginia. It is reported to have weighed 24 carats.

One of 4½ carats found near Dysonville, North Carolina.

Those found in north eastern California were in creek sands.

Note that the diamonds in Indiana and Wisconsin found in glacial drift remaining after the great ice sheet melted, were all in the Great Lakes region. The movement of that ancient glacial sheet was generally southward, and has been mapped very accurately; so that the source of the stones actually found in the streams mentioned could not have been at any very great distance, and must be somewhere between where they were found and James Bay, the southerly arm of Hudson Bay. They will probably be in a perioditic rock formation, or perhaps there is also an old volcanic pipe or plug of kimberlite somewhere up there, which sometime may make some one very wealthy. In fact, it might pay to study up on this and tackle it.

One of the best books for you to study is the mineralogy authored by Kraus and Hunt, both professors in the University of Michigan. It is a textbook taking up crystallography, with formation and occurrences of minerals, blowpiping methods of determination, etc., and sections on gems and precious stones and classification of minerals. It will cost you around $4.50. Sold by many technical bookstores and also by the McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 West 42nd St., New York City. You can consult one in the Science Dep't of most large public libraries, and it will be in the Chicago Public Library most certainly.

TRADING in the South Seas—many schooners still ply there.

Request:—For years I have had a desire to visit the islands of the Pacific but I'll have to wait till I can afford a boat. There is something I would like to know, however.

Are there any small boats (about forty to fifty feet long) engaged in trading among the islands? By that I mean handling shell, copra, etc. Or is all this kind of work handled by large freighters? Also what size and shape of boat do you consider to be the best in traveling among the islands?

—Harold McCain, Seattle, Wash.

Reply by Mr. William McCreadie:—There are many small craft such as you mention engaged in trading in all the Island groups. They are for the most part owned by the natives, often in communal fashion, such as a province or a town. The Chinese also own many of them. The small schooner or cutter type with auxiliary power is the most favored. Boats about twenty-five to forty tons are the most convenient. Owing to dangerous currents outside most of the encircling reefs off the islands the power is useful in preventing mishaps. Ample provision of fresh water is also wise as many of the smaller islands have no water to offer. A small condenser is a good friend.

THE pearls in our rivers—the shells they come in make buttons.

Request:—I would like to get some information on fresh water pearl fishing in the lower Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. If you do not have any such information at hand please advise me where it can be obtained.

—A. Nye, Jr., Malden, Mass.

Reply by Mr. John B. Thompson:—There is no fresh water pearl fishing of any consequence in the lower Missouri river, and very little in the Upper or Lower Mississippi, for that matter.

At one time the upper Mississippi furnished good pearling grounds but pollution ruined them.

The best grounds at the present time, as far as I know, are streams which ultimately find their way into the Mississippi. In this list are the Black River below Poplar Bluff, Mo. and on into Arkansas. Then the Black empties into the White in Arkansas, another great pearl stream, and on down to the Father of Waters. There is another feeder of the Black known as Current river, the waters of which from the Missouri line to where it empties into the Black furnishes pretty good pearling both for actual pearls and the shells.

There is a button factory at Corning, Ark., and I think there is another at Powhattan, Ark. At least, there used to be, as well as an army of pearlers. Just west of Current river in Arkansas is a little stream called Fourche which used to yield pretty good pearls and shells. The last few years it has not been worth fishing.

Pearls are found in feeders of the Great Lakes, like the St. Joseph river which empties into Lake Michigan, starting its pearling grounds at Constantine, Mich., then on through Indiana and returning to Michigan before terminating in Lake Michigan. Pearls were found here and the shells were of value, but not like the southern pearl of Missouri and Arkansas.

Most of the small streams of the alluvial lands of northeast Arkansas and southeast Missouri have pearl bearing mussels. Write to the state game commissioners about the laws regulating pearl fishing.

Pearls are still bought at Newport, Ark. There a buyer told me the best pearls went to jewelers, the inferior baroques and seed pearls were used in ornaments and also were sent to India where they are ground into powder and are supposed to make very potent medicine. This last is just the tale of a pearl buyer; I have never questioned the truth of it. The shells in this region of Missouri and Arkansas cannot be surpassed for buttons.

PHOTOGRAPHIC confusion — why the lens must be sharper than the eye.

Request:—Will you explain to me what the "circle of confusion" of a camera lens means? Thank you.

—P. Anderson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reply by Mr. Paul L. Anderson:—If a lens could be so designed and manufactured as to be perfect, it would project the image of a point of light as a mathematical point. But since all lens design is a matter of compromise, one quality being gained at the expense of another, it follows that no lens is 100% perfect. Therefore the image of a point of light is projected, not as a point, but as a small circle, this circle being known as the "circle of confusion." Since the image projected by the lens is made up of an infinite number of these circles, it follows that 100% sharpness can never be attained. But it has been found that if the circle of confusion subtends an angle of less than 2 minutes of arc at normal viewing distance from the eye, the image appears sharp, the resolving power of the eye not being sufficient to distinguish anything finer than this. This means that for a lens of ten inches focal length, the circle of confusion would be (about) 1/100 inch in diameter. This, then, is the ideal generally aimed at in designing a lens. But it is obvious that if we enlarge from the negative, we enlarge the circle of confusion also, therefore a short focal length lens, intended for a small camera, must have a smaller circle of confusion than a large one. Also, the finer the design and manufacture of the lens, the smaller the circle of confusion. Thus, the 100-mm. Kodak anastigmat, designed for the 620 Special (2¼ x 3¼) has a circle of confusion of 1/200 inch, whereas the 75-mm. one designed for the Duo-620 (1⅝ x 2¼) has a circle of confusion of 1/500 inch. Sometimes the circle of confusion is expressed as a fraction of the focal length of the lens, which, after all, is the more rational way to do it. Thus, the circle of confusion of the 50-mm. F/2 lens designed for the Contax (24 x 36 mm.) is described as F/2000, which is (nearly) 1/1000 inch. Of course, the size of the circle of confusion is decreased by stopping down the lens, until the optimum diaphragm is reached. Wherever the size of the circle of confusion is stated for any lens, it means that this is the size when the lens is used at full opening.

KISSESKATCHEWAN means "swift-flowing current"—take your canoe trip down, not up.

Request:—I am given to understand that one can cross from Lake Winnipeg, Man., across Saskatchewan to the Athabasca River in Alberta by canoe.

Just which river route would be preferable, the Churchill or the north Saskatchewan?

About how long would it take to cross the Province of Saskatchewan, and what is the distance?

Where can I get a good map covering this territory? I have a few maps which I have received from the provincial bureaus, but they are not what I want. I would like to have a map, giving canoe routes throughout the territory.

—Joseph R. Lawrence, Allentown, Pa.

Reply by Mr. H. S. M. Kemp:—Quite an order, this that you have given me; but as I have, piecemeal, been over much of the two routes you mention, I will do my best to fill it.

In the first place you omitted to state whether you contemplate paddling or using an outboard motor. Unless this is to be an endurance test, let me advise the motor. *Kisseskatchewan* is Cree, and it means a swift-flowing current. Believe me, there's as much truth as poetry in the name! And if this is merely a trip and not a means of arriving at a new home, why not reverse the proceeding and start from the Athabasca? The trip you have laid out for yourself is almost upstream all the way—and that means a lot of elbow-grease or a lot of gasoline. But to explain, let me get on to the routes—and if you follow me on the maps you have, you'll get by. In fact, in this day of airplane travel, I know nowhere to procure a map showing canoe routes.

Route 1, the old "York-boat route." From Winnipeg to the mouth of the Saskatchewan, up the Saskatchewan and around the Grand Rapids; thence to The Pas in Manitoba and on to Cumberland House in Saskatchewan. Follow Cumberland Lake to the mouth of the Sturgeon River, then north to Pelican Narrows and the Frog Portage. Over the Portage and into the Churchill, thence north and west, past Stanley Post and Snake Lake to Ile a la Crosse. From Ile a la Crosse north to Portage la Loche, and the Long Portage into the Clearwater. Then, your first bit of downstream travel—the comparatively short hop into McMurray. That's one route, a tough one, with plenty of rapids and portages.

Route 2. Instead of swinging north at Cumberland House, continue up the river to Prince Albert. Ship overland by freight from there to Big River; then take the Beaver River route to Ile a la Crosse. This sounds easier; but remember the 250 miles of upstream Saskatchewan to contend with, together with missing the scenic beauty of the pre-Cambrian Churchill.

Route 3. Continue up the Saskatchewan to Edmonton, then ship in by rail to McMurray.

I'm taking it for granted now that you want a summer-long canoe trip; so, as I intimated, start from the other end. I'll have to find out for you if the Long Portage from the Clearwater into La Loche Lake is still open, and when I get this information, I'll shoot it along to you. I will also try to find out your best method of negotiating the Portage. LaLoche Indians used to hire out for this job right along, and in the dimmer past, the H. B. C. maintained ox-transport over the Portage. But you'll hear from me about this later. The La Loche River you may find pretty shallow in these dry years, but you should be able to get through to Buffalo Lake. And as Buffalo Lake is part of the Churchill system, your shallow-water trouble will then be over. For the Churchill is merely a string of lakes, joined together by a series of bottle-neck narrows. Each narrows holds a thundering rapid, but good portages go around all these and you'll have no trouble. When I quit the north a few years ago, the portages were all plainly marked, and I suppose they still are. Anyway, you pass trading posts right along, and the boys at these will give you the dope and mark your maps. The Frog Portage is only a short hop; in fact, in high water, the Churchill backs over here and runs south to join the Saskatchewan. Here you have beautiful scenery to Pelican Narrows; and from there to Sturgeon Lake and Cumberland Lake, you'll travel fast through a whole string of rapids, with portages around the dangerous ones. You'll find another portage around the Grand Rapids leading to Lake Winnipeg, and that part of the trip should be duck-soup.

I don't recommend the Saskatchewan route to either Prince Albert or Edmonton, coming up or going down. You get little scenery; and if you come up, a lot of work. There is some fairly heavy water in the Saskatchewan with an absence of portages. I once went from Prince Albert to Cumberland House by canoe on the top of a ten-foot flood. It took me five days for the 250 miles—paddling; and as no portages were in evidence, we had to run the rapids in our stride. We did—and considered ourselves lucky to get through.

So you go the Northern route, and allow yourself lots of time. I can't give you the actual distance, for no map shows the windings and twistings of the rivers and streams; but I'd hazard the guess that the route "across" Saskatchewan this way would be somewhere between 800 and 1000 miles.

As I told you, it is quite some little time since I saw the La Loche River and the Height o' Land country north of Portage la Loche. I therefore air-mailed into the manager of the H. B. Post at Ile a la Crosse for the information I was, then, unable to give you. Herewith is the reply I received:

"The Long Portage or Methy Portage is still open. The length is approximately 12 miles. Indians available for packing over it, but this is generally done by arranging for a wagon and team to bring outfit across. Baptiste Fontaine has an outfit for one, and he usually stays on

"I Talked with God"

(Yes, I Did—Actually and Literally)

and, as a result of that little talk with God some ten years ago, a strange new Power came into my life. After 43 years of horrible, sickening, dismal failure, this strange Power brought to me a sense of overwhelming victory, and I have been overcoming every undesirable condition of my life ever since. What a change it was. Now—I have credit at more than one bank, I own a beautiful home, drive a lovely car, own a newspaper and a large office building, and my wife and family are amply provided for after I leave for shores unknown. In addition to these material benefits, I have a sweet peace in my life. I am happy as happy can be. No circumstance ever upsets me, for I have learned how to draw upon the invisible God-Law, under any and all circumstances.

You, too, may find and use the same staggering Power of the God-Law that I use. It can bring to you, too, whatever things are right and proper for you to have. Do you believe this? It won't cost much to find out—just a penny post-card or a letter, addressed to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 181, Moscow, Idaho, will bring you the story of the most fascinating success of the century. And the same Power I use is here for your use, too. I'll be glad to tell you about it. All information about this experience will be sent you free, of course. The address again—Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 181, Moscow, Idaho. Advt. Copyright 1939 Frank B. Robinson.

the Clearwater side of the Portage from late summer on, but he can always be reached on the La Loche or Methy Lake at his summer house, 2½ miles from the portage end. If this man is not available someone else can be found to transport across portage.

La Loche River passable with canoes any time. At times necessary to go lighter than at others, depending on stage of water. I have never known it, during thirty years, when it was not passible with a canoe that is not too heavy."

So there you are; and there seems to be nothing to stop your trip. And don't forget what I said about coming downstream from the McMurray end. You, of course, realize that all streams are low in the Fall.

GRUB for hill-climbing—you need one and three-quarters pounds a day to lift those feet.

Request:—I am contemplating a trip on foot into the hills here and am wondering if you can help me out as to a good grub list. There will be three of us in the party, my brother, my wife, and I. I would want the food to last for a week or ten days if possible.

There are a number of horse, trapper, and forestry trails in the mountains here and I believe that it is possible to go from here (Hoskins) to New Port on the coast by foot through the mountains, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Anyway that is our objective.

If possible please give me also the weight of the food to be taken.

—Richard Selberg, Hoskins, Oregon

Reply by Mr. Paul M. Fink:—As a grub list for three people for a ten day hiking trip I would suggest something like the following:

	lb.	oz.
Bacon	7	
Ham	4	
Dried Beef	2	
Cheese	2	
Powdered soups	1	
Shortening (save all bacon fryings)	1	
Flour	10	
Corn Meal	4	
Powdered milk	1	
Powdered eggs		8
Rice	2	
Oatmeal	2	
Baking Powder		8
Coffee	1	
Cocoa	1	
Tea		4
Sugar	6	
Evaporated fruits (apples, apricots, peaches, prunes)	4	
Raisins	2	
Sweet Chocolate	2	
Dehydrated vegetables	1	
Salt, pepper, etc.	1	
	55	4

This, you understand, you need not follow absolutely, but is intended as general guidance as to varieties and quantities. Discard and substitute to suit your own ideas. As you will notice, the foods included are all highly waterfree, and when using such I have found that a man can stand up to trail-packing on a daily ration of around 1¾ pounds. If one takes much canned goods the weight of the daily ration will have to be increased.

If there be any trails worthy of the name, you should be able to make the trip easily in a week with plenty of time to fish, sight-see and just plain loaf.

I trust this information will be of some service to you, and best wishes for a pleasant trip.

THE ice yacht is not wind-driven—it's vacuum sucked, and goes much faster than the wind.

Request:—I am writing you for information concerning a phenomenon which has always fascinated me, though it may not specifically come under the heading of "yachting."

I should like to know to wit: Why or how our ice boat can go eighty miles per hour in a thirty mile per hour wind?

—Walter W. Busby, M.D., Milwaukee, Wis.

Reply by Mr. A. K. Knauer:—I think that your curiosity is shared by many. However it is not the wind pushing on the sail but the vacuum on the lee side of the sail which exerts the pulling power similar to the lift of an airplane wing. The very slight resistance of the ice boat compared to the large hull resistance of a sail boat makes possible extreme speeds on ice not attainable through the water.

BOW and arrow wood for a soldier in Panama.

Request:—What kind of wood would you advise in this part of the world, both for arrows and bows? I shoot a fifty pound bow. Send me the addresses of some houses selling archery equipment on the east coast, if you please.

—Stearns B. Smith, Fort Sherman, C.Z.

Reply by Mr. Earl B. Powell:—I'd say that the best wood in any climate is one that grows there as a rule, except in the far north.

I would suggest that you use the Lemonwood, which comes from Cuba. It might grow near you

too, but this is very hard to determine as I find that a wood may be called one name in Guatemala and another in Mexico, and still another in Panama.

THE Gun Club takes its ramrods and goes "a shootynge" with percussion caps.

Request:—Can you tell me where I can get the old-fashioned percussion caps for muzzle loading rifles? We want to hold some old-time rifle matches.

—Tom L. Sisk, Hurst, Ill.

Reply by Old Man Wiggins:—Any good sporting goods store should be able to furnish percussion caps for use in your old-time rifle matches. In case you cannot obtain them at any near dealers, I suggest that you order from the following firm of dealers: The A. F. Stoeger Co., Inc., 507 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., a supply of Winchester Stainless percussion caps, listed at 20¢ for a hundred, or $1.45 per thousand, and express charges. I find that a small cap, like the #12 or #13, best on my own cap lock rifle. Best wishes for your pleasure and success in "Ye Olde Tyme Shootynge Matche."

THE ASK ADVENTURE SERVICE is free, provided self-addressed envelope and FULL POSTAGE for reply are enclosed. Correspondents writing to or from foreign countries must enclose International Reply Coupons, which are exchangeable for stamps of any country in the International Postal Union.

Send each question *direct* to the expert in charge of the section whose field covers it. He will reply by mail. **Do Not** send questions to the magazine. Be definite; explain your case sufficiently to guide the expert you question. The magazine does not assume any responsibility. **No Reply** will be made to requests for partners, for financial backing or for employment.

★*(Enclose addressed envelope with International Reply Coupon.)*

ASK ADVENTURE EXPERTS

SPORTS AND HOBBIES

Archery—EARL B. POWELL, care of *Adventure*

Baseball—FREDERICK LIEB, care of *Adventure*

Basketball—STANLEY CARHART, 99 Broad St., Matawan, N. J.

Camping—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Boxing—CAPT. JEAN V. GROMBACH, 113 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

Canoeing: *paddling, sailing, cruising, regattas*—EDGAR S. PERKINS, 1325 So. Main St., Princeton, Ill.

Coins: *and Medals*—WILLIAM L. CLARK, American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 156th St., N. Y. C.

Dogs—JOHN B. THOMPSON, care of *Adventure*.

Fencing—CAPT. JEAN V. GROMBACH, 113 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

First Aid—DR. CLAUDE P. FORDYCE, care of *Adventure*.

Fishing: *fresh water; fly and bait casting, bait; camping outfits; fishing trips*—JOHN B. THOMPSON, (Ozark Ripley), care of *Adventure*.

Fishing: *salt water, bottom fishing, surf casting; trolling; equipment and locations*—C. BLACKBURN MILLER, care of *Adventure*.

Football—JOHN B. FOSTER, care of *Adventure*.

Globe-trotting and vagabonding — ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN, care of *Adventure*.

Health Building Activities, Hiking — DR. CLAUDE P. FORDYCE, care of *Adventure*.

Horses: *care, training of horses in general; jumping, and polo; the cavalry arm*—MAJOR R. ERNEST DUPUY, care of *Adventure*.

Motor Boating—GERALD T. WHITE, Montville, N. J.

Motor Camping and Trailer Camping — MAJOR CHAS. G. PERCIVAL, M.D., 152 W. 65th St., N. Y. C.

Motorcycling—*regulations, mechanics, racing*—CHARLES M. DODGE, 174 Lyman Ave., Burlington, Vt.

Mountain Climbing—THEODORE S. SOLOMONS, 952 No. Hudson Av., Hollywood, Calif.

Old Songs—ROBERT WHITE, 913 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Old-Time Sailoring—CHAS. H. HALL, 446 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rifles, Pistols, Revolvers: *foreign and American*—DONEGAN WIGGINS, 170 Liberty Rd., Salem, Oregon.

Shotguns: *foreign and American makes; wing shooting*—JOHN B. THOMPSON, care of *Adventure*.

★**Skiing and Snowshoeing**—W. H. PRICE, 3436 Mance St., Montreal, Quebec, Can.

Small Boating: *skiffs, outboard, small launch, river and lake cruising*—RAYMOND S. SPEARS, Inglewood, Calif.

Stamps—DR. H. A. DAVIS, The American Philatelic Society, 3421 Colfax Av., Denver, Colo.

Swimming—LOUIS DEB. HANDLEY, 115 West 11th St., N. Y. C.

Swords: *spears, pole arms and armor*—CAPT. R. E. GARDNER, 840 Copeland Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Tournament Fly and Bait Casting—"CHIEF" STANWOOD, East Sullivan, Maine.

Track—JACKSON SCHOLZ, R. D. No. 1, Doylestown, Pa.

Woodcraft—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Wrestling—MURL E. THRUSH, New York Athletic Club, New York City.

Yachting—A. R. KNAUER, 2722 E. 75th Pl., Chicago, Ill.

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL SUBJECTS

Anthropology: *American; north of the Panama Canal, customs, dress, architecture; pottery and decorative arts, weapons and implements, fetishism, social divisions*—ARTHUR WOODWARD, Los Angeles Museum Exposition Park, Los Angeles, Calif.

Automobiles and Aircraft Engines: *design, operation and maintenance*—EDMUND B. NEIL, care of *Adventure*.

Aviation: *airplanes, airships, airways and landing fields, contests, aero clubs, insurance, laws, licenses, operating data, schools, foreign activities, publications, parachutes, gliders* — MAJOR FALK HARMEL, 709 Longfellow St., Washington, D. C.

Big Game Hunting: *guides and equipment*—ERNEST W. SHAW, South Carver, Mass.

Entomology: *insects and spiders, venomous and disease-carrying insects*—DR. S. W. FROST, 465 E. Foster Ave., State College, Pa.

Forestry: *in the United States, national forests of the Rocky Mountain States*—ERNEST W. SHAW, South Carver, Mass.

Tropical Forestry: *tropical forests and products*—WM. R. BARBOUR, 1091 Springdale Rd., Atlanta, Ga.

Herpetology: *reptiles and amphibians*—CLIFFORD H. POPE, care of *Adventure*.

Marine Architecture: *ship modeling*—CHAS. H. HALL, 446 Ocean Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mining, Prospecting, and Precious Stones: *anywhere in No. America. Outfitting; any mineral, metallic or non-metallic*—VICTOR SHAW, 11628¾ Mayfield Ave., West Los Angeles, Calif.

The Merchant Marine. GORDON MACALLISTER, care of *Adventure*.

Ornithology: *birds; their habits and distribution*—DAVIS QUINN, 3320 Kossuth Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Photography: *outfitting, work in out-of-the-way places; general information*—PAUL L. ANDERSON, 36 Washington St., East Orange, N. J.

Radio: *telegraphy, telephony, history, receiver construction, portable sets*—DONALD MCNICOL, care of *Adventure*.

Railroads: *in the United States, Mexico and Canada*—R. T. NEWMAN, 701 N. Main St., Paris, Ill.

Sawmilling—HAPSBURG LIEBE, care of *Adventure*.

Taxidermy—EDWARD B. LANG 156 Joralemon St., Belleville, N. J.

Wildcrafting and Trapping — RAYMOND S. SPEARS, Inglewood, Calif.

MILITARY, NAVAL AND POLICE SUBJECTS

Army Matters: *United States and Foreign*—MAJOR GLEN R. TOWNSEND, care of *Adventure*.

Federal Investigation Activities: *Secret Service, etc.*—FRANCIS H. BENT, 81 Church St., Fair Haven, N. J.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police—ALEC CAVADAS, 1296 E. Hastings, Vancouver, B. C.

State Police—FRANCIS H. BENT, 81 Church St., Fair Haven, N. J.

U. S. Marine Corps—MAJOR F. W. HOPKINS, care of *Adventure*.

GEOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS

Philippine Islands — BUCK CONNER, Conner Field, Quartzsite, Ariz.

★New Guinea—L. P. B. ARMIT, care of *Adventure*.

★New Zealand: Cook Island, Samoa—TOM L. MILLS, 27 Bowen St., Feilding, New Zealand.

★Australia and Tasmania—ALAN FOLEY, 18a Sandridge St., Bondi, Sydney, Australia.

★South Sea Islands—WILLIAM MCCREADIE, "Yatina," 3 Lucknow St., Willoughby, N. S. W.

Hawaii—JOHN SNELL, Hawaii Equal Rights Comm., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Asia, Part 1 ★*Siam, Malay States, Straits Settlements, Java, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, Ceylon.*—V. B. WINDLE, care of *Adventure*. **2** *French Indo China, Hong Kong, Macao, Tibet, Southern, Eastern and Central China.*—SEWARD S. CRAMER, care of *Adventure*. **3** *Northern China and Mongolia.*—PAUL H. FRANSON, Bldg. No. 3, Veterans Administration Facility, Minneapolis, Minn. **4** *Persia, Arabia.*—CAPTAIN BEVERLY-GIDDINGS, care of *Adventure*. **5** ★*Palestine.*—CAPTAIN H. W. EADES, 3808 West 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Africa, Part 1 ★*Egypt, Tunis, Algeria, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.*—CAPT. H. W. EADES, 3808 West 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C. **2** *Abyssinia, Italian Somaliland, British Somali Coast Protectorate, Eritrea, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya.* — GORDON MACCREAGH, 231 Bethel Ave., So., St. Petersburg, Florida. **3** *Tripoli, Sahara caravans.* — CAPTAIN BEVERLY-GIDDINGS, care of *Adventure*. **4** *Bechuanaland, Southwest Africa, Angola, Belgian Congo, Egyptian Sudan and French West Africa.*—MAJOR S. L. GLENISTER, care of *Adventure*. **5** ★ *Cape Province, Orange Free State, Natal, Zululand, Transvaal, Rhodesia.*—PETER FRANKLIN, Box 1491, Durbin, Natal, So. Africa.

Madagascar — RALPH LINTON, care of *Adventure*.

Europe, Part 1 *Denmark, Germany, Scandinavia.*—G. I. COLBURN, care of *Adventure*.

Central America—ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN, care of *Adventure*.

South America, Part 1 *Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile.*—EDGAR YOUNG, care of *Adventure*. **2** *Venezuela, The Guianas, Uruguay, Paraguay, Argentina, and Brazil.*—DR. PAUL VANORDEN SHAW, care of *Adventure*.

★West Indies—JOHN B. LEFFINGWELL, Box 1333, Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines, Cuba.

Iceland—G. I. COLBRON, care of *Adventure*.

Baffinland and Greenland — VICTOR SHAW, 11628¾ Mayfield Ave., West Los Angeles, Calif.

Labrador—WILMOT T. DEBELL, Severna Park, Md.

Mexico, Part 1 *Northern Border States.*—J. W. WHITAKER, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex. **2** *Quintana Roo, Yucatan, Campeche.*—W. RUSSELL SHEETS, 301 Poplar Ave., Takoma Park, Md.

Canada, Part 1 ★*Southeastern Quebec.*—WILLIAM MACMILLAN, 24 Plessis St., Quebec, Canada. **2** ★*Height of Land Region, Northern Ontario and Northern Quebec, Southeastern Ungava and Keewatin.*—S. E. SANGSTER, care of *Adventure*. **3** ★*Ottawa Valley and Southeastern Ontario.*—HARRY M. MOORE, *The Courier Advocate*, Trenton, Ont., Canada. **4** ★*Georgian Bay and Southern Ontario, National Parks, Camping.*—A. D. L. ROBINSON, 1163 Victoria Rd., Walkerville, Ont., Canada. **5** *Yukon, British Columbia and Alberta.*—C. PLOWDEN, Plowden Bay, Howe Sound, B. C. **6** *Northern Saskatchewan, Indian life and language, hunting, trapping.*—H. S. M. KEMP, 131 9th St., E., Prince Albert, Sask.

Alaska—THEODORE S. SOLOMONS, 952 No. Hudson Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Western U. S., Part 1 *Pacific Coast States*—FRANK WINCH, care of *Adventure*. **3** *New Mexico (Indians, etc.)*—H. F. ROBINSON, 1211 W. Roma Ave., Albuquerque, N. M. **4** *Nevada, Montana and Northern Rockies.*—FRED W. EGELSTON, Elks' Home, Elko, Nev. **5** *Idaho and environs.*—R. T. NEWMAN, 701 N. Main St., Peoria, Ill. **6** *Arizona, Utah.*—C. C. ANDERSON, Continental Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. **7** *Texas, Oklahoma.*—J. W. WHITAKER, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex.

Middle Western U. S., Part 1 *Missouri, Arkansas, Missouri River up to Sioux City, Ozarks, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Mississippi and Lake Michigan.*—JOHN B. THOMPSON, care *Adventure*. **2** *Ohio River and Tributaries and Mississippi River.*—GEO. A. ZERR, Vine and Hill Sts., Crafton, P. O., Ingram, Pa. **3** *Lower Mississippi from St. Louis down, Louisiana swamps, St. Francis, Arkansas Bottom.*—RAYMOND S. SPEARS, Inglewood, Calif.

Eastern U. S., Part 1 *Maine*—"CHIEF" STANWOOD, East Sullivan, Me. **2** *Vt., N. H., Conn., R. I., Mass.*—HOWARD R. VOIGHT, 40 Chapel St., Woodmont, Conn. **3** *Adirondacks*, New York.—RAYMOND S. SPEARS, *Inglewood, Calif.* **4** *New Jersey.*—F. H. BENT, 251 Third St., Fair Haven, N. J. **5** *Ala., Tenn., Miss., N. C., S. C., Fla., Ga.*—HAPSBURG LIEBE, care *Adventure*. **6** *The Great Smokies and Appalachian Mountains south of Virginia.*—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

(*Continued from page 95*)

woods to the rear belched a solid sheet of flame. Above the thunder of pistol fire rose the wild guerrilla yell.

"Anderson!" screamed Donny Fletcher, riding stirrup to stirrup beside the guerrilla chieftain.

Anderson turned in his saddle. Two tufts of human hair—scalps—on his bridle, were flattened back by the force of the wind. Donny saw them and knew that this was the moment.

"I'm going to kill you, Anderson!" he cried.

Bloody Bill Anderson saw the death in Donny's face.

"Fletcher!" he gasped. "You—"

Even then Donny let him have the first shot. The bullet raked across Donny's chest. Then he fired his own gun. Bloody Bill Anderson gurgled horribly and toppled from his saddle.

The Federals were less than fifty feet away, now, milling in utter confusion from the charge of the main body of guerrillas.

Donny rose in his stirrups and with all the air in his lungs screamed at the top of his voice. "Bloody Bill's dead! We're lost. It's every man for himself!"

Donny led the rout himself.

Guerrilla warfare in Missouri was over.

BILL WHEELER was still provost marshal, at Independence, but he was Lieutenant Colonel Wheeler now. A lieutenant came into his office and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but we've a prisoner who insists on seeing you. Says you know him."

"A Confederate officer?" Colonel Wheeler asked, mechanically.

"No sir," replied the lieutenant. "He looks like a guerrilla, although he came in himself."

Colonel Wheeler kicked back his chair. "Bring him in!"

Donny Fletcher was brought into the room. Colonel Wheeler nodded to the lieutenant. "It's all right. You can leave him here."

As the lieutenant walked out, Wheeler stared at Donny. He had seen him several weeks ago, had been touched by the

WANTED

1000 MEN!

Work For The GOVERNMENT

Salaries $1700-$2600 Per Year

No Layoffs! Vacations With Pay!
Regular Raises! Good Pensions!

A LIFETIME JOB

Railway Postal Clerks
City P. O. Mail Carriers
U. S. Post Office Clerks
Rural Mail Carriers
And Other Government Jobs

Pay for Course Only After You Are Appointed & Working

So sure are we that our simplified Interstate Home Study Course of coaching will result in your passing the government examination and being appointed, that we are willing to accept 1,000 enrollments on the following basis. The price of our complete 10-week course is $30 plus $3 Examiner's Fee.

We are willing to give you the course with the understanding that you are to pay for it ONLY AFTER YOU ARE APPOINTED AND WORKING. Should you take the examination and fail, or not be appointed for any reason whatsoever, the loss will be ours, and you will not owe us one cent for the course!

GET READY IMMEDIATELY!
FULL Particulars FREE!

---- CLIP and Mail This Coupon NOW! ----

INTERSTATE HOME STUDY BUREAU POG.
901 BROAD ST., DIV. POG, NEWARK, N. J.

Please RUSH to me full particulars—without any obligation—of how to qualify for a government job.

NAME.....
Please Print Plainly in Pencil or Ink

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Calling All Cars
A MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY
SAVES UP TO 30% on GASOLINE
or Costs Nothing to Try

Stop wasting Gas!—trim dollars off gas bills—get more power—quicker pickup—faster acceleration! AUTO OWNERS *everywhere* praise VACU-MATIC! Proven so efficient, it is guaranteed to satisfy, or the trial costs you nothing.

Automatic Supercharge Principle

Vacu-matic is *entirely different!* It operates on the supercharge principle by automatically adding a charge of extra oxygen, drawn free from the outer air into the heart of the gas mixture. It is entirely automatic and allows the motor to "breathe" at the correct time, opening and closing as required. Saves up to 30% on gas costs, with better motor performance.

FITS ALL CARS

Constructed of six parts fused into a single unit, adjusted and *sealed at the factory*. Easily and quickly installed by anyone in a few minutes.

AGENTS Get Yours FREE

FOR INTRODUCING. Here's a splendid opportunity for unusual sales and profits. Every car, truck, tractor owner a prospect. Send name and address now for big money making offer and how you can get yours Free.
The Vacu-matic Co., 7671-499 W. State Street, Wauwatosa, Wis.

don't WORRY

ABOUT RUPTURE

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap, **Sent on trial** to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All correspondence confidential.
BROOKS COMPANY, 458-J State St., Marshall, Mich.

You Can Train to Be an ARTIST

Trained Artists Are Capable of Earning $30, $50, $75 Weekly. Many of our graduates are now enjoying successful Art Careers. Our practical method makes it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing AT HOME IN SPARE TIME. Write for details in FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure and Profit", explains course and describes TWO ARTISTS' OUTFITS included. State age.

STUDIO 995P, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115-15th Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Professional Model

SEND NO MONEY!—Save Money!

TRANSPARENT 60 Days' Trial! ROOFLESS PARTIAL

We make **FALSE TEETH** for *you* by **MAIL** from *your own* mouth-impression. **Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.**

$6.85 to $35

FREE Free impression material, directions, catalog.
U.S. Dental Co., Dept. 5-87, Chicago, Ill.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training.

More Ability: More Prestige: More Money

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. Successful graduates in every section of the U. S. We furnish **all text material**, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 5334-L Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

gaunt, ragged appearance of his former class-mate. But Donny looked much worse now.

"Donny!" he said, holding out his hand.

Donny looked dully at the hand, but made no movement forward. "You've heard about Anderson?" he asked.

"Major Cox brought in his wallet. He made a report of how he killed him."

"Two bullets," Donny said. "One in the right hip, another in his right temple. . . ."

Colonel Wheeler gasped softly. "*You*—"

"I killed him in cold blood," Donny said. "I murdered George Todd, too."

Wheeler's lips parted, closed, then parted again. "And Quantrell?"

Donny shook his head. "I don't know where he is. He's been inactive for six months. He didn't take any part in the fighting around here."

A cloud flitted across Wheeler's face. "But there's activity in the Sni hills. I had a report yesterday that Quantrell's sent out word—"

"But he can't!" Donny said in consternation. "He was discredited months ago. Todd drove him out of camp at the point of a gun. Bloody Bill laughed in his face. The guerrillas won't follow a man like that."

"They've got to. They're gone ducks. The war's over, west of the Mississippi. They know that and they know, too, that they can't surrender like the regular Confederates. There's nothing they can do but keep on, and with Anderson and Todd out of the way, there's no one they can turn to but their old leader."

Donny groaned and Colonel Wheeler winced. But he went on doggedly: "I'm sorry, Donny. Your work isn't finished."

How could Donny Fletcher tell Wheeler that he saw the faces of Bill Anderson and George Todd every night? Killers, murderers, yes—but Donny had killed them in cold blood. He was as bad as they.

Blood—he was sick of it. And death. What he wanted more than anything in the world was to lie down and sleep for a week, forever.

A door at the rear of the room opened

and a man came in. "Colonel Wheeler—" he began, and then, seeing that Wheeler was not alone: "Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know—" He started to back out of the room.

And then Donny turned.

The man in the doorway stopped. He was a tall, lean man. He had only one arm.

Donny reeled. "Steve!"

Steve Fletcher stood as rigid as a flag-pole. His clean-shaven face became grey. "Donny." he whispered.

"Steve, I thought you were dead!"

"I was in prison," Steve Fletcher replied, dully. "They turned me loose last week. No reason to feed a—a one-armed prisoner."

Donny stared, fascinated, at the empty right coat-sleeve. Steve saw his gaze and suddenly a shiver ran through him. He said, crisply: "Sorry to have disturbed you, Colonel. We—I was going to ask you to have dinner with us, but evidently you'll be engaged!"

With that, Steve clicked his heels together, made an about face and disappeared the way he had come, without another glance at his brother.

Colonel Wheeler said, softly: "They're living next door. I meant to tell you."

"It's all right," Donny said, hoarsely. "I don't blame them. I'm a guerrilla. All right, I'll go again."

"Quantrell?"

"Yes. I'll let you know when it's over. If you don't hear from me—good-by, Colonel Wheeler!"

Donny Fletcher went out and Lieutenant Colonel Wheeler stared bitterly at the door through which he had gone. "*Colonel* Wheeler . . . Brigadier-General Holbrook . . . Major General Custer—and Donny Fletcher is a better man than any of us! Donny Fletcher, Guerrilla!"

CHAPTER XVIII

SABERS SHEATHED

SHERMAN marched from Atlanta to the sea, leaving death and desolation in his wake. He split the Confederacy in two, cut its lifeline of food and supplies. In the Shenandoah valley of Virginia, Sheridan stripped the granary of the South.

Lee was slowly starved into submission. And at last it was over. At Appomattox Court House, on April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered his army.

In the West, victory had come earlier, at Bloody Westport. After that it was merely a matter of mopping up. The guerrillas disappeared with the death of Bloody Bill Anderson. Where they went, no one knew.

There were rumors that Quantrell had united them once more, but after a time the rumors died and Quantrell was seen no more. The bleak winter passed in war-torn Missouri and with spring, life began to throb once more. Farmhouses were rebuilt. Smoke came from the chimneys of new cabins and here and there, patches of soil were turned once more by the plough.

Bleeding Missouri was licking its wounds. All Missouri needed now was time—Time to forget and dull the memory.

This man here had trid to kill that man there at Pea Ridge, at Lexington, at Westport.

This widow had lost her husband at Wilson's Creek; the father of those children had been killed at Lone Jack. And the brother of this tall somber man with an empty sleeve was a guerrilla whose name had once been whispered in awe and dread and was now forgotten.

They were gone, the guerrillas. Buried in unmarked graves, exiles on foreign soil, or—perhaps that silent man hoeing his little patch of corn had once ridden under the black flag. If so, he never talked about it and it was too soon to ask him. Too soon.

Where once had stood an imposing mansion of brick and tall white pillars was now a rubble of weed-grown ruins. But facing the ruins was a new building, a two-room affair of logs. In front of the open door, on a three-legged wooden stool, sat the man with the empty sleeve.

His eyes were somber, his face lean and drawn. He looked thirty and was only twenty-two. Inside the cabin, Ellen

Fletcher was cooking a meager supper.

Stephen Fletcher heard her moving about inside and knew that in a few minutes he would have to eat again, even though he had no appetite for food. And after awhile he would go to bed, to lie in the darkness and see the shadowy faces. Faces of men long dead.

He wondered if *the* face would come again. It came often, a gray, drawn face with dead eyes. The face of his brother as he had last seen it, that day when he had turned away from it.

"Stephen!" said the voice of his mother, inside the cabin.

"Yes, mother," he replied mechanically, "I'm coming."

His mother came to the door. She was quite gray now, but her features were still smooth and fine. She had aged, but she had not been broken, like so many others.

She said: "Supper's not ready. It's—that wagon, coming there!"

STEPHEN had not even heard the creaking of the wheels. He looked up now, startled, and saw the Conestoga wagon already less than fifty feet from the house. It was driven by a bearded man and another sat in the body of the wagon, his head on a lower level than the driver's.

Stephen got to his feet and walked stiffly toward the approaching wagon.

"Good evening," he said quietly.

The driver pulled up the team of horses. He said: "You Steve Fletcher?"

Stephen Fletcher nodded. "Won't you stop and have supper with us? I believe it'll be ready in a few minutes."

The driver shook his head and looked past Stephen at Ellen Fletcher. Stephen moved forward a couple of steps. "Is there something I can do for you?"

The man looked again at Ellen Fletcher, then shortened his vision to Stephen's face and said, in a low tone, "We've got a man here. He's—been hurt."

Stephen could still see only the straw in the body of the wagon, but he knew, then. He knew the identity of the wounded man lying in the straw.

He said, softly: "Bad?"

The driver nodded. "Pretty bad. We didn't know—well, we couldn't leave him die out there in the woods, so we thought we'd bring him here."

"Of course! Will you bring him into the house?" He glanced quickly down at his empty sleeve and bit his lip. Then he turned and walked toward Ellen Fletcher.

"Mother—"

She knew, too. "It's Donny."

"He's been wounded. These men—" But his mother had already darted into the cabin to get things ready for Donny's—home-coming.

The driver of the wagon brought it up to the door; then he and the other man climbed down and carefully lifted the pitifully thin body of Donny Fletcher from the straw. Donny was unconscious and Stephen Fletcher, looking at his pallid face, knew that his grasp on life was feeble.

The men carried Donny into the cabin and laid him on Ellen Fletcher's bed. She had already put a kettle of water on the fire and was ripping clean, white cloth into strips.

"Ride to Lees Summit, Stephen," she ordered. "Bring Doctor Sanford back with you. I can manage until he gets here."

Stephen went outside with the men.

"Would you mind?" he asked. "We have no horses and it'll take too long to walk."

The man who had been the driver said: "My name's Arch Clements. I don't think—" he shot a quick glance at his comrade, then inhaled sharply. "Of course, we'll drive you to town. Climb in."

Stephen got into the wagon and the driver turned his horses.

"You can drop me near town," Stephen said. "I understand why you don't want to drive in."

"No," said Arch Clements. "We'll drive right in. It's probably best that way, anyway. Don't you think so, Les?"

The man called Les grunted. "Why not get it over?"

"We rode in to Independence," Arch Clements explained. "Les, Donny and myself. To talk to Colonel Wheeler, the provost marshal, about a surrender for

the boys. The colonel was willing; said he'd parole us and we started back to tell the boys it was all right to come in. And then—" A cloud passed over Arch Clements' face—"we ran into a half dozen drunken militiamen. They fired on us."

Stephen exclaimed. "Oh, the fools! The war's been over here for six months."

Arch Clements said harshly: "We even had a white flag. But it didn't make any difference to those drunks. Well, we got away, but Donny got that bullet through the lung. That was yesterday. We hid him in the brush, but we saw today that he wouldn't last overnight without a doctor, so—"

"Thanks, Clements. You—" He stiffened. "I'm sorry. But here come some soldiers."

ARCH CLEMENTS and Les had already seen the approaching horsemen. Clements said: "It's all right. We're not going to put a fight. That's—Colonel Wheeler!"

Wheeler it was—Wheeler, three cavalrymen and a civilian carrying a bag. They reined up in the road when they came to the wagon.

"Steve!" Colonel Wheeler said. "They brought Donny home?"

"Yes. We were just going to Lees Summit for the doctor."

"That won't be necessary, now, Stephen," the civilian with the bag said. "I'll ride on ahead."

"Thank you, Dr. Sanford."

The doctor galloped his horse past the wagon. Colonel Wheeler said, then, to Arch Clements: "I heard what happened and I've placed those men under arrest. Your paroles—they still stand, Clements."

"Thank you, Colonel. It's all right, then, if Les and myself go to bring in the boys?"

"Yes. Steve, get up behind me. I want to see your brother."

Ellen Fletcher met them at the door of the cabin.

"Dr. Sanford's with Donny," she said. "Good evening, Colonel Wheeler."

"Good evening, Mrs. Fletcher. I want to tell you how sorry I am about this thing. Your son surrendered at my office yesterday. This unfortunate thing happened afterward. I've placed the men responsible for it under arrest."

Dr. Sanford appeared in the door. "Colonel Wheeler, he's conscious and he wants to talk to you. Come in—but only for a minute. He's pretty weak."

Colonel Wheeler stepped hurriedly into the cabin. At the door of the bedroom, he turned. "Would you mind—give me a minute with him, alone."

Colonel Wheeler closed the bedroom door and stepped to the bed. He looked down, into Donny's feverish eyes.

"Donny!" he said, softly.

"Colonel Wheeler," Donny whispered. "I want to report. Quantrell . . ."

Colonel Wheeler cut him off. "It's all right, Donny. Never mind that now."

Donny's face twitched in pain. "In Kentucky—he's . . . dead!"

Colonel Wheeler gasped. "You followed him there? No wonder we never heard of him again, around here."

"Dead," reported Donny. "Dead, like—" His eyes opened wide suddenly and a short, harsh laugh was forced from his lips. "Like me, Colonel Wheeler!"

Colonel Wheeler reached down and grasped Donny's hand. It was feverish to his touch. "No, Donny. You're going to be all right. But you've got to rest, now. I'll send Doctor Sanford in."

He went out quickly.

In front of the cabin, Colonel Wheeler gestured to Stephen Fletcher. The latter followed him to one side, out of earshot of the soldiers and Mrs. Fletcher.

"Stephen Fletcher," Colonel Wheeler said. "I want to ask you a question—a personal question."

"Yes?"

"It's just this. Are you in love with Susan Benton?"

The tightening of Stephen Fletcher's mouth was sufficient answer for Colonel Wheeler. His forehead creased. "I was afraid of that."

"Why?" Stephen demanded harshly. "What difference should it make to you? You don't think I'd ask her to marry a man with one arm?"

"An arm wouldn't make any difference to Susan Benton," Colonel Wheeler said bluntly. "That wasn't what I had in mind. It was Donny."

"Donny," Stephen said, bitterly. "Donny, Donny. All right, Colonel Wheeler, I'll tell you. Susan Benton's in love with my brother. She always has been, right from the start. But when Donny—"

He made a hopeless gesture.

Colonel Wheeler's eyes lit up. "I'm going to fetch her here. She's in Lees Summit right now, eating out her heart for him. He needs her. She'll bring him back to life."

Stephen Fletcher followed the colonel to his horse. As the officer, mounted, he said desperately: "Colonel Wheeler, there's something I've been wanting to ask you for six months. Ever since that day, in your office. I thought, then—well, I thought naturally that Donny had been captured and when we didn't hear any more of him, afterwards—"

Colonel Wheeler looked down at the tall ex-Confederate.

"Lieutenant Fletcher," he said crisply, "when Susan Fletcher gets out here, she'll tell you something. Something she doesn't know herself right now. It's about Donny, and it's the truth. I've got to go now. Donny needs her!"

THE chill of death was in the room that night. Donny Fletcher slept, but his breath came so softly that at times those who were watching thought there was no breath at all. In the still hours, with the candles flickering and making ghostly the corners of the room, they thought more than once that they heard the rustle of dark wings.

The women sat on either side of the bed, Ellen Fletcher and Susan Benton. The men, Dr. Sanford and Stephen Fltcher, spent the night in the other room, but each came frequently into the still room.

And then, as the gray dawn crept into the room, Dr. Sanford, said in a tone that quavered: "He's breathing better now. The fever's broken. He's waking!"

"Thank God!" breathed Ellen Fletcher. And suddenly she wiped a tear from her eye, this woman who had not wept when her house had been burned to the ground, when her son had been posted as a traitor, as dead.

Donny's eyes opened. They were clear and bright. He rolled his head to the right, said: "Mother!" then rolled the head to the left.

His eyes met Susan Benton's and held.

Susan Benton's lips parted.

"Hello, Donny," she said.

At the foot of the bed, Stephen Fletcher said dryly: "Fella, I'll give you two weeks. No more. Because if you're not out then, the weeds will be taller than the corn and there won't be any use to hoe it!"

Ellen Fletcher got up, suddenly. "I'll need some kindling for breakfast, Stephen. Come!"

Donny exclaimed weakly: "Mother—wait!"

But Ellen Fletcher pretended not to hear.

She hurried out of the room, taking Stephen with her. She closed the bedroom door behind them.

Then they were alone, Donny Fletcher and Susan Benton. But he could not look at her now.

He stared at the ceiling, unconscious of pain.

Susan Benton, her face suddenly crimson, said: "Donny, Colonel Wheeler told me. He said—"

Donny exclaimed sharply: "He shouldn't have said anything. He promised—"

Susan Benton went on, firmly: "Colonel Wheeler said—and listen, carefully, Donny—he said, 'Donny Fletcher is the bravest man I've ever known. And the best soldier. Even if he isn't a general'. Colonel Wheeler said that, Donny, and he wanted me to repeat it to you."

She leaned forward and her head went down on his breast. He gasped, as if in pain and for an instant was rigid. But then he relaxed and his left arm—the only one he could raise—came up and encircled Susan Benton. He murmured:

"I guess . . . the war is over for me, too!"

The End.

(Continued from page 68)

from the trees many bodies marked with the familiar message "This is the work of the Rurales" . . .

In San Luis Potosi a squad of gray-clad figures would enter a cantina, tap a man on the shoulder, and say: "Come, Placido, we want you." And Placido would bolt, just as the Rurales hoped he would do, and Placido would die with a slug through the back—victim of the *Ley Fuga,* law of the fugitive.

In Zacatecas a group of *valientes* entered a village bent on pillage, but in the midst of the festivities a detachment of Don Porfirio's "finest" arrived. When the brief street battle was at an end the townsmen were glad to bury the dead, but many did complain that the Guardia was a little too thorough. Some of the late raiders were a bit messy to handle.

Two Texans, Joe Ed Askew and a companion, were prospecting on a restricted area in the hills of southern Durango. They had been warned by local civil authorities to move into new territory, but had chosen to remain. One morning, however, they looked down into the valley and saw a string of horsemen approaching.

"We saddled in a hurry and went down the other side of the mountain without waiting to gather up some of our equipment," said Mr. Askew later. "We knew the Rurales. They would have shot us without a chance for argument."

But the force, even with its grim precedents, didn't live altogether on a diet of blood, gunpowder and sudden death. Honest men had nothing to fear from the Gray Riders, and foreign travelers who visited the Republic between 1880 and 1910—most of whom, it seems, returned home to write travel books—had nothing but praise for the Guardia. The politeness of the troopers could equal that of a Spanish grandee, and they never were too busy to escort or give aid to a tourist on the road, or extract him from a difficulty.

"To see them ride into a town in the grand style of the *caballero* gave one a feeling of real security," wrote one author of the 'Nineties. "But they

PARENTS!...TYPING CAN IMPROVE THAT CHILD'S MARKS

Prominent educators say typing improves marks... encourages neatness . . . aids expression. Give your child a better start in life with a Speedline Corona. "Eight year olds" learn to type easily...and benefit by it all their lives. Mail coupon for folder *today!*

$1 00 A WEEK TO OWN A CORONA
Plus small down payment

FREE DEMONSTRATION AT ALL DEALERS

SPEEDLINE CORONA

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 5, 159 Almond Street, Syracuse, New York
Please send me free folder describing Speedline Coronas.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

START $1260 to $2100 YEAR

Over 52,000 appointed last gov't year.
Many appointments each year.
GET READY Immediately.
Men — Women
Mail Coupon Today— SURE

COUPON

Franklin Institute
Dept. C174
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay dependable jobs. Send FREE 32-page book describing salaries, vacations, hours, work, etc. Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name .....

Address .....

Flush Poisons From Kidneys and Stop Getting Up Nights

Be Healthier, Happier — Live Longer

When you can get for 35 cents a safe, efficient and harmless stimulant and diuretic that should flush from your kidneys the waste matter, poisons and acid that are now doing you harm, why continue to break your restful sleep by getting up through the night?

Don't be an EASY MARK and accept a substitute—Ask for Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules — right from Haarlem in Holland. GET GOLD MEDAL—the original—the genuine. Look for the Gold Medal on the box—35 cents.

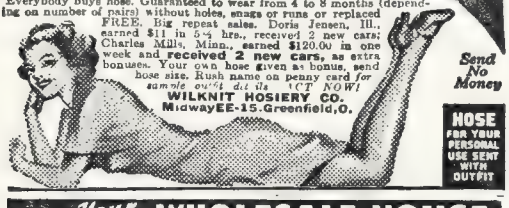
Other symptoms of weak kidneys and irritated bladder may be backache, puffy eyes, shifting pains, burning or scanty passage. Don't accept a substitute.

WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN TO MAKE UP TO $32.00 IN A WEEK

Introducing Hose Guaranteed 4 to 8 Months

EARNINGS START AT ONCE! Brand new Ford given producers. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months (depending on number of pairs) without holes, snags or runs or replaced FREE. Big repeat sales. Doris Jensen, Ill., earned $11 in 5½ hrs., received 2 new cars; Charles Mills, Minn., earned $120.00 in one week and **received 2 new cars,** as extra bonuses. Your own hose given as bonus, send hose size. Rush name on penny card *for sample outfit do it NOW!*



WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
MidwayEE-15.Greenfield,O.

Send No Money

HOSE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE SENT WITH OUTFIT

Turn Your Car into a WHOLESALE HOUSE ON WHEELS

Get FREE BOOK

MAKE BIG MONEY CALLING ON STORES

If you now earn less than $50 a week, let us tell you how hundreds of inexperienced men have started making really big money. Easy plan starts you handling big profit line of nationally advertised 5c—10c goods—250 products. You show storekeepers how to increase sales and profits up to 50% and compete with chains. Don't let lack of capital hold you back. Write today.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 69-S, Spencer, Ind.

BE A PASSENGER TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

Train with Us—We Have Jobs

Men—19 to 50—who complete easy, home-study course in spare time are placed as Railway and Bus Passenger Traffic Inspectors at up to $135 per month, plus expenses to start, or we refund tuition. Agreeable, interesting work. Ask about our 21 yrs.' experience in giving this service. Free Booklet.

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE
Div. 9005 Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED

ORIGINAL SONG POEMS

any subject. **YOU CAN** write the words for a song. Don't delay—send us your poem for immediate consideration.

RICHARD BROS., 30-A Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.

ITCH

STOPPED QUICKLY

Use D.D.D. Prescription

Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles

35c bottle, at druggists, proves it or money back

talked very little, never of their own adventures and exploits. They let others do that."

Somewhere in Mexico, if he survived the tumultuous times of the revolution, is a man who treasures among his possessions a fine gold watch engraved on the case with these words:

> "Presented by the President of the United States to Pedro Miramontes, chief of the Rural Guard, Ensenada, Mexico, for humane and praiseworthy services in behalf of a boat's crew of the U.S. steamer *Ranger*."

Pedro won it on January 18, 1886, when the American vessel, blown by storm from the open sea, grounded on the rocks off peaceful Ensenada—peaceful for the time because it chanced to be headquarters for a *cuerpo* of Rurales. It became apparent almost immediately that the *Ranger* was doomed, and as she lay on the reef with a vicious sea pounding at her ribs, the ten members of the crew tried to launch a longboat. Standing on the beach, scores of citizens from the town helplessly watched the unequal contest between sea and men, but none made a move toward rescue, even after the boat overturned, leaving the sailors clinging desperately to its sides.

Then Commandante Miramontes arrived with half a dozen men. He took in the situation at a glance and shouted an order:

"Get out a boat!"

A group of fishermen soon had one in the water, but Miramontes did not force them to put themselves in danger's way. He gave a few sharp commands to his *guardas,* who stripped off their jackets and revolver belts and leaped to the oars. The Rurales were out of their element, but they pulled like sea dogs, and through some miracle succeeded in reaching the *Rangers's* crew before the longboat was shattered to splinters against the rocks. The troopers saved all but one, an unfortunate sailor swept away by an undertow as the *commandante* was reaching for his collar.

Two months later President Grover Cleveland, hearing of the heroic rescue, sent the gold watch to Pedro Miramon-

tes, along with an inscribed silver medal for each of the six *guardas*.

IN connection with the softer phase of Guardia service, G. A. Walls, a Scotch-Mexican minister of Presbyterian faith now living in Texas, tells of an experience which came his way while a theological student in the City of Mexico.

It was Holy Week and he had been sent to conduct services in a suburban village notorious for its lawless and vicious element. Arriving at the little church, he was informed that several young men, filled with *pulque* and the devil, were planning to disrupt services, but this news gave slight pause to the Reverend Mr. Walls.

With the congregation seated on the benches and the doors closed, the preacher went to the pulpit and began reading a text, but he had no more than started before a bullet crashed through a window. Whizzing past the minister's head, it embedded itself in the wall, but since none in the congregation moved or displayed the slightest concern, he went ahead with the recitation.

"Though comparatively short, that text seemed to me the longest in the Bible," Mr. Walls said later. "As I read I kept wondering if I were hit, and when the blood would start. I have preached to many audiences, but never one like that, before or since. Not a man or woman moved, even after the second shot was fired into the church. I finally completed the text, but when a third bullet came singing through the window I decided to delay services temporarily."

He disliked the idea of going back to other students and confessing that he had been prevented from preaching in Holy Week, but that is what he might have done but for a suggestion from a man in the congregation.

"Colonel Garcia and his Rurales are camped about five miles away," he said. "Why not send for them?"

So the oil lamps were extinguished while a youth, noted as a good runner, slipped out through a back window to carry a message to Garcia. Reverend Mr. Walls and the faithful sat silently in the darkened church for several hours, then heard a commotion of barking dogs on the outskirts of the village. The Guardia Rural had arrived—seventeen strapping big fellows, who appeared genuinely disappointed that the troublemakers had taken alarm and fled.

"Continue the services," said the Rural colonel. "I will leave two men, one to preserve order, the second to keep him company. And if there are any more interruptions there will be a killing."

Those two Rurales spent Holy Week in church. They failed to become converts, but through their presence they served *El Cristo Rey*, and the Reverend Mr. Walls now looks back on the meeting as one of the most harmonious he ever held.

Of all the thousands who wore the gray uniform during the thirty years that Don Porfirio Diaz held the balance of power, one of the boldest, and perhaps the most feared, was not a Mexican at all. He was a gentleman of Russian extraction and a one-time deserter from Troop D of the Third United States Cavalry. His name was Emilio Kosterlitzky.

Except that he once served a hitch in the German army, little of his past history is known; but Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, who knew him well on the border and in Mexico, recalls that at the time of the desertion Kosterlitzky was a sergeant-major at Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

"My recollection is that an officer of the Third, half drunk and in bad humor, fell into a trivial argument with Kosterlitzky and slapped him with the flat of a saber," said the general, now retired. "The Russian, who was dismounted, grabbed the officer, dragged him from his horse, and knocked him down on the parade ground. That afternoon Kosterlitzky went A.W.O.L across the convenient international line.

"Later I talked to Kosterlitzky in Mexico and he told me that after crossing he soon fell in with some roving 'patriots' and went 'adventuring'. On that subject, however, he wasn't very expansive, except to say that he and

several others were caught by the Sonora authorities and condemned to penal servitude. All that saved him was that the authorities, recognizing that they had a man as rough and tough as the best, decided that he might be useful, that section being overrun at the time with thieves and smugglers."

The high military commander in this northern state chanced to be an old friend and former army comrade of Porfirio Diaz, therefore it was only natural that the great man soon should hear of the new recruit who gave so much promise. Consequently, Kosterlitzky soon was holding, in addition to a Rural commission, the command of the Cordada, or Fiscal Guard, with headquarters in the town of Magdalena.

The length and breadth of Mexico could not have furnished a harder-riding group of natural-born fighters than those who were to gallop behind the white horse of the tall, soldierly, keen-eyed and mustachioed cavalry deserter. He gave them still other qualities, the rigid discipline and exacting efficiency of the German and American armies, and personally he set them a conduct example that might well have been used to write a manual on the Guardia Rural traditions.

This was graphically demonstrated during the Cananea mine strike at Ronquillo in 1906, when a *cuerpo* was fired upon by strikers as the Rurales, riding column of fours, were entering the town. One of the rear rank men was slightly wounded in the arm.

The commander, with a quick glance backward, gave a single order. The four rear rank troopers wheeled their horses about, shouldered their Winchesters, and shot three strikers dead in their tracks. Then, calmly executing another about face, they spurred their horses to a canter to catch the moving column, and jogged on as though nothing whatever had occurred to upset the tranquillity of the day.

The work of the Kosterlitzky aggregation often was carried out with fox-like cunning, and personal information concerning the inhabitants usually was augmented by data from well-paid spies.

Once, in San Pedro's market plaçe, the Guardia picked up a dozen men wanted for theft, and since so many people were in the plaza at the time, Don Emilio put the captives in charge of a detachment, with orders to the sergeant that the prisoners be taken to a nearby town. Shortly, the detachment was back, the sergeant explaining that the poor fellows had been so unwise as to attempt a break. The *Ley Fuga* had been invoked, said he, the law of the fugitive.

"Very sad," he added, with a sigh. "Yes, very sad."

Kosterlitzky made no comment. He knew that his sergeant was an old hand, wise in the Rural tradition, and also a liar. Had the sergeant been so foolish as to deliver the prisoners to the designated town he might have been cashiered.

IN the dead of night the column sometimes would pay a surprise visit to some village, drag a few men from their huts, and slip away before the villagers were aware that they had come and gone. The Rurales might return again, but their captives never.

Of course, any man holding such supreme authority as that enjoyed by the Russian can reasonably expect to make enemies, and Kosterlitzky had his full quota. More than one attempt was made on his life by friends and relatives of *ladrones* he had dropped on a length of rope, but he seemed to have the luck of the devil and always escaped without so much as a wound.

On several occasions, after a slug fired from ambush had whizzed harmlessly past an ear, he would turn to O'Jada, one of his sergeants, and say: "Find that man, but don't kill him—until later. I want to question him."

As a result death sometimes would overtake not only the would-be assassin but one or more of the man's overly ambitious friends.

Kosterlitzky did not recognize one law for the poor *peon* and another for the rich and aristocratic landowner. With the meek and lowly he could display the tenderness of a woman and the

courtesy of a Chesterfield, but arrogance he despised in all forms.

Riding one day through a small village in Chihuahua, he was stopped by a woman with tearful eyes.

"Ah, Don Emilio, my pig, he has been stolen," she lamented. "It was my only pig, and I am but a poor woman."

The colonel was in a great hurry. He was after a cattle thief and the trail was warm, but to this woman the one pig was just as important, or more so, than the many steers of the *ranchero*.

"Do you know who took the animal?" he asked. "Can you tell me anything about that?"

The woman gave a name, adding that the culprit lived just outside the village, and she went with the column to show the way. The thief was discovered in the act of butchering the pig, which was promptly identified by its rightful owner, and he could do naught but confess. He had a hundred excuses but Kosterlitzky heard only one of two.

"Enough of that," he said. "We have no time to waste." Then, signaling to a *guarda:* "Kill him."

The purloiner of swine tried to beg for his life, but a volley from the rifles cut short his pleading.

"Take the meat and tell some of the villagers to bury this man," the colonel told the woman, and the column went on its way. The incident had required less than twenty minutes.

One night, down in the hills of Sonora, Kosterlitzky and a squadron camped with a young American prospector, and during the evening meal the Russian, whose ability to ferret out evidence was uncanny, suggested that the fresh beef they were eating might be stolen.

"Where did you get it?" he asked of the host.

The prospector named his source, a storekeeper several miles away, but hastened to add that he had been dealing with the merchant a long while and could not believe him to be a criminal.

"Just the same, I'll investigate," said Kosterlitzky.

A few weeks later the prospector again met the Rural chief, and inquired about the matter.

TRAIN FOR ELECTRICITY
12 WEEKS TRAINING
THIS QUICK EASIER WAY
ACTUAL SHOP WORK—NOT BOOKS

H. C. Lewis

Have you ever dreamed of holding down a good pay job—that would give you all the things in life you wanted? If so, quit dreaming and prepare for such a job. Electricity offers you a real job and a real future if you will prepare yourself by training to take your place in this giant industry.

Here at my school you are trained in 12 weeks for your start for a better job and a real future. You are trained on real electrical machinery and equipment. You work on generators, motors, dynamos, you wire houses, wind armatures, etc. You also get training in Diesel, Electric Refrigeration and Air Conditioning plus an extra 4 weeks course in Radio. My methods make it easy to learn—First you are told how to do a thing—then you are shown how to do it—then you do the work yourself.

I'LL FINANCE YOUR TRAINING

You can get this training first—then pay for the most of it after you graduate. If you need part time work to help with living expenses, we will help you get it. After graduation you get lifetime employment service. Send coupon for free catalog and all details

I WILL INCLUDE AN EXTRA 4 WEEKS COURSE IN RADIO

Mr. H. C. Lewis, President
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 50-76
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis: Send me the book that tells the story of your training and your offer to help me get this training.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years

Prepare for College or promotion in Business and Industry. Credit for High School subjects already completed. Diploma awarded.

COLLEGE. If you are a H. S. Graduate, we can give you by home study college-grade vocational training in the important branches of Business and Industry and Liberal Arts. Free Bulletin.

American School, H-549, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

WORLD FAMOUS • STANDARD MAKE
TYPEWRITERS

as Low as $26.90
10 DAY TRIAL
No Money Down
EASY TERMS as low as 50¢ a week

YOUR CHOICE—UNDERWOODS! ROYALS! REMINGTONS! L. C. SMITHS! WOODSTOCKS! As low as 1/3 mfrs. original price. Typewriters that cost up to $110.00—some as low as $26.90. Genuine, standard, full sized rebuilt office models—up-to-date improvements—standard keyboard, back spacer, ribbon reverse, 2 color ribbon, etc. Never before such rock-bottom prices! FULLY GUARANTEED! Backed by 30 years of fair dealing. Ten day trial. Easiest terms in history—as low as 50c a week. FREE big price slashing catalog shows all makes in colors, details on 10-day trial and easiest terms. FREE Van Zandt Touch Typing course with your typewriter. See catalog before you buy. Mail coupon now while stock is complete.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
231 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. (Dept. 539)
Send Free Catalog in colors showing late model standard Typewriters at tremendous savings with no money down and 10 days' trial.
Name.....Address.....
Town.....State.....

PRESTO! ANYONE CAN MASTER GLAZE

LEAVES HARD GLASS-LIKE FINISH
SEALS THE PORES OF THE SURFACE
EASY TO APPLY
PROTECTS THE SURFACE
WILL NOT RUBBER-MARK
NO OILY FILM AS WITH POLISH
EASY TO KEEP CLEAN
NO SMEAR OR STREAKS AS WITH WAX
LASTS SIX MONTHS TO A YEAR
SAVES YOU MONEY

Car Owners! Meet Master Glaze—the sensationally different luster for new and used cars! Not a wax—not an oil polish—not a paint!—nothing that "smears" over the surface.

MASTER GLAZE is a unique discovery—a creamy liquid—quick and easy to apply! Gives a hard, glass-like surface. Even gasoline cannot dull it! Lasts six months to a year! Amazing luster—beautiful, sparkling clean and brilliant! Doesn't finger-mark—doesn't smear! A match box full glazes an entire car. Seals the pores—protects! NOTHING LIKE IT!

AGENTS An unusual opportunity! Quick, flashy demonstrator. Big profits. Good territory. Write today!

FREE SAMPLE Write now for FREE BOOKLET and FREE TRIAL OFFER. Just send your name and address. Write

MASTER GLAZE CO., 7720-171 W. Harwood Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

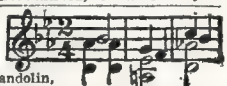
RUPTURED?

Get Relief This Proven Way

Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing FREE book, "Advice To Ruptured" and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write:

CLUTHE SONS, Dept. 15, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

LEARN



Piano, Violin, Cornet, Trumpet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Organ, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet SIMPLIFIED HOME STUDY METHOD — conservatory grade. Successfully tried courses for beginners. ATTRACTIVELY PRICED—convenient payment plan. Free catalog. Please mention preferred course.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Dept. 97-N, 1525 East 53rd St., Chicago, Ill.

BE LUCKY! CARRY A CHARM GARD

Rabbit's Foot or Horseshoe Coin keychain. Send 25¢ in coin. Ladies' Birthstone ring 50¢. State size & month.

LUCKY GARD, BANKSVILLE ROAD, BEDFORD VILLAGE, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH

AS LOW AS **$6.85**

90 DAYS' TRIAL
WEAR THEM
TEST THEM
EXAMINE THEM

BE SATISFIED or get your money back any time within your 90 day trial. Customers in United States and Canada report SATISFACTION by My Method founded on 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

SEND NO MONEY — WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET and MATERIAL

DR. CLEVELAND DENTAL LABORATORY

Dept. 48-EO, East St. Louis, Illinois

NEURITIS

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes or Money Back

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in a few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes—or your money back. Don't suffer. Clip this ad now as a reminder to ask your druggist for NURITO today.

"Yes, the storekeeper was all right," said Don Emilio, "but not the two men from whom he was buying the meat. I went to visit them and found them butchering a stolen steer."

"And what did you do?" pursued the American.

Kosterlitzky shrugged.

"I did to them," he said, "what they had done to the steer."

In the early 1900's cooperation between Rurales and state rangers of Texas and Arizona resulted in the capture and death of some of the worst criminals along the Border. It was easy for a killer to slip across the line after a shooting on the American side, and sometimes the American man-hunters would cross and join the Rurales on a scout.

In this connection Captain Thomas Rynning, most famous of all the old Arizona Rangers, narrates an interesting experience he had in western Sonora when, with permission from the state's military governor, he crossed with three Rangers to hunt for two fugitive train robbers.

With the Arizonans rode six of Kosterlitzky's Rurales under command of Captain Cayetano Molino, and although the party failed to snare the particular fugitives wanted, it did nab a Mexican horse thief long sought in connection with an Arizona murder.

When Captain Rynning remarked that this *hombre* would be a welcome sight to the courts of his state, the officer of Rurales said he wouldn't think of allowing the prisoner's removal from Mexico.

"We have been looking for this fellow for a long time," he said. "We know him, far too well, and he doesn't deserve a trial."

Molino forced the man to scoop out his own grave, stood him at one end of it, and shot him.

Rynning had protested on the grounds that every man charged with crime should be given fair trial, but there was nothing he could do. Molino, casually sipping coffee at the camp-fire while his men filled in the grave, vindicated his action with this excuse: "He might have escaped. I know the way

you Americans do things in the courts."

He looked up at the Ranger and smiled.

"You are a good soldier, Captain Tomas," he observed, "but you are too chicken heart'."

DANE COOLIDGE, that excellent narrator of western lore, recounts one of the best of the Kosterlitzky yarns, one portraying still another side of the Russian's character . . .

In the town of Sahuaripa the daughter of a poor *peon* had been forcibly taken from her home and mistreated by the son of an aristocratic land-owner, and the father of the girl had complained to the chief of the Rurales.

Recognizing the social gulf between the two families, the *peon* did not ask for money. He only expressed a hope that the young man could be persuaded to support the girl and recognize her expected child.

Kosterlitzky sent for a doctor and had him examine the young woman. Then two Rurales were dispatched to bring the boy's father, but this gentleman sent word to the chief that if any conferences were desired he would prefer to hold them in his own house rather than in that of a peasant.

Kosterlitzky flushed when he received the message.

"Go to him once again and tell him to come here," he said. "If he still refuses tell him you have been instructed to kill him and bring me his head."

They brought the man this time, and also the son, who made a complete confession to the charges of the *peon's* daughter.

"Then you shall marry her," decreed Kosterlitzky. "Go, O'Jada," he said to the sergeant, "and find a magistrate."

The father of the groom-elect was horrified. His son marry this *peon's* daughter! Preposterous! But the colonel was adamant.

"There will be a wedding," he said firmly. "If not I will give your fine son to the firing squad. And you, sir," he added, addressing the father, "if I ever hear that you have interfered in any way with this marriage, I'll come here and put *you* against the wall."

And so the boy and girl entered into the bonds of matrimony, and lived happily ever after—at least while the Russian ruled the state.

Although he served Porfirio Diaz for nearly a quarter of a century, Kosterlitzky did not return once to the United States in that time, even after being notified that because of his outstanding performance in bandit killing Uncle Sam had seen fit to forgive the matter of his desertion from the Third Cavalry.

"I saw him once in Chihuahua," recalls General Bullard, "and invited him to visit me in El Paso, but he smilingly declined, saying that he was much too busy to be making social calls across the Border."

Kosterlitzky remained in Mexico until late in 1911, when there were no longer any Rurales to lead. The end came when Francisco Madero's successful revolution overthrew the regime of Diaz and forced Don Porfirio's resignation, but the Rurales went out fighting, the Russian's last stand being typical of the *esprit de corps*.

Caught in the north of Sonora and practically at the mercy of an insurgent army made up in part of men who had hated him through a generation, Kosterlitzky, with half a hundred *guardas*, reluctantly retreated to the Mexican border town of Nogales.

Word went out that the tough old campaigner at last had been cornered and the mob grew, jubilantly closing in around him. Men became bold now, bold enough to hurl insults at the gray uniforms, and the Russian saw that there was little he and his Rurales could do, if they wanted to live, but cross into the United States and surrender to military authorities for internment. The jeering revolutionaries of the Mexican town drawing nearer and nearer, the colonel paraded his troops and, in formation, fell slowly back to the line, but there he hesitated.

Suddenly he wheeled his horse and barked an order. A bugle blared . . . the charge! Cold steel glinted along the gray-clad line as sabers rattled from their scabbards — but Don Emilio's white horse, responding to the master's

spurs, already was lunging forward. *"Viva Rurales!"*

The *guardas,* shouting and swearing, thundered down on the scoffers, slashing out, pouring revolver shots into the panic-stricken crowd. It was over in less time than required for the telling, and Kosterlitzky and his troop wheeled about and rode for Nogales, Arizona, leaving the streets of the Mexican town clear, except for a score of dead.

The Russian, like many other contemporary refugees, went finally to Los Angeles, where, until his death in 1928, he served as a secret agent for the United States government and watched from afar the tragic trend of events in the Southern Republic.

With the success of the Madero revolt the Rurales of the hard school—the force that had shattered bandit domination and had made safe the way for foreign capitalists—passed into oblivion. Old Don Porfirio himself fled to Europe. Changes came swiftly.

Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata ruled with a high hand. Madero, in triumph, entered the capital on July 17, took office as constitutional president on October 15th. All was confusion, hatred, uncertainty.

Then the year 1912 . . .

In March Pascaual Orozco led a revolt in Chihuahua and was defeated. In October General Felix Diaz rebelled at Vera Cruz with a portion of the 19th Battalion and was captured. Steadily, events moved ominously, but "Mister" Madero still sat in the presidential chair. Bernardo Reyes, Victoriano Huerta and others who held to the political faith of Diaz, were plotting, and on February 9, 1913 the rebel element engineered the coup d'etat of the Ciudadela, the capture of the Mexico City arms depot. Reyes was killed and that period known as the "Ten Tragic Days" began.

THE foregoing historical summary is recited merely as a prelude to February 22, that red-letter day on which President Madero and Vice President Pino Suarez were—to use that polite Mexican term for murder—"passed by arm."

Many conflicting tales have been told regarding the killing of the "Little Man," as some of his followers affectionately referred to Madero, but there are those who place blame for the actual slaying on a former officer of the Guardia Rural, one Major Francisco Cardenas.

Representing this school of thought, an anonymous writer published in the magazine *Sucesos Para Todos* recently a story which, in literal translation, has this to say:

"Notwithstand that we all know the events which took place during the Ten Tragic Days in this capital, and which had as an epilogue the assassination of the Constitutional President and Vice President, there exists several details which to date have not been published, things which will cause a wave of indignation at the ferocity and savagery that the executioner practiced when he sacrificed his defenseless victims.

"On the 12th day of February, 1913, the Constitutional President was arrested by General Aureliano Blanquette, and shortly afterward several secretaries of state. On the 18th these high dignitaries were at liberty, and only the President, the Vice President and General Felipe Angeles were kept prisoners in the National Palace, guarded by two hundred soldiers.

"On the 19th Victoriano Huerta was declared Provisional President and immediately named his cabinet. On the morning of the 21st the ministers convened with the President, the fate of the prisoners being freely discussed. The attorney, Rodolfo Reyes, secretary of justice, was the first to speak, insinuating from the beginning the convenience of having the prisoners passed by arms. Even if they were to be expelled from the country, he argued, they still would continue to be Constitutional President and Vice President, and before long they would be in touch with the populace that had elected them, and again be attempting to conquer.

"The proposition was approved by Victoriano Huerta and by the attorney, Alberto Garcia Granados, secretary of gobernacion, who had uttered the phrase: 'The bullet that kills Madero will be the savior of the Republic.'

"The result of that macabre council was an agreement to shoot the prisoners, a commission to execute the order being given to a major of Rurales, Francisco Cardenas.

"He, with a *piquet* of soldiers, appeared at midnight in the intendency of the palace to pick them up, Cardenas declaring that he had orders to conduct them to the district penitentiary. As the prisoners left, General Angeles started to march along with his companions, but Cardenas told him that he had orders to take only Mr. Madero and Pino Suarez.

"As the high functionaries boarded the carriage that was to carry them, their hands were tied behind them; arriving at one side of the penitentiary, they were told to step out. Pino Suarez was shot down immediately, as a prelude to the execution of the Constitutional President. However, when Major Cardenas gave the order to fire at Mr. Madero, the soldiers forming the firing squad disobeyed and in the face of his attitude the executioner, fearing himself lost, approached the President and fired his revolver several times at the head of Mr. Madero, who fell.

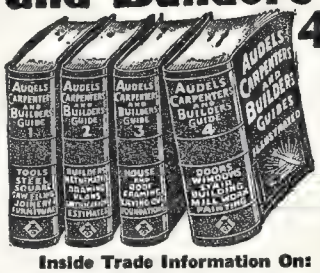
"Returning to the palace, all the soldiers of the firing squad were passed by arms, in action demonstrating the ferocity of the grim assassin.

"Nevertheless, the blood of his victims gained for the troglodyte an army promotion as colonel in the south of the republic. At first it seemed unlikely that his crime would be punished, but a force unknown to mortals took care that justice would be done. The executioneer Cardenas never again had a moment's peace. Whenever he talked to persons in his confidence he confessed his remorse, declaring that since that memorable orgy of blood the corpses of his victims marched in funeral procession in his imagination. The torments he experienced at last became intolerable, and he ended his own life with a bullet in the brain . . ."

So a former member of the Rurales had a hand in the assassination? Be that as it may—

An old campaigner, tough and stoical, now sat on the throne of the Monte-

AUDELS Carpenters and Builders Guides 4 vols. $6



Inside Trade Information for Carpenters, Builders, Joiners, Building Mechanics and all Woodworkers. These Guides give you the short-cut instructions that you want—including new methods, ideas, solutions, plans, systems and money saving suggestions. An easy progressive course for the apprentice and student. A practical daily helper and Quick Reference for the master worker. Carpenters everywhere are using these Guides as a Helping Hand to Easier Work, Better Work and Better Pay. To get this assistance for yourself, simply fill in and mail the FREE COUPON below.

Inside Trade Information On:

How to use the steel square—How to file and set saws—How to build furniture—How to use a mitre box—How to use the chalk line—How to use rules and scales—How to make joints—Carpenters arithmetic—Solving mensuration problems—Estimating strength of timbers—How to set girders and sills—How to frame houses and roofs—How to estimate costs—How to build houses, barns, garages, bungalows, etc.—How to read and draw plans—Drawing up specifications—How to excavate—How to use settings 12, 13 and 17 on the steel square—How to build hoists and scaffolds—skylights—How to build stairs—How to put on interior trim—How to hang doors—How to lath—lay floors—How to paint

THEO. AUDEL & CO., 49 W. 23rd St., New York City

Mail Audels Carpenters and Builders Guides, 4 vols., on 7 days' free trial. If O.K. I will remit $1 in 7 days, and $1 monthly until $6 is paid. Otherwise I will return them. No obligation unless I am satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Reference.....M.G.

Stops Pyorrhea and Trench Mouth

OR NO COST!

New Guaranteed Home Treatment Astounds Medical Profession

You can believe the sworn affidavits of doctors and dentists who have tried this new discovery on most stubborn cases of pyorrhea, trench mouth and bleeding gums.

PYRO was used with startling success many times, in cases that seemed hopeless . . . where everything else failed. PYRO is almost uncanny in getting quick and sure results. It gets to the root of the trouble because PYRO has a penetration of ¼ inch in 5 minutes and it corrects and heals as it penetrates the diseased areas. If your gums are sore or bleed when brushed . . . If your teeth are loose or pus pockets have formed, order PYRO today for quick correction . . . act now before you lose your teeth entirely.

A Doctor Writes: A well-known physician . . . a member of the American Medical Assn. and many other professional organizations, says: "I do not hesitate to state that this solution has saved me from the nightmare of false teeth."

Read This Proof!

Mrs. W. H. Kirby, 45 East 66th St., New York, writes: "For a number of years I suffered with an advanced case of pyorrhea, constant treatments seemed only to arrest the disease. I was told I would lose my teeth. Then I heard of this new remedy. Being desperate, decided to try it. Am very happy now. My gums are healthy, teeth tight and write this hoping that others suffering as I will try it."

DON'T LOSE YOUR TEETH, ORDER NOW!

We have 45 pages of affidavits attesting to the wonderful powers of PYRO. So positive are we that it will bring you the health and happiness you have been seeking, that we will send it to you without a single penny of risk. Send $2 today for the full home treatment or we will send C.O.D. for $2 plus postage. Use PYRO as directed and if not 100% delighted with results, return the unused bottle and we will refund the purchase price in full. (Canada $2.25 cash with order.)

D. G. CABLE PRODUCTS, BOX 4,
Hamilton Grange Sta., New York Post Office

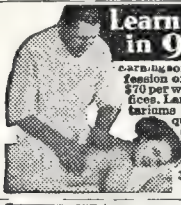
ARE YOU THE MAN *For this* WORK?

If you are, here is an excellent opportunity open to make good money through my successful premium plan. I need more ambitious men in every locality to service regular routes and introduce over 200 famous household products in daily use. No experience or special training necessary. 33 year old company. I start you with quick, sure-fire premium plan that gets results.

SAMPLES SENT ON TRIAL PLAN

An amazing demonstrating sample outfit—containing actual full-size packages—will be sent you. Just your name and address—no money necessary—brings you all the free details. So don't hesitate to write—and at once. There is no obligation.

E. J. MILLS, 1673 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE.

THE College of Swedish Massage
30 E. Adams St., Dept. 395, Chicago
(Successor to National College of Massage)

MAKE MORE MONEY

Taking Orders For The NIMROD Line

Earn more every day in the year representing old established firm with a complete line of fast selling necessities: Shirts of all kinds, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery, Raincoats, Sweaters, Pants, Belts, Breeches, Shoes, Coveralls, Shop Coats, Uniforms, Summer Suits, etc. Every item guaranteed. Experience unnecessary.

Write quick for FREE SALES EQUIPMENT
NIMROD COMPANY
4922-BM Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PSYCHIST — MENTAL HEALER

LES-A-ME PRAYER CENTER

Psychic Reading & Spiritual Advice on 5 Questions $1.00. Accredited Worker. MENTAL HEALINGS—Affirmative & Prayer Help; for Personal, Business or Health Conditions at $1.00 per week. Special Offer rates—Psychic Reading & 3 weeks of Prayer work for $2.00 or 10 weeks of Prayer work for $5.00.

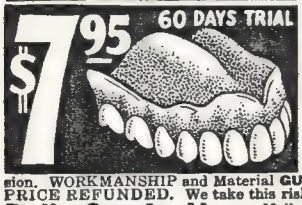
Lois Karew, P. O. Box 134, Eau Claire, Wis.

SONG & SONG POEM WRITERS

We want original song and song poems with commercial value for recordings. WE SUPPLY MELODIES for song poems. Send stamp for information.

HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIOS
Dept. D, Box 87 Preuss Station, Los Angeles, Calif.

$7.95 60 DAYS TRIAL



FALSE TEETH

AS LOW AS $7.95

Per Plate. Dental plates are made in our own laboratory from your personal impression. WORKMANSHIP and Material **GUARANTEED** or PURCHASE PRICE REFUNDED. We take this risk on our 60-Day Trial Offer.

DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY Mail post card for **FREE** material and catalog of our LOW PRICES. DON'T PUT IT OFF — Write us today! *Supervised By A Dentist.*

BRIGHTON-THOMAS DENTAL LABORATORY (INC.)
DEPT. 113 6217 S. HALSTED STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust—**NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. TUBELESS, BATTERYLESS! **ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN.** Enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. **OWNERS** report amazing reception and distance.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Complete ready to listen with instruction and Tinyphone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED!**

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M.O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. A most unusual value. **ORDER NOW!**

MIDGET RADIO CO. Dept. PF-5 KEARNEY, NEBR.

zumas, but he rested uneasily. Victoriano Huerta, friend and supporter of Diaz, did not deceive himself concerning possibilities that might arise as an aftermath to the slaying of Madero. The "Little Man" had many faithful friends—like, for instance, that terrible fellow from Parral, Pancho Villa. The provisional president realized that trouble was inevitable, and privately he wished that he might augment his military strength through reorganization of the now dismembered Rurales. He turned the idea in his mind, wondering where to find a proper leader.

Then one day, as he sat in El Globo Cafe across the Paseo from Hotel Imperial—a rendezvous where he habitually took a morning *copita* of cognac with certain of his cabinet satellites—he witnessed from the window an unexpected bit of drama.

An American woman had been out for a morning canter, and almost directly in front of the restaurant her horse bolted and she was thrown to the paving. As passers-by helped her to her feet another actor entered the tableau—a Mexican gentleman in elegant *charro* dress and mounted on a spirited horse.

Taking in the situation at a glance and seeing that the lady was in good hands, he uncoiled his *riata,* spurred his charger, threw a neat loop about the fleeing animal's neck, then led him back to his mistress.

All this President Huerta witnessed from the window, and being a man with a keen eye for fine horseflesh and good riding, he sent an orderly to invite the gentleman in for a *copita.*

Don Victoriano knew the man. His name was Carlos Rincon Gallardo, scion of one of the nation's oldest and most aristocratic families. His grandmother had been a lady-in-waiting to ill-fated Maximilian's Empress Carlota, and one of his uncles, Don Jose, had fought as a colonel in the Juarista army which overthrew the emperor. Another uncle, that same Pedro Rincon Gallardo who had raised for Porfirio Diaz the pre-Rural force to assist the courts, had one

time been minister to England and to Russia.

Don Carlos himself could claim honors as a grandee of Spain, and was holder of the last title in Mexico—as the Marquis de Guadalupe.

The Marquis is one of those unusual Mexicans who never take cognac, but he had a cup of tea while listening to the president compliment him for his skill with the *riata,* and speak words of admiration for his mount and equipage. The meeting was brief and Don Carlos rode back to his home on Calle Dinamarca, not dreaming there would be an aftermath that would color his entire career.

Three mornings later the Marquis, returning from a ride in Chapultepec Park, was surprised to find a message asking him to report at the national palace. Huerta wanted him, and since it was fashionable in those days to obey with alacrity any summons from that quarter, Don Carlos went off at once to the ancient building on the Zocalo.

Victoriano Huerta, as soon as his visitor was ushered in, recalled the incident of the runaway horse, and remarked that in such bad times the country stood in need of such handy men as the Marquis.

"I think you are a gentleman," said the president. "I know you are a good horseman, and I believe you are brave."

Rincon Gallardo confessed that he always had considered himself a gentleman and a horseman.

"But as for being brave," he added, "that, Your Excellency, is somewhat like our Mexican fruit—it appears to be all right, but one never can be certain until one has tried it."

Huerta laughed, then came direct to the point. He had been thinking of reviving the Guardia Rural, he said, and had concluded that the Marquis de Guadalupe would make a proper leader.

"But, Your Excellency," protested Don Carlos, "I have so many private affairs—my haciendo in Hidalgo, my properties in the city—and there are many men better suited to the work!"

A frown flickered across the stolid face of the old Aztec.

"You are too modest, sir," he said, "but I did not send for you to discuss your private affairs, or to ask you opinions. I called you here to have you reorganize the Rurales."

Rincon Gallardo had no desire for the post, but he knew the uselessness of further objection; and as the president, without added argument, ordered him to report at once to the Ministerio de Gobernacion, he realized with a little feeling of uneasiness that he was virtually under arrest.

In the ministry he voiced his protest once more before Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, a departmental secretary.

"I am sorry you feel as you do," said the doctor, who today operates one of the largest clinics in San Antonio, Texas, "but that being your attitude, will you please read this and sign?"

He handed over a previously prepared document on which was typewritten a single sentence:

> "This is to signify that I, Carlos Rincon Gallardo, have no desire to serve my country."

"What would you have done?" asked the Marquis, reminiscing recently. "Well, next morning I was at work, reorganizing the Rurales."

Today, a small man in his seventies, with white hair, blue-gray eyes, and legs slightly bowed from long years in the saddle, he is thankful to Huerta for giving him the command. Although he is careful to avoid any reference to his own exploits—and is reluctant to meddle verbally with the careers of earlier leaders and commandantes, many of whom he knew quite well—he glories in the traditions of the Rurales.

In 1913, as *Inspector General de Las Fuerzas de la Federacion,* he carried out the reorganization, but not on the old basis as to personnel.

"It is true that in the first units the more accomplished *bandido* was considered the best *Rural Guarda,"* he said, as we sat in the trophy room of his Mexico City home. "The first leader, as you know, was the greatest bandit of his time in Hidalgo, and though I knew him well, we will not speak about the lives of others.

"When I took over the work of reorganization," he continued, "I decided that since the Guardia reputation already was so well-established, we could find men to uphold it without obtaining them in the old way. Therefore, I required that each applicant for enlistment not only be a fine horseman, a good shot, and an excellent roper, but that he be prepared to furnish two letters of reference and good character. And I always made it a rule that any man convicted of bad conduct could expect immediate dismissal."

How different from such examples of rugged individualism as Emilio Kosterlitzky, Molino, Musquiz and the Major Cardenas!

Now that Porfirio Diaz had been relegated to the background, the inspector general was responsible to the Department of Interior. In the reorganization Don Carlos gave each *cuerpo* an average of about four hundred men, with No. 1 *Cuerpo* always assigned to Mexico City's metropolitan area.

"Detachments numbering from five to a hundred men were scattered throughout the republic," explained the last commander, "but these were shifted about regularly to avoid any chance that the men would make too many friends. I even required every trooper to furnish his own horse, clothes and equipment."

DON CARLOS is somewhat reticent on the grimer side of the Rural tradition, and the extent to which it was carried over into the new force. He merely testifies:

"Our Rurales stood for no nonsense."

Under the direction of the Marques de Guadalupe the Guardia reached its greatest strength of six thousand and six hundred men . . . a handy combat division for Don Victoriano's use in meeting the emergencies he was destined to face.

From the very start of the Huerta regime ominous storm clouds had been gathering on the political horizon, growing even thicker during the middle months of 1913.

In the north Venustiano Carranza, disavowing Huerta, assumed the title of First Chief of the Constitutionalist Revolution . . .

In Chihuahua's desert lands Pancho Villa again was in the saddle, rallying an army to avenge the "Little Man" . . .

In Morelos Emiliano Zapata, bandit patriot, was filling his bandoliers and oiling the bolt of his Mauser . . .

And as the wave of hate and vengeance rolled toward the capital Huerta was glad to have the Rurales at his beck and call. Rincon Gallardo took the field at the head of his *guardas* and for months, instead of chasing criminals, they sniped with Zapatista in Morelos and scouted in Hidalgo for roving Villistas. But the ring closed and at last the gray-clad ones were forced to fall back on Mexico City.

Huerta resigned on July 15, 1914, and with the entrance into the city of Carranza at the head of the Constitutionalistas, members of the deposed government fled, Huerta to head toward exile in El Paso, Texas.

The chief of the Rurales was one of the last to depart. He could have remained and fought, just as he had fought the Maderistas during the Ten Tragic Days, firing from the upper floors of his house, and slipping into the courtyard at night to soak the bodies of the slain in kerosene and apply the match —but finally he went.

With many other refugees, he sought an exit through Vera Cruz, off which port lay the American battleships which had fired on the town when Huerta had refused to apologize for an insult to the American flag.

"I was armed with a revolver, but since the port was under martial law I had to surrender it to the Marines," he said, "and I might not have escaped with my life had it not been for General Frederick Funston, whom I had known for several years. While seeking passage on a boat I received an invitation from Funston to dine with him aboard a battleship, but not being in accord with the American occupation, I declined. As events turned out, however, I went anyway. Two Marines, at Funston's orders, called, put me under arrest, and took me to the ship. I'm glad

I went. The dinner was good, and Funston helped arrange passage for my family to Galveston, where I remained in exile for four years."

Don Carlos remains, in heart and in spirit, the chief of the Rurales. He recovered the bulk of his property after changing political events permitted his return to Mexico—though recently, as one of the marked aristocrats of the old regime, some of his lands in Hidalgo were expropriated by the government.

He still lives in the house on Calle Dinamarca, and into its walled courtyard every Sunday morning just before eleven o'clock a groom (whose own dress might mark him as a Rural Guarda) leads from a stable in the rear a bay charger saddled with magnificently beautiful trappings.

Then Don Carlos comes from his quarters, the perfect example of a Rural officer, even to the heavy revolver dangling in an ornate holster against the right leg. He mounts, the patio gate is thrown open by a servant, and he rides away to the noonday promenade in Chapultepec Park—the greatest *charro* of them all.

In Chapultepec, along the drives under the giant trees which once shaded Moctezuma of the Aztecs, he will receive a salute from some of the modern Mounted Police of Mexico City. They also wear the gray uniform piped with red and reminiscent of the old-time force, but they are not Rurales.

It may be that in time the organization again will be revived.

Don Carlos Rincon Gallardo seems to think so.

"The Rurales are not dead," he likes to say. "They will ride again in Mexico, because the country needs them."

There are other words that he fails to put into speech, but it is easy to read them in his eyes—

"Viva Rurales!"

Wear the VITO BELT for 10 days at our expense!

Appear SLIMMER AT ONCE!

DON'T let your friends poke fun at your "bay window"! The successful man of today appears trim-waisted, ready for action . . . streamlined!

If the Vito Belt does not make that paunchy belt line appear inches slimmer at once . . . it will cost you nothing!

Take care of that ugly paunch the *safe* way . . . with a Vito Belt. Excessive exercise may strain your heart . . . dieting and drugs may be dangerous.

The Vito Belt is made of pure Para rubber, molded to give maximum support. Hundreds of tiny perforations allow air to penetrate. The special lace back permits you to adjust the belt to take care of any change in size. *Illustrated folder and details of 10-day FREE trial offer will be sent in plain envelope on request!*

■ Waistline fat often stretches abdominal muscles, allowing stomach and intestines to fall forward and downward. The Vito Belt brings welcome support to strained and sagging internal organs and helps prevent constipation and fatigue.

HAMILTON BELT COMPANY, 454 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

ARREST HIM, OFFICER!

I'LL HAVE COMPLETE FACTS ON THE OTHER FELLOW TONIGHT!

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job . . . FOLLOW HIM through all the excitement of his chase after the counterfeit gang. Write NOW for

FREE Confidential Reports No. 38 Made to His Chief!

It may open your eyes to the great opportunity for YOU as a well paid Finger Print Expert. The kind of work you'd like. Excitement! Travel! Thrills! A REGULAR MONTHLY salary. REWARD MONEY. Graduates of this school HEAD 47% of all Identification Bureaus in U. S.! Write for Free Reports, Finger Print Book, low prices, Easy Terms Offer.

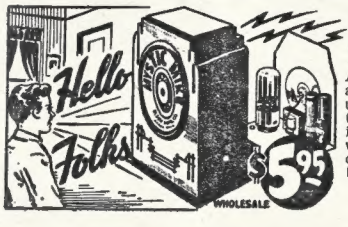
Literature will be sent only to persons stating their age.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 7335 Chicago, Illinois

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C.P.A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 5334-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution



MAKE YOUR HOME A BROADCASTING STATION

Amazing, new MYSTIC MIKE enables anyone to broadcast from any part of his home with no wires connected to radio. Simply plug unit into A.C. or D.C. electric socket, speak or play music into the microphone and it will be picked up by any radio anywhere in the house. Mystify your friends with MYSTIC MIKE. Send wholesale price of $5.95 (complete—nothing else to buy) and receive yours postpaid, or order C.O.D. and pay postman on delivery.

10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order today!

OLSON MFG. CO.
Dept. 103, 362 Wooster Ave., Akron, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED! Write for illustrated pamphlet and particulars.

THE TRAIL AHEAD

BEGINNING a new serial by Luke Short—"Spy of the North." It's a story of gold and

death-marked trails north of the Arctic Circle, a stranger who pays to be hidden in the wilderness, and a prospector who gambles to keep his claim—with the gallows waiting if he lost. By the author of "Rustlers' Range" and "Feud at Single Shot."

In the same issue—

Another story in the "Draw or Die" series about the old West, by William MacCloud Raine; a story of the little known African adventures of Captain John Smith by H. Bedford-Jones; a novelette, "Blood and Steel," by Gordon MacCreagh, about Kingi Bwana and the Hottentot, the Leopard Society and the temper of good steel. These, and other good fact and fiction pieces, with departments you can find in no other publication, are in the June issue of

Adventure 15c

On sale at all stands May 10th

LOST TRAILS

(*Continued from page 5*)

John Hall, formerly of Manning Ave., Toronto. Last heard of in Los Angeles. Have important news to communicate. Old friend would appreciate present address. Chas. A. Cronin, 622 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

James P. Dale, 5 ft. 11, red hair, heard from in Los Angeles and Milwaukee in 1937—word wanted by his mother, Nyla Scott De Marcus, % Box 522, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Charles Albert Myers, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and his brothers Pete, Roy, Tom and John Myers, all born in New York State. Send word to William S. Myers, General Delivery, Alder, Montana.

Any members of the 1231st Co., C.C.C., stationed at Olympia, Wash., during 1933-34, especially Daniel F. Sprague, George Memmoli, and Peter Potocki, get in touch with James Richter, 603½ W. 48th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

I want to re-contact members of Co. A—160th Engineers, who were in Camp Harris and Wheeler, at Macon, Georgia, June 12th to Sept. 25th, 1917. D. F. Arthur, Bay Pines, Fla.

Robt. V. Calkins, last heard of in the jungles of Venezuela, where he was employed in road construction work as a technician, and whose mailing address was, Mene Grande Oil Company, Apartado No. 45, Barcelona via Guanta, Estado Anzoatequi, Venezuela, South America. Important that I hear from him, or of him. Montgomery Brown, 240 S. Seminary St., Galesburg, Ill.

William O'Connors, last heard from at Redfield, South Dakota, in 1910. Word wanted by his mother, Mrs. Agnes Button, 520 N.E. 2nd Ave., Miami, Florida.

Would like to hear from R. E. Pullman & Anthony Cooper who were with me in California in 1919. William John Carson, 760 Pardella, Lemay, Mo.

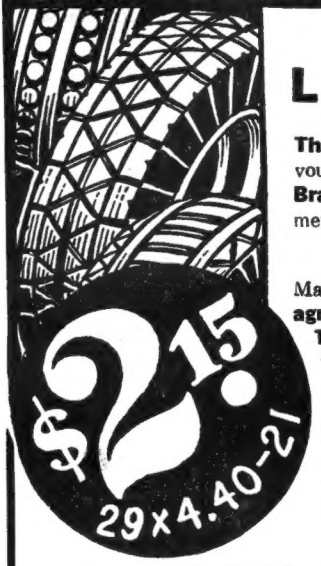
Lee Gordon—You wrote to me while I was in the East during 1927 to 1933. Where are you now? Frank Cruse—You painted in my studio while I lived back East, then left for the Army, about 1933 or '34. Write to me. Address Joseph M. Portal, Route 3, Box 552, Salem, Oregon.

GUARANTEED TIRES!

GOODYEAR • GOODRICH
FIRESTONE • U.S. and
Other Standard Makes

FREE!
Electric Lantern With Every 2 Tires Ordered

Complete with batteries and newest type reflector bulb. Ready for instant use. Strong, steady light. Useful everywhere. Order now.



WORLD'S LOWEST TIRE PRICES

You'll marvel at these amazing savings!

Thousands of smart, thrifty **tire users** all over the United States vouch for the gratifying **Long, Hard, Service** given by our **Standard Brand** tires, reconditioned with high-grade materials and latest methods by our specialists. Order **Now** at **low** prices listed below

Our 23 Years' Experience

Make it possible for us to offer tires at **lowest prices** with **legal agreement** to replace at one-half price any tire that fails to give **Twelve** (12) **months' Service.**

"WELL PLEASED"

"I was well pleased with the tires I received from you a short time ago, and would like three more like them. Enclosed find $3.00 deposit."

W. N. Williams, Utah

"GOOD SERVICE"

"The tire I ordered from you sometime ago is giving good service. Enclosed find price for another cord tire, size 33x4."

C. L. Webb, W. Va.

EVERY TIRE GUARANTEED

BALLOON TIRES

Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	$2.15	$1.05
29x4.50-20	2.35	1.05
30x4.50-21	2.40	1.15
28x4.75-19	2.45	1.25
29x4.75-20	2.50	1.25
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.25
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.25
5.25-17	2.90	1.35
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.35
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.35
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.35
5.50-17	3.35	1.40
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.40
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.45
6.00-17	3.40	1.40
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.40
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.45
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.55
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.55
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.75
6.00-16	3.75	1.45

REGULAR CORD TIRES
(High Pressure)

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$2.35	$0.95	33x4½	$3.45	$1.45
31x4	2.95	1.25	34x4½	3.45	1.45
32x4	2.95	1.25	30x5	3.65	1.65
33x4	2.95	1.25	33x5	3.75	1.75
34x4	3.25	1.35	35x5	3.95	1.75
32x4½	3.35	1.45			

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES
(High Pressure)

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$4.25	$1.95	34x7	$10.95	$4.65
33x5	3.95	1.75	38x7	10.95	4.65
34x5	4.25	2.25	36x8	11.45	4.95
32x6	7.95	2.95	40x8	13.25	4.95
36x6	9.95	4.45			

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.75	$1.65	7.50-20	$6.95	$3.75
6.50-20	4.45	1.95	8.25-20	8.95	4.95
7.00-20	5.95	2.95	9.00-20	10.95	5.65
			9.75-20	13.95	6.45

ALL OTHER SIZES — **DEALERS WANTED**

SEND ONLY $1.00 DEPOSIT

on each tire ordered. ($3.00 on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct **5 per cent** if cash is sent in full with order. To fill order promptly we may substitute brands if necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED—

ALL TUBES BRAND NEW
FINEST QUALITY—GUARANTEED

PERRY-FIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.

2328-30 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 3171-A Chicago, Ill.

Please Use Order Coupon

PERRY-FIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
2328 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Dept. 3171-A

Gentlemen: Please ship at once to—

Name.....

Route & Box No.....

City.....State.....

Quan.	Size Tires	Size Tubes	Price Each	Total

For the Merry Month of May
MISS ELAINE SHEPARD
New York and Hollywood's celebrated model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress

Chesterfield

THE CIGARETTE OF THE HOUR

Today more than ever, smokers are turning to Chesterfield's skillful blend of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Now is the time for you to light up and enjoy a Chesterfield... they're ***COOLER SMOKING, BETTER-TASTING AND DEFINITELY MILDER.***

You can't buy a better cigarette

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.